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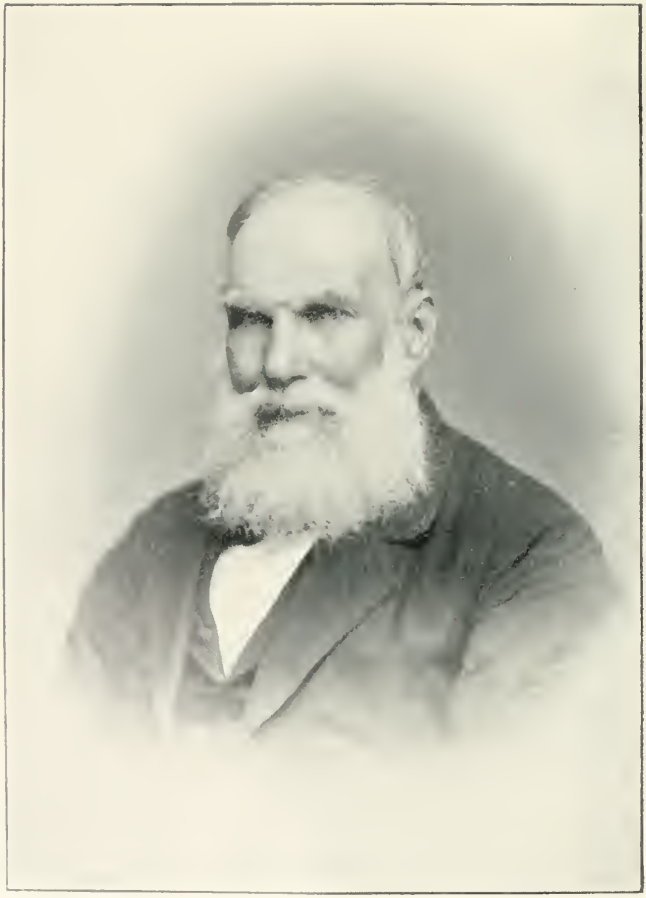

Very Cordially Yours
Wm Anderson

WILLIAM AND LOUISA ANDERSON

A RECORD OF THEIR LIFE AND WORK IN JAMAICA AND OLD CALABAR

BY

WILLIAM MARWICK

WITH PORTRAITS AND MAPS

EDINBURGH
ANDREW ELLIOT, 17 PRINCES STREET
1897

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"The missionary is undoubtedly the highest type of human excellence in the nineteenth century. He has the enterprise of the merchant, without the narrow desire of gain; the dauntlessness of the soldier, without the occasion for shedding blood; the zeal of the geographical explorer, but for higher motive than the advancement of human knowledge."—R. N. Cust, LL.D., Author of "Modern Languages of Africa," etc.

PREFACE

THE materials for the record of the life and work of William Anderson were widely scattered, and had to be gathered by degrees. For most periods the material has been copious. The greatest difficulty I experienced was in regard to the collection of material for the "Jamaica Period," as the periodicals of the Scottish Missionary Society were scarce. So far as I am aware, this is the first time that the life of a missionary to Jamaica, who began as catechist and teacher, pursued his theological studies there, was licensed and ordained as pastor of a congregation which he was instrumental in forming, has been written.

The autobiographical reminiscences of his early days are not a mere reprint of the papers that appeared in the *United Presbyterian Magazine* during 1890, but are taken from Mr. Anderson's MS. Autobiography and MS. Journal; and these and the letters and journals from Jamaica show him in unconscious training for his great work in Old Calabar.

The "Calabar Period" contains, not only a record of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson's work, but also the annals of Duke Town. In these pages it will be possible to trace the social changes that have taken place during the last fifty years—the decline of the power of the "king" and the chiefs, and of the authority of the Egbo insti-

tution, on the one hand; and, on the other, the growth of Consular jurisdiction, culminating in the establishment of the British Protectorate, which has its headquarters at Duke Town. The relations of the missionary and the trading communities are touched on. The Consular staff is now another factor. It is desirable that the relations of these three chief European factors that make for the welfare or otherwise of Calabar should be friendly —that they should understand one another's aims, and should co-operate as far as possible for common ends, as was done at certain crises in Mr. Anderson's time. In spite of "the talk of the Coast," which is too often reproduced as reliable fact in books of travel, there is, I think, a growing understanding of one another among the various classes, when a missionary wins the respect of all as Mr. Beedie did, and criticism of one another is more discriminating and therefore useful.

The true story of Calabar, however, is not the record of European civilisation and of Christianity in a Presbyterian dress introduced among the people, but the emergence of the native tribes from the night of superstition and barbarism into a civilisation in which they shall remain Africans and not become pseudo-Europeans. There is undoubtedly a danger of trade and British protection fostering a pseudo-civilisation. Despite what critics say, Christian missions do this only in a minor degree and indirectly, and the tendency of missionaries is rather to discourage than to encourage the aping of a foreign civilisation. The native tendency is to go from one extreme to another—from "fig-leaves" to "swallow-tails"! When the ancient system of domestic slavery (of which some account is given) has merged

into the free population of the future, a native Christian Commonwealth and Church will grow and flourish.

Mr. Anderson's distinctive work was done in the early days of the Mission. It was a work of liberation of body and mind. It is to be valued, not only for the sake of the number of scholars in the schools and of converts added to the Church, but also because of the dawning of better days for the *whole* population, in the decay of many evil customs, and in the creation of a public opinion and of a moral standard, which will make it less difficult for the generations to come to be men and Christians, than it was for their fathers and mothers whether free or slave.

I have not attempted either a character sketch of Mr. Anderson or an estimate of his work. "Deas Cromarty's" *Miniature* in the *British Weekly* of Nov. 5, 1891, and a sketch by me in the *U. P. Magazine*, March 1896, supply to a certain extent what is lacking here. My aim has been to let the man reveal himself, and his work speak for itself. My task has been simply to gather, arrange, and edit the materials of what is really an autobiographical record of William Anderson's career.

It is to be regretted that the material for an account of Mrs. Anderson's life and work is so scanty; nevertheless, her name deserves to be placed beside that of her husband in this Memoir.

Mr. Anderson requested me to prepare this Memoir, and supplied material. I have to thank the relatives and friends who have kindly allowed me the use of letters quoted in the following pages, and others whose contributions I have been unable to insert. I have to thank especially Mr. John Cochrane, College Buildings, for access to and use of literature.

My wife has copied most of the Calabar journals from the *U. P. Missionary Record* and many letters, has given much helpful assistance and advice, and has read the book both in MS. and in proof.

The late Rev. R. M. Beedie read the first 500 pages in proof and a chapter in MS., and to him I am indebted for various valuable corrections. The book was delayed in part to get the benefit of his revision, and the last few weeks of his life were spent in this work, which he did *con amore*. The later portion, which touches on his own association with Mr. Anderson at Duke Town, he did not see, and it has since been amplified. It is too soon to estimate the greatness of the loss which Old Calabar, and especially Duke Town, has suffered in the death of Mr. Beedie. It was a great sorrow to me that I was not permitted to return to Calabar along with Mr. Anderson in September 1895; it was a still greater grief that I was not permitted to go in September 1896 to the relief of Mr. Beedie, whose colleague I was for a short time in 1892.

"To be baptized for the dead" has become a mode of appeal at the *death* of a missionary; to be baptized for the help of the few who remain in Calabar seemed to me then, and seems to me still, a more necessary form of appeal; although it is to be hoped that in the following pages the careers of those—both men and women—who being dead yet speak, will inspire self-consecration to Mission work in Old Calabar.

WILLIAM MARWICK.

10 W. MAYFIELD, EDINBURGH,
February 27, 1897.

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PART I

EARLY DAYS IN SCOTLAND, 1812–1839

INTRODUCTION

THE autobiographical reminiscences of his early days, and a MS. journal extending from 1831 to 1840, which Mr. Anderson left behind him, contain a full record of the formative years of his life. The key to the understanding of his marked individuality is supplied by these records. In Jamaica and in Calabar he remained what the hard discipline of orphanhood, poverty and toil, the efforts at self-culture, and the influences of nature and early friendships, helped to make him. What he owed to heredity it is impossible to say. I have heard it stated that he came of Covenanting ancestors. Although both his parents were delicate, he must have descended from a hardy stock. A youth of weak vitality could hardly have survived unscathed the experiences through which William Anderson passed after his father's death—long hours of monotonous toil sustained by insufficient nourishment.

He told me that in form and feature he resembled his mother. He seems to have derived his intellect chiefly from his father. At any rate, his intellectual and moral life was shaped by his father; and his father's teaching, example, and prayers remained amongst the most powerful influences of his life. At a later date he owed much to the Rev. A. Elliot of Ford, and in a less degree to the Rev. Messrs. Law and Sandy, whose names are often

mentioned by him with affectionate respect. The scenes amid which his early days were passed—Ford, Gorebridge, Fala, and Dalkeith—imprinted themselves indelibly on his memory, and formed the permanent background of his whole subsequent career. They were the home of his spirit, and in Jamaica and in Calabar he ever and anon recalled them in imagination; while in his various visits to Scotland, and during the last six years of his life, he embraced every opportunity of revisiting the old familiar haunts and the surviving friends of his youth.

Mr. Anderson's long life links a bygone age to our own. And so these records of his early days have a value as a transcript of the religious and social life of Dalkeith and the surrounding villages of Midlothian during the first half of this century. We learn something of the day and the Sabbath schools, of the village libraries, of the "tent" preachings at the Communion seasons, of the social gatherings called "soirees," of the movements of the time —political and temperance reform, etc.—as we read the jottings of the youthful William Anderson, with his observant eye and keen interest in all that was going on around him and in the wider world beyond.

CHAPTER I

1812–1817

Parentage—Buckholmside—Dalkeith—Ford—
Newbattle Tollhouse

I WAS born at Buckholmside, a suburb of Galashiels, on the 15th of April 1812.

My father's name was William Anderson, my mother's was Mary Lang. He was a native of Hawick; she belonged to Galashiels. My father's parents died when he was but young, leaving himself and a sister named Ellen, who was older than he, to struggle with the ills of orphanage. Before my birth my father had lived respectively at Hawick, Newcastleton in Liddisdale, and Galashiels—or perhaps Buckholmside.

In his youth my father learned the hosier trade. He seems to have followed alternately the business of hosier, teacher, and merchant. He had been an elder in the then Burgher congregations of Hawick, Selkirk, Newcastleton, and Galashiels. At Newcastleton he had a chief hand in the erection of the place of worship now occupied by the U.P. congregation there; and at Galashiels he was the chief instrument under Providence in setting afoot the cause of the Secession Church. Before the formation of the Galashiels congregation he attended the ministry and was a member of the session of the well-known late Rev. Dr. Lawson.[1]

[1] A copy of Dr. Lawson's *Helps to a Devout Life*, presented to Mr. Anderson by the Rev. John Lawson, Selkirk, has inscribed on it an "Extract from Minutes of Session of First United Presbyterian Church, Selkirk," of date 14th October 1804, referring to Mr. Anderson's father: "It being intimated to the congregation that William Anderson is in providence come to reside in this congregation,—that if any had objections to his taking his

My father was twice married—first, in 1792, to Margaret Graham, who died in the early part of 1809; and second, in 1810, to my mother. His first wife had no children; my mother had three, namely—myself; Elizabeth, who was a year and a half older; and Agnes, who is a year and a half younger than I. Elizabeth died in February 1813, when a little more than two years old. Her remains slumber in Galashiels Churchyard.

My mother appears to have been in a delicate state of health from the time when my eldest sister was born. Chiefly, if not solely, on this account, my father removed from Galashiels to Dalkeith at Whitsunday 1813. At Whitsunday 1814, still for the benefit of her health, and partly that she might be near her sister, Mrs. Potts, whose husband was a manufacturer of woollen fabrics, he removed from Dalkeith to Ford (Pathhead). There my mother died in the month of November the same year. Her remains were consigned to the dust in Cranston Old Churchyard.

While resident at Ford my father attended the ministry of the Rev. George Sandy, Gorebridge. He did not leave Ford, however, before setting afloat the Secession interest there.

The share which Mr. Anderson's father had in the formation of a Secession church at Ford is described in an address which the Rev. G. Sandy gave at the first congregational soiree in Ford Church, on the evening of Tuesday, June 28th, 1837. William Anderson was a delighted listener to the tribute paid to his father's memory, and transcribed the address from memory into his Journal. As it is the only clear glimpse we get from a source other than the son's fond recollections of his father, of the manner of man William Anderson senior was, it may be worth quoting. Mr. Sandy said—

"at as an elder, they might bring them forward. Intimation being made this day, that if any had objections they might appear. None appearing, he is therefore entered on the list of the eldership."

"Let me call your attention to a few facts connected with your history as a congregation. Twenty years ago the congregation assembling in this place of worship was in connection with the Relief Synod. From various causes, however, the Relief minister, Mr. Strang, found it necessary to resign his charge. People wondered what the Relief congregation would do; but they did nothing, and a dead stillness spread all around. In a short time, however, it began to be rumoured that several individuals were designing to make application for supply of sermon to the Associate Presbytery of Edinburgh. I had at the time a friend, a member of my congregation, who lived not more than twenty [Mr. S. should have said *sixty* (*W. A.*)] yards from the place where I now stand. That friend had experienced a great many of life's vicissitudes, if changes of circumstances and places of abode may be so called. He had a fine turn for ecclesiastical business, and had been chosen by several congregations to rule over them in the eldership. He had been instrumental in forming a congregation and building a church at Galashiels; he was the means of much good in the congregation of Mr. Henderson at Hawick; and with him originated the church at Liddisdale, of which our friend Mr. Law was many years minister. I remember his telling me, shortly after he came to reside in the locality in which Providence has cast my lot, that the people in Liddisdale were very backward in subscribing for the building of their place of worship. At one period he was in a state of deep depression on this account, and was considering whether he ought not to abandon his project, when these words came forcibly into his mind: 'The silver and the gold are Mine; arise and build the house.' He then took courage, feeling that duty is ours, and that results are God's; he went again among the people collecting contributions, and the results were satisfactory.

"But, sir, to return to your own congregation, I knew that my friend would not allow the fine opportunity which now presented itself for the furtherance of the interests of the Christian denomination to which he belonged to pass unimproved. He was well acquainted with the forms of procedure in our Church courts; and he drew up

a petition for supply of sermon from the Associate Presbytery. Supply was granted, and a congregation was soon organised in connection with our Synod. The late Dr. Belfrage of Slateford dispensed the Lord's Supper for the first time to the congregation in its present connection. The name of the individual to whom I have referred was *William Anderson*—on whose history I have dwelt so long because it is intimately connected with your history as a congregation, and indeed forms part of it. He was a man of whom our venerated tutor, the late Dr. Lawson, used to say that 'he had done very much for the cause of Christ in the world.' He gave striking evidence as to how much good may be accomplished by an active Christian even in humble life; and his praise is still in the churches of Galashiels, Selkirk, Hawick, and Ford."

Some time after my mother's death—probably at Whitsunday 1815—my father returned to Dalkeith. His sister Ellen, who had never been married, came from Hawick to keep his house.

There are just two things connected with our stay in Dalkeith at that time of which I have a recollection. The first is my aunt's arrival from the South; the second is, that being out one day at play, and passing a girl just my own size, who was standing with her back to a wall, I went forward to her, looked her in the face, and, in all probability partly out of sport and partly out of mischief, I brought my brow, which was certainly the harder of the two, into collision with hers. The moment I did so, poor girl, her nostrils streamed with blood! Home I fled as fast as I could run. I imagined I was pursued, but in this I was mistaken. I never learned that any report of the matter reached my father's ears, but conscience tormented me greatly for my misdeed. I was long anxious to see the poor injured girl again, that I might be sure I had not killed her, but was always afraid to go near the scene of my misconduct. The remembrance of that blow, or butt, has cost me many a pang of remorse. How often in after life, in Scotland, in Jamaica, and in Old Calabar, have I regretted that action, and wished to ascertain who

it was I injured, that I might make some reparation for the wrong!

It must have been at Whitsunday 1816 that we went to Newbattle Tollhouse. I do not remember the time when I could not read; but, as I presume I must have been taught somewhere and at some time, I have always supposed that it must have been in that small cottage—the Tollhouse—where I acquired that key of knowledge, ability to read. I well remember that one day while there my father brought me from Dalkeith what appeared to me to be a very pretty thin *box* of some kind. On endeavouring to open the *lid*, behold it was a book—a very good book, entitled *The Proverbs of Solomon*. This book I know I read—perhaps I should say I was made to read—over and over again during the twelve months we lived at the Toll-bar.

In the autumn of that year I remember that a number of gentlemen *in black* paid my father a visit one day. I recognised only one—the Rev. Mr. Sandy. I soon learned that the gentlemen were ministers on their way to the meeting of Synod, and that one of them was my father's old friend and pastor, the Rev. Dr. Lawson of Selkirk.

While here my father carried on the hosier business. He attended the ministry of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Brown of Dalkeith, to whose place of worship I accompanied him each Sabbath. We occupied the ground pew immediately on the left of the pulpit. It was while staying here that I began to *preach*. I used to mount a stool and imitate Dr. (then Mr.) Brown to the best of my power.

I spent a melancholy week or ten days here on one occasion. My father was on a visit to his Hawick friends during that time. It was the first time he had been absent from me, and the period appeared *so* long that I thought he would *never* return. To my great joy, however, one day after I had begun to despair of ever seeing him again, I espied him coming up *the Path*. I ran to meet him. He received me very tenderly, and listened with emotion to the rehearsal of the gloomy forebodings which had wrung my childish heart during his *long* absence.

The Tollhouse stands, or stood, in a lonely position close by Newbattle churchyard. I used to attend all the funerals. It is probable that I heard some *ghost stories* while we lived there. At all events, it was while here that I felt first afraid to go out alone in the dark.

It was here, too, I first saw *Death*. It was, indeed, only the death of a common *hen*, but it took a powerful hold of my imagination. The poor creature had been ill of what Aunt Ellen called *bair* or *nair*, I have forgot which. At her end she put her bill in the ground, whirled round two or three times, then dropped down dead. The conclusion to which I was led by this occurrence was, that death being a common event to all animals, it must come to all in a uniform way; that all mortal creatures—man among the rest—on death's approach must whirl round and round, and then expire!

CHAPTER II

1817–1819

Clayhouses—Preaching—Ideas of Ministers and their Office—"Diet of Visitation"—"Seeking the Lord"

It must have been at Whitsunday 1817 that we moved from Newbattle Tollhouse to Clayhouses, a hamlet near Gorebridge. I remember that the *flitting-day* was one of great rain. Being now five years old, I was able to walk, but poor old auntie had to carry my sister Agnes the greater part of the way.

On arriving at Clayhouses I mourned the absence of the Marquess's Gate,[1] with its fine green and pretty gowans, but this was soon compensated by having the *burn* to wash and wade in. At first I used to go and wash my hands and face in it I suppose twenty times a day. From this course I was soon deterred, however, by being gravely assured by a young man, William Dobie by name, that if I did not give it up I would soon wash my face off altogether.

At Clayhouses I was kept pretty strictly at my books. *Proverbs* was by this time sorely tattered. I had now to read a chapter or two in the Bible daily, and by and by my task was increased by having to commit to memory daily one of the answers to the Shorter Catechism. This I felt to be sore labour indeed.

I used to carry on the *preaching* here also, having my sister sit before me on her little chair as precentor. I also made many little churches below some large trees that grew in the neighbourhood and in retired places by the burn-side. A number of little stones represented the people attending church. I had generally four churches

[1] The entrance gate of Newbattle, a residence of the Marquis of Lothian.

or congregations which I kept in order, representing those of Gorebridge, Ford, Dalkeith, and Liddisdale. I had also wooden or stone representatives of the four pastors of these congregations, the Rev. Messrs. Sandy, Elliot, Brown, and Law.

While here we attended the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Sandy, Gorebridge. At this period I had the profoundest reverence for ministers of the gospel and their high office. I had not yet been informed, and it never entered my mind, that they wrote or even studied their sermons. I did not suppose that they themselves knew their texts or a single word that they had to say till they were in the pulpit. I thought that the Holy Spirit *then* and *there* taught them what to preach. I looked on them as an almost superhuman order of beings. I was quite astonished and not a little distressed when I learned that their sermons were all prepared before going to the pulpit. I had been a firm believer in their "plenary inspiration."

I well remember a "Diet of Visitation" held by Mr. Sandy at Clayhouses. He intimated on the previous Sabbath that on a certain day he would visit at Clayhouses "and down near the water." When the morning of the great day came my father was in high spirits, but I felt much depressed. The awful hour at length came, and "the minister" arrived! To my astonishment, and not a little to my relief, he talked with my father a little about common things, just "like other folk." He even made some observation about the state of "the weather"! I had always thought that he had no more to do with the weather than his fellow-servant the angel Gabriel. At length he actually *smiled*! I was lost in wonderment. I had imagined that he would enter the house as solemnly as he was wont to enter the pulpit—deliver some message direct from God to each of us—and then, Elijah-like, take his departure in an equally solemn manner, without deigning to shake hands with anyone or to utter a syllable about common things. Although now convinced that the minister was after all only a man, it was not without a considerable fluttering of the heart that I could answer him a few of the simple questions contained in Brown's *Short Catechism for Children*, as, Who made

you? Who redeems you? Who sanctifies you? etc., and repeat the favourite psalm of youth and age—

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want."

While penning these remembrances of childish impressions, it is perhaps but right to add that I have not now—and never had—any other feelings than those of the highest respect and esteem for the excellent, faithful, sore-tried Rev. George Sandy of Gorebridge. I may also add that I have oftentimes felt when recalling these early impressions during the course of my own career as a preacher of the glorious gospel of Christ, that it would add immensely to ministerial usefulness were all parents to speak of their ministers with affectionate respect. I have frequently thought, also, that any pastor of a church may easily ascertain from the demeanour of the children towards him how his labours are appreciated by their parents.

While at Clayhouses I had a very mistaken view of the meaning of the exhortation to "seek the Lord." I always considered that God lived *above*, and concluded that the way to seek Him was to try to get to the highest locality within my reach. There were some beautiful large trees at no great distance from my father's house. Often did I make the attempt to climb these trees (though I as often failed), childishly supposing that in making such attempts I was most truly "seeking the Lord."

CHAPTER III

1819–1823

Reading—Sports—Schoolboy Days—Death of Aunt—Death of Father

It must have been at Whitsunday 1819 that we went from Clayhouses to Gorebridge. I remember that I was in great glee when we became denizens of a "toon." I felt quite elevated on being associated in play with "big callants." My sister had hitherto been my only companion.

About the time of our removal to Gorebridge I began to write *copy-books*. My father ruled and set them, and I scrawled away as I best could.

From the first Sabbath of our stay at Gorebridge I attended Mr. Sandy's Sabbath evening school. My father was put in charge of a class into which I, along with other boys, was put. I liked the Sabbath school exceedingly. I used to look forward with great interest to the annual distribution of premiums in the month of October. The first prize book I received was entitled *Jesus showing Mercy to Children*. I read and re-read that little book till it was in tatters. How frequently and fervently did I pray that, like the Jemima spoken of in the book, I might be one of Christ's lambs indeed, and that my death might be as peaceful as hers!

I now began to devour every *little* book that came in my way, but I felt none so interesting as the premiums given out at the Sabbath school. I well remember one Sabbath morning at the end of my father's house. I was showing some of my tracts and tickets to the children of a collier, who with his large household were very careless, if not openly irreligious. I began to speak earnestly to

the children, some of whom were older than myself, about the Bible and God and hell and heaven. I felt quite enraptured while speaking about the happiness of believers—more so, I think, than I have ever done since. I remember nothing of my address but its conclusion, which was more immediately addressed to the biggest boy in the group in these terms: "Oh, Geordie! it's a grand thing to be gude." I believe that the effect of my exhortation was that for some weeks my hearers attended both church and Sabbath school.

While here I read with great delight Hervey's *Meditations and Contemplations*. I read also *Theron and Aspasia*, but did not understand this work thoroughly. I used also to read with great interest portions of the *Select Remains* of Brown of Haddington, and his *Christian Journal*. I perused also some of Boston's works. My geographical tutor was an old infirm copy of Salmon's *Gazetteer*.

I can recall some sacred Sabbath evenings in my father's humble dwelling both at Clayhouses and at Gorebridge. I have now (in 1854) before me a little old withered-looking hymn-book which I got at Newbattle Toll in 1817, and which I frequently read to my father in the stillness of the Sabbath evening just before retiring to rest. The little book is entitled *The Glory of Christ Displayed and Improved*, being "A Selection of Hymns for Children, by E. B." On my father's authority I state that these initials stand for Ebenezer Brown, who was long minister at Inverkeithing. If I have ever enjoyed foretastes of heaven's bliss, it was, I think, in reading these hymns to my father and old Aunt Ellen at Clayhouses and Gorebridge by the light of the fire or of a dim little lamp. All the hymns in that selection have been favourites with me ever since. . . .

It was, I think, in April or May 1820 that I involuntarily made my début in the week-day school at Gorebridge, then taught by Mr. Thomas Howatson. My father had long wished me to attend school, but I had heard so much about the scholars getting *palmies* that I was quite afraid to venture. I got a hint one morning that if I would not walk to school I would be carried. And sure enough, about nine o'clock, I saw a few of the biggest

boys coming my way. I at once took to my heels and made towards a suburb called the Castle Hill, but alas for my ingenuity!—I landed in the midst of an ambuscade. I was of course seized, and, notwithstanding my bawling, scratching, biting, and kicking, was safely placed on a bench in the schoolroom. If I had hitherto looked on the minister as a kind of angel, I had looked on the schoolmaster as a kind of devil, whose chief amusement was to flog poor wretches of boys. To my astonishment, all the children in school seemed quite happy, and that *auld* man "the maister" turned out very different from what I expected. He entered school a few minutes after me, and, after a short prayer, which I thought was rather irreverently uttered, proceeded to hear the children read their lessons. He was quite merry and jocular that forenoon, and as there were no *palmies* going—not even a word of scolding—I soon felt quite at home. I expected a drubbing of some sort for having to be *carried* to school; however, there was no allusion to the matter beyond a general kind of question about the noise which "some person" had been making on the way to school. It did not seem to me that a reply was either needed or wished, and no one answered.

After the classes had finished their exercises, Mr. H. called me up to him. Taking a small Primer (of which he was the author) from his desk, he tried me on the alphabet, my knowledge of which he pronounced perfect. He then turned to the last page of the book, which I read as easily as the A B C. He then tried me on Barrie's *Collection*. That I could also read with the greatest ease. I felt not a little proud when he pronounced me "fit for the highest class in school." When the time of the recess arrived, it was with a light heart I ran home to dinner. On my father's return home in the evening, I ran to meet him with the news that I had been at school. He had already heard, however, *how* I had been conveyed to "the seat of learning," and he treated me rather coldly.

From the first day of my school-life to the last I loved it exceedingly.

In a few months, Mr. Howatson wished to form a Latin class. Some of the oldest boys entered it. I volunteered

to join them. I was but a "new scholar," and some of my seniors were disposed to think that I should not be so soon raised to a level with them. One of them even hinted that he thought my head was too thick for learning Latin. Mr. H. overruled objections, however, and I soon made what was considered rapid progress in acquiring a knowledge of the language of old Rome.

While at Gorebridge I carried on the *preaching* in so far as I could do so unseen and unheard. It must have been in the winter of 1821–2 that I wrote my *first sermon*. It was on 2 Tim. i. 12. My father knew what I was about, and gave me some "heads" for my discourse. I had my sermon half written when I heard my father telling a neighbour what I was busy with. This I disliked exceedingly, and never showed him my MS. again. I kept that MS. for many years. Indeed, I did not destroy it till all hope that I should ever be what, by the kindness of God, I now am, was taken away. I then thought it would be as well to destroy all memorials of my earliest and most ardent aspirations.

One of my chief amusements at this time was *keeping a churchyard*. To this I was led in part by reading the *Spectator's* (Addison's) account of a visit paid by him to Westminster Abbey. I made graves and tomb-*sticks* in abundance, and for corpses interred all the bones I could get hold of. I was often grievously annoyed by *resurrectionists* in the shape of dogs, which in a few minutes would turn all topsy-turvy. This I always supposed they did out of pure spite, for I verily believe that I never buried anything that they could eat.

Aunt Ellen died on a Sabbath afternoon in the end of August or beginning of September 1821. On the following Tuesday her remains were consigned to the dust in the churchyard of Borthwick. That being our "Examination Day" in school, and Mr. H. having specially requested my father to allow me to attend school on that occasion, I was not at the funeral. As I sat at my desk in the schoolroom, I observed the humble procession moving down the village, and that was the last I saw of kind old Aunt Ellen.

She and I never agreed very well while we were at

Newbattle. I have *now* no doubt that the fault was chiefly, if not wholly, on my side. But from the time we left the Tollbar to the day of her death she was always as kind to my sister and me as it was perhaps possible for any woman to be who had never been herself a mother. Much, indeed, did my sister and I miss Aunt Ellen.

During the greater part of the time we lived at Gorebridge my father followed the humble occupation of peddler, *alias* cadger. Saturday was the only week-day which he used to spend at home, and he was frequently late in reaching home from his daily rounds on other days. After Aunt Ellen's death my sister and I spent many a lonely evening hour awaiting his return. We used to remain in the house till dark, when we were afraid to remain any longer. The remembrance of the white-sheeted bed, the gloomy coffin, etc., added to our belief in ghost stories, induced us to sit together on the threshold of the door, or on the window-sill, till my father came home. On his return, fear and cold and hunger were all forgotten.

I remember that on the evening of my aunt's death, after all the neighbours had left the house, I ventured to sound my father on a point of some delicacy. I knew that he had but little money in his possession, and I hinted that I feared the expenses of the funeral, etc., would be rather heavy. My words were: "Oh, faither, this'll cost ye a lot o' siller!" The rejoinder was, "But do ye no' ken 'at our God can gie us siller?" When I have been rather *hard up* myself I have often remembered this question with comfort. In all my intercourse with some of the excellent ones of the earth I have never met with any, save the late Rev. Wm. Jameson, who seemed to have that simple, childlike, unshakable confidence in God which my father always displayed.

On my visit to Scotland in 1848, I was informed by the Rev. Mr. Sandy that, on visiting my father not long before his death, he (Mr. S.) had asked him if he had no anxiety about my sister and myself, should we be left orphans. My father replied that he had no distressing solicitude in regard to us—that as God had provided for him, even so would He provide for us. He then stated to Mr. S. that he was very young when his father died

—"he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," a *poor* widow. She managed to keep him at school, however, and matters moved on without much anxiety on *his* part, till one day the teacher told him that on returning to school he must bring a few pence (I do not know the exact sum) for the purchase of a copy-book. This was more than his mother could afford—she had not so much in her possession. With a heavy heart my father trudged off to school, but on his way thither he found a sixpence. No one claiming the unexpected prize, he was enabled to purchase the needed copy-book. The recollection of this circumstance had often encouraged his heart amid the struggles of his later years. It probably recurred to him when I gave the hint respecting the expenses of his sister's funeral. And it appears to have cheered him on his dying bed in reference to those whom he was soon to leave on the care and protection of God. I can now, upwards of thirty years after his decease, certify that his confidence in God was not misplaced.

After the school vacation of 1821 we got a new teacher, Mr. Pringle Keddie. He was a very different man from his predecessor. Mr. Howatson was often as full of fun and glee as ever we, his pupils, could wish, but then he was at other times—at least *we* thought so—a perfect fury. Mr. Keddie was remarkably equable in temper. He was, moreover, a man of decided piety. Both gentlemen were in our estimation *capital* teachers. Our estimate might possibly be founded on our high opinion of ourselves. We were, doubtless, *capital scholars*!

Time would fail me to speak of the sports of the village during my schoolboy days. For aught I know, the same round of games is carried on still,—"the bools"; "the ba'"; "the gudie goat" (?); "hunt the tod"; "hide and seek," on the moonlight nights by and in the old castle; the "tumbling," after some display of horsemanship by some band of itinerant actors; the "processions," at which I used to figure sometimes as "My Lord," sometimes as "Farrier," and sometimes as Drummer or Fifer, in imitation of Middleton and Carrington "Carters' Plays"; the "Races," etc. etc., —all, all, in so far as they were harmless, are pleasant to the recollection.

In recalling some of our neighbours at that time, I remember with great interest a good old widow, who lived on the other side of the street from us, by name Peggy Pringle. She had three favourite old volumes—her Bible, Isaac Ambrose's *Looking unto Jesus*, and a *Life of Christ* (I forget by whom). I think she had also an old copy of *The Scots Worthies*. She frequently got me to read for her from these volumes, and in return for my services she used to favour me with many a good exhortation.

During the greater part of 1822 my father was in delicate health. During his illness he had an allowance from a Friendly Society in Hawick. This was, I believe, our chief support during 1822. For some months during the summer of this year I was kept from school to take care of my father's companion in his travels—an old bay mare. This animal I used to herd by the roadsides. I felt it a sore trial to be kept from school. To reconcile me to my herding, I got a little book from Mrs. Abercrombie (mother of the late celebrated Edinburgh physician of that name). I valued the book very highly. It was Mason's *Believer's Pocket Companion*. I disliked the herding very much, however, and was glad when the poor beast was sold. I returned to school with a happy heart, but found that I had lost ground by four or five chapters of Cornelius Nepos.

The bright sunny days of schoolboy life were for me drawing to a close. Dark clouds were gathering around my path. After the usual autumnal vacation of 1822, I was at school each day till my father's death.

He became feebler and feebler as the year approached its termination. He was still able to conduct family worship morning and evening. On these occasions he generally prayed fervently for "the two little ones so soon to be left orphans." Morning and evening at the family altar it was his wont to devote us both, and especially me, "to the service of God in the Church and the world." He used to conduct family worship three times on the Sabbath during that period of the year when there was no interval of public worship; but that was discontinued, I think, from the autumn of 1822. His failing strength prevented him from being so "fervent in spirit" as he had formerly been.

At the commencement of 1823 it was evident to many, but not to me, that the end was at hand. We had at that time living with us a person called Nelly Welsh, whose business was to nurse him and take care of my sister and me. For a few days he had been confined to bed, and morning and evening I had read the chapter at family worship, and he had prayed, and, if I rightly remember, raised the psalm tune, in his bed.

On Saturday, January 4th (1823), however, he made no proposal about worship. This seemed strange to my sister and me. I feared I knew not why or what. On that evening, from dusk till about eight o'clock, all three of us —Nelly, my sister, and I—kept our stations around the fireplace, and as my father seemed drowsy, we kept very still, lest we should disturb him. About six o'clock he inquired if I was not thinking about going to bed yet. He was answered that it was rather early. He spoke not again. About eight o'clock, my usual time for going to bed in those days, I had stripped, and was just stepping into my usual quarters beside him, when it appeared to me that he was very *still*. I put my ear to his face, but heard nothing, felt nothing. I returned hastily to the fireplace, and said, "Nelly, I dinna hear my father breathing." She immediately lit a candle, and with my sister and myself approached the bedside. We were just in time to see and hear the fatal *rattle* in the throat. Twice or thrice did its hollow sound fall on our ears—and all was still. He gently and with placid countenance fell asleep in Jesus. The silence of the scene was interrupted by Nelly exclaiming, "Oh, bairns, your faither's gane!" She immediately ran out to call in some of the neighbours; while my sister and I, nigh petrified with grief and fear, stood weeping, trembling, and clinging to each other, till her return. That was to us a dismal night indeed. We felt very lonely and desolate.

Next morning (Sabbath, January 5th) both of us went over to Ford to communicate to our few relatives there—who were indeed our only surviving relatives anywhere —the tidings of our bereavement. My aunt, Mrs. Potts, a sister of my mother, accompanied us back to Gorebridge. My uncle came in the evening. On Monday they made

arrangements for the funeral. During that Sabbath and Monday I could not realise the fact of my father's death. I could not bring myself to believe that he was really gone. As I looked on the white sheet which covered him, I could not help thinking that I perceived him in motion.

Monday evening brought the "chesting" or coffining, and that was to me the most painful spectacle I have ever witnessed.

On Tuesday my father's remains were interred in Cranston Old Churchyard. His grave was close to that of my mother, who had already tenanted hers for eight years and two months. From the churchyard I was taken to the house of my Aunt Potts at Ford. Gorebridge, the scene of several happy years and of some painful hours, was no more to be *home* to my sister and me.

CHAPTER IV

1823–1828

Sorrows—"Summer Sacrament"—Sabbath School—Reading—Ideal World—Journey to Haddington—Departure from Ford—Nettlingflat—Engagement to go to Fala Mains

FROM the day of my father's funeral my condition and prospects were entirely changed. I was introduced into new society and a very different manner of life from that I had been accustomed to lead. No going to school now—no Saturday afternoon's holiday now. It was "work, work, work," for twelve hours a-day in the carding mill, without any relaxation from the beginning of the year to the end of it, save a few hours on Pathhead "Carters' Play" day. No instructions now of a domestic character worth the name. No morning and evening sacrifice; never called to surround the family altar now, except on Sabbath evenings. Oh! how unlike Gorebridge, and my father's house! . . . The remembrance of our morning and evening worship, and of the stillness and solemnity of the Sabbath in my father's house, often throws a hallowed influence over my mind where I now write, even in dark, heathen Old Calabar.

My father laboured indefatigably to pour into our minds the sacred truths of the gospel. He had, to the best of my recollection, a clear conception of the gospel plan of salvation, a large amount of general knowledge, and a wonderful faculty for making things plain. He appeared to me to understand everything. No question in regard to any subject which I might be poring over, whether divinity, grammar, geography, or history, did I ever put to him which did not receive an immediate and satisfactory reply.

At Ford no one gave me any encouragement to read or study much. I had none to aid me in any of my theological, historical, or literary difficulties. In fact, I possessed more knowledge, both religious and secular, than any of my relatives, and was indeed looked up to by them as possessing at once "great talents and a grand education." This was rather a dangerous position for a boy between ten and eleven years of age to occupy. But I can truly say that the eulogies of my friends never filled me with anything like vanity. I was generally led rather to pity them, and to sigh and to cry over my lost—but, thanks be to God, not wholly unimproved—privileges. Besides the supposition that I was learned enough already, there were to be seen the pinchings of penury in my aunt's abode, so that she, poor body, could not have maintained either my sister or myself at school, had she even wished to do so.

Sad, sad were my first weeks and months at Ford. For several evenings I slipped out unseen, and amid the drifting snows concealed myself among some wild gooseberry bushes which grew at the end and at the back of my aunt's house, and there found relief in floods of tears. I managed at the same time to conceal my grief so much that some thought I was feeling my father's death very lightly. Ah! little knew they what a load of woe I endeavoured to conceal under a smile! My heart was sore blighted. I was seized with severe sickness a week or two after my father's death. For some time it was thought that I was fast following him to the grave. It was not very long, however, ere I recovered.

My father's corpse was not allowed to repose in the tomb. It was stolen by *resurrectionists* the first or second night after interment. This violation of the sepulchre added greatly to my affliction. I felt as if it would have afforded me great relief to go to the grave to weep there; but when I learned that the body had been removed, I felt but little inclination to see the tomb which it had for a short time occupied.

I well remember being sent over to Gorebridge one Saturday after I was pretty well recovered. My heart was sore, sore. Mr. and Mrs. Sandy were very kind,

and gave me two little books, which I still retain in my possession. I called at only two places on that visit—Mr. Sandy's, and what was once "our house," which was occupied from the time of my father's death till the ensuing Whitsunday by Nelly. When on my solitary way back to Ford, somewhere between the Magazine[1] and Mossend, I turned to take a last look of Gorebridge. The day was cold, cold, and the whole ground was covered with snow. While I stood musing the fire burned within, however. My former days — my schoolboy life — the precious Sabbath school—the circumstances of my father's death and funeral — and the gloomy prospects before me — formed the themes of my contemplations, till I fell into a state of unconsciousness. When I recovered myself I felt as if riveted to the spot, and it was some time before I could recall what brought me there, and whether I was on my way from Ford to Gorebridge or from Gorebridge to Ford. I felt an almost overpowering impulse to return to Gorebridge to live there, and die there, rather than leave it. It was not without a painful struggle that I moved my sorely benumbed limbs towards Ford. I felt very melancholy indeed during the first six months of 1823. My imagination carried me day after day into Gorebridge school. Oh! I would have done or suffered anything to have been permitted to go to school.

I did not get at all reconciled to Ford till the approach of the "Summer Sacrament." As it drew near I began to recall to mind that my father had enjoyed some blessed days at Ford. I remembered, too, how happily I had trotted over with him, my hand in his, to hear the precious words of life from the "tent"[2] at Ford. In those days, the Rev. Mr. Law, then of Liddisdale, was always one of Mr. Elliot's assistants at the July Communion. My father had a peculiar regard for Mr. Law, occasioned in part, perhaps, by the connection which subsisted between Mr. Law and the scene of a former part of his life—Liddisdale. This regard, I may say, I inherited. My heart has often

[1] A powder-mill and magazine which formerly existed at Gorebridge.

[2] Open-air preaching. The "tent" was a wooden erection, a sort of pulpit for the minister.

burned within me while listening to Mr. Law. His great plainness of speech—his winning manner—his anecdotes —and especially his kind words in most of his sermons to his "young friends," frequently produced impressions on my young mind which I believe death itself shall not efface.

Oh the buoyancy and elasticity of youth! 1823 had not terminated till I had learned to look upon Ford as my *home*. I never relished the work at which I was engaged, but I loved the place very much. I had formed friendships—none of them on the retrospect very profitable to me—with some of the young people; a number of the old people had also treated me with much kindness; and in addition to this, the village had once been the place of my father's abode—I had lived there in childhood — and I was occupying the very house in which my mother died — her grave in Cranston Old Churchyard was not far distant; in Ford "meeting house," and at its "tent," my father and I had worshipped together; it was the scene, too, of my bitterest sorrows on account of his death,—all these things, as well as the burns and braes around, endeared Ford to my heart.

While here I attended the ministry of the Rev. Andrew Elliot and the Sabbath school in connection with his congregation. I was under three teachers during my Sabbath scholarship here.

The first was Mr. George Rough, a canny man, whose nature utterly belied his name. George allowed the scholars in his class to take their own way in everything. They ran out and in, fidgeted or sat still, just as they felt inclined. Some of them said the same thing over and over every Sabbath, and the good man received all and commended all.

My second teacher was Mr. David Brown. He was rather sharper with us than George, but was an excellent man, and a good teacher. It was in May 1825 or 1826 that I entered his class. There had been a long vacation of the Sabbath school, and it was then reorganised. I had gone repeatedly through Brown's *Explication of the Shorter Catechism*, and wished something new, so I took

nothing with me to school that evening save my Bible. Mr. B. was rather displeased at this, and called in no very pleasant tone to another teacher who was standing near the book-box, "Bring me a *Catechism*; here's a big chap says he has nane." Brown's *Catechism* was again forthcoming for me, when I stated that I had been "through and through that one already." He then demanded my name. On being informed, his manner instantly changed. "Ay," said he, "are you William Anderson's son? He was a man of grand judgment. If you only be like him"— Mr. B. and I were warm friends ever after. He then gave me, what I have now lying before me, *Scripture Exercises on the Beatitudes* (Glasgow: Chalmers & Collins; Edinburgh: W. Oliphant, 1823). On the following Sabbath I repeated to him above sixty of the texts of Scripture referred to in those exercises, besides large portions of the Psalms of David in metre. The good man was quite delighted, and pronounced me "a complete genius!" My memory was exceedingly retentive at that period, but yet it was not without much labour that I could prepare for such recitations. I had to work in the mill twelve hours a day, from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M. — being off work two hours for breakfast and dinner—so that my only time for learning was during my meal hours and in the evening after eight o'clock.

In so far as I loved, read, and studied my Bible in those days, the remembrance of them is sweet. Many a happy season had I among the packages and fleeces of wool, reading or committing to memory Psalms and passages of Scripture, while my neighbours were all at play. I never felt happy if I had not a Bible, or some fragment of a Bible, in my breast or in my pocket. I often committed to memory a text of Scripture or a verse of a Psalm when going to and returning from the mill-dam, to which I had to run six or eight times a day to lift or let down the sluice. I saw some vestiges of the sluice in 1848. The space it occupied is now overlooked by Ford Manse.

After having gone through the *Exercises on the Beatitudes*, I committed to memory Fisher's—or, as we

called it, the Synod's—*Catechism.* Mr. Brown was glad to see me begin it. When I had finished my first evening's lesson from it to his satisfaction, he said to me, "Ah! if you had that book all in your head you might preach."

My third and last Sabbath school teacher was Mr. Deans, afterwards the Rev. George Deans of Portobello. I had left my first love, however, before I came under his care, and had become somewhat lazy.

From my earliest days it had always been my most ardent wish to be a *minister.* My father encouraged me to look forward to the time when I would be a preacher of the gospel. His death, however, blighted all my expectations of being able to obtain the education requisite for that high office. Often did I try to advance in my Latin studies, but, having no one to pilot me through my difficulties, I generally, after a few faint struggles, gave up the attempt. My passion for preaching still clung to me, and many a sermon did I deliver under the din of the machinery. Indeed, for some years at Ford I moved in an ideal world of my own. My mind craved something on which to exert its energies, and, nothing else being presented, it turned in on itself and revelled in its own creations. By the aid of an old Edinburgh almanac I was enabled to constitute an empire of my own, with all its officers of State, army, navy, etc. This empire I ruled with despotic sway, dismissing cabinet ministers, creating peers, disarming generals and admirals, etc. etc., at pleasure. My greatest enjoyment, however, consisted in preaching and in hearing imaginary sermons. Many a time have I made Rev. Messrs. Sandy, Elliot, Law, and others, preach to me sermons which they never studied from texts which they never selected. For a considerable time I used to deliver on the Sabbath evenings, below a tree near the mill-dam,—but only to vegetable auditors,—the sermon which Mr. Elliot had preached during the day.

I remember of being sent to Haddington to a founder there on some mill business one day in the summer of 1825 or 1826. I had a breakfast on *brose* before setting out on my journey, and my aunt gave me a penny where-

with to purchase a roll or whatever else I might choose for dinner. This I knew to be nearly the only penny at that time in my aunt's possession, and I felt in regard to it in such a way as David felt in reference to the water brought to him from the well of Bethlehem. The distance between Ford and Haddington is, I suppose, about twelve miles. Ere I reached my destination I felt very hungry, and would fain have eaten, but I could not think of expending my aunt's penny. I formed the resolution that if the founder gave me even a crust of bread after my long walk, that I would save the coin in my pocket and return it to my aunt. I walked on somewhat sadly and slowly, meditating, as was my wont, of past days, and fortifying my heart against the time to come by repeating to myself, as was also my wont, passages of Scripture and of the Psalms in metre. My meditations were somewhat rudely interrupted by a company of coal carters whom I overtook on their way to Haddington. I would have passed them quickly had I suspected that they meant to harm me. They did me no great harm, it is true; they began to throw stones at me in sport, I suppose, though it was no sport to me, especially as several of the stones struck me, and one in particular gave me a pretty sharp rap on the back. But I have no doubt, had they known that the thought of their unkindness to a stranger wounded his heart far more than the stones which they threw hurt his body, they would not have meddled with me. On reaching the house of the founder, and delivering my message, he ordered a fair daughter to bring for my refreshment a glass of whisky. The glass was brought. I abhorred the liquor, but had not courage to refuse it altogether, so I took about a third of it, wishing "health" in my best style, but inwardly lamenting the non-appearance of anything *solid*. Having bowed myself out of the founder's house, and having a large portion of the day before me, I walked up and down the town of Haddington for a little, anxious to see all of it that was to be seen. I then set out Ford-ward. The burning whisky removed for a season the pangs of hunger, but they soon returned with increased force. However, I managed to deny myself what I was frequently sore tempted to indulge in,

the luxury of a penny roll. I brought the penny carefully home, and slipped it into my aunt's hand, with the remark that I had got on without it. I then cheerfully took my supper, which was a second edition of my breakfast, and retired to rest with a light heart. From that day to this I never repented of the self-denial which I then exercised.

I began to dislike the carding-mill work more and more. Indeed, I abhorred it from the first. When all hope of attaining anything like education was taken away, I formed many schemes of devoting myself to a seafaring life. At a later period I had resolved to enlist as a soldier.

I had a dispute with my uncle in January 1828, and spent a few days in idleness. This was the first relaxation from continuous labour from January 1823. I liked the relaxation well enough, but it was accompanied with starvation. I returned to my aunt's house and employ on the Tuesday evening after the Auld Handsel Monday.

As the summer approached, trade became dull, and, having got a hint from my uncle that I had better seek support elsewhere, in the month of May 1828 I left my aunt's house and her employ. My first engagement afterwards was keeping cattle for a week or two at a farm called Nettlingflat, at the head of Gala Water. Never having spent an hour previously in compulsory solitude, I felt very melancholy and miserable among the heather. Glad was I when relieved from this engagement by the return of the boy whose substitute I had been during his sickness. I spent two Sabbaths with my herd on the moors at Nettlingflat, during the greater part of which days I alternately cried and sang or repeated the 42nd Psalm. From the top of a hillock—probably on Cakemuir ground—I could see Chesterhill and other places which I well knew. I earnestly longed to be at Ford again.

After leaving Nettlingflat I wrought at "out-work"—common farm labour—for about two months on Oxenfoord Castle grounds. When work slackened there, I became a carter at the new road which was then in progress

between Blackshiels and Crichtondean. This being an occupation which did not promise to be permanent, I engaged (or was engaged through my uncle and aunt) to serve Mr. Peter Burton of Fala South Mains from August till the ensuing Martinmas.

CHAPTER V

1828–1831

Fala South Mains—Avocations—Reading—Preaching

It was on a beautiful morning of August 1828 that I bent my way to Fala South Mains. The sun shone gloriously. In some places the cornfields had assumed a yellow tint, while in others they still retained the deepest verdure. My first employment at Fala Mains was to assist in loading hay. I was out in the field all day, and had no dinner sent me. On going to my supper after the labours of the day, the old lady, Mr. Burton's mother, expressed great regret at my having been overlooked at dinner-time, but she encouraged me to expect that "a bad beginning" (as she reckoned the want of my dinner) "would lead to a good ending." I liked Fala Mains very much from the first day I spent there. Both Mr. Burton and his mother, as well as my fellow-servants, treated me with much kindness. One great cause of my happiness and comfort was doubtless that I was now supplied with fulness of bread, whereas for some years previously I had scarcely known what a full stomach was. Ah! little know those in "comfortable circumstances" what their unfavoured neighbours have often to endure from the pinching hand of penury!

At Fala Mains I spent three years and three months. During the first half of that period I had charge of the cattle. During the last portion of my sojourn there I was ploughman. I enjoyed many happy hours beside my cows on the moors among the heather and the peats in the summer of 1829. During that year I read the whole Bible three times over. I suppose I had read the whole of it before repeatedly, but I wished to be able to say

with certainty, "I have read the Bible, every word of it." This wish led me to read it the first time, and I believe I read it a second and a third time that year just because I had got into the habit of reading it. I very much fear my motives for the perusal of the sacred volume will not bear the light, but I feel assured that the reading of it benefited me greatly nevertheless.

In 1828–9 the nature of my avocations kept me as much confined on Sabbath as on any other day of the week. This was to me, at first, a great affliction. Many a bitter tear did I shed as I listened to the tinkling of the church bell on the sacred mornings, and saw bands of worshippers flocking over the hills to the sanctuary of God. At such times I often repeated, read, and sang Psalms 42nd and 63rd. By and by, however, I became quite indifferent to the matter, and when, in May 1830, I was promoted to the plough, and had the Sabbath at my disposal, I felt ashamed to go to church, *I had been so long out of it.* Thus does Satan deceive men to their ruin. While at Fala Mains I never was at church save three or four times at Ford on sacramental occasions. When attacked by my friends on the subject of my non-attendance at church, I frequently professed Unitarian and sometimes infidel sentiments in order to get rid of their importunities. Want of decent clothing sometimes kept me from church when I had opportunities of going; but after I had a suit of *Sabbath* clothes my *bashfulness alone* prevented me from attending the sanctuary. This I ought to have acknowledged to my friends, or else remained silent, instead of rebuffing or silencing them by arguments against the worship of the Three-One Jehovah drawn from a Unitarian pamphlet, or pretending that I could worship the Creator as acceptably in solitude under the open canopy of heaven, with His word in my hand and in my heart, as they could do in temples made with hands, etc., etc. Oh, the long-suffering and patience of God! Of Thy mercy—of Thy rich mercy, O Lord, will I sing.

In the winter of 1829–30 I perused a good many volumes belonging to Fala Library. Among other works, I read Rollin's *Ancient History*, Sir W. Scott's

Tales of a Grandfather, all the *Voyages Round the World*, several Lives of Napoleon, Park's *Travels*, Paley's *Works*, Newton *On the Prophecies*, Keith's *Evidences of Christianity*, and Pollok's *Course of Time*. The two last-mentioned works were particular favourites with me. But from all the volumes mentioned I received a great amount of information. They opened up new fields to my mental view. I was both delighted and amazed by the information communicated in Dick's *Christian Philosopher*. I thought I could unweariedly study astronomy for ever. Great was my joy when I could name Venus and Jupiter and Mars at sight, and great became my fame for *lair* among my simple companions. I could not only "name the stars" to them, but also tell them wonderful things about the air we breathe and the water we drink. From the time of my father's death till now, it appeared to me as if my mind had been confined in a dark dungeon. Now, books supplied his place, and greatly I rejoiced in the light which blazed around me.

I well remember my first introduction to Pollok. On a placid Sabbath afternoon in the summer of 1830, my friend Mr. William Peter brought to the spot where I was then herding the horses a book of poetry with which he said he had been much delighted, and told me that I might have it for a day or two if I liked. When he left me, I opened the book, saw it to be blank verse (of which I had never been very fond), looked at it suspiciously, thought it to be too long to be good, read a few lines, got interested, then delighted, then entranced, and could hardly work, eat, drink, or sleep, till I got to the end of the volume, which was *The Course of Time*.

I had not then read Milton's *Paradise Lost*, but got a perusal of it soon after from my warm friend, Mr. James Hope.[1]

[1] The following story has been told me in this connection. Anderson was anxious to read *Paradise Lost*, and Mr. Hope said he would lend it to him if William would promise to attend church. This Anderson was unwilling to do. One day Mr. Hope had brought the volume with him, and, in assisting to lift an animal which had been drowned in a pond, the volume fell out of his pocket. Anderson picked it up, and thus got possession of the coveted volume without having to give the desired promise.

While at Fala Mains I took a deeper interest in political matters than I had ever taken previously, or have ever taken since.[1] Mr. Burton read the *Scotsman* newspaper, and he kindly allowed me to peruse it. I greedily imbibed the politics of that paper, advocated what was called "Catholic Emancipation," and even wrote a poem expressive of sympathy with the French Revolution of 1830. . . .

I did not abandon preaching at this place, and in addition to it I tried my hand at *specchifying*. Many a religious discourse did I deliver on Sabbath, as well as many a political harangue during the week, to the cows, the sheep, the peesweeps, and the whaups by the upper mill-dam, the "North Plantin'," the "Lang Cleuch," and near Fala Flow. In addition to this, however, I went over the Shorter Catechism to the two young men who slept in the stable beside me in the half-year commencing at Whitsunday 1829. My custom was to repeat a question with its answer just when we had all laid ourselves down for the night, and then to explain the answer at some length. One of my companions—David Crooks by name—declared himself benefited and instructed by the simple exercise. My acquaintance with Fisher's *Catechism* while at Ford Sabbath school was of much service to me during the delivery of this my first series of discourses to an audience of two. At the Martinmas term of that year one of my companions—William Pringle—left us. On the Sabbath before the term all three went in company to the Flow, where I read a portion of Scripture, and we all joined in singing the 2nd Paraphrase.

I had not been very long at Fala Mains ere my *bookishness* was pretty well known in the neighbourhood, and I was dubbed "the minister," which *sobriquet* had died out, however, before I left the place. Many a time while here did I implore the great King and Head of the Church to take me into His service. These prayers He has graciously answered. They were presented with strong desire yet feeble expectation of being answered.

I began to keep a Journal on January 1st, 1831.

[1] But after his retirement in 1889 he became a keen politician, and contributed letters signed "Octogenarian" to the newspapers.

The following extracts illustrate the social customs of the time:—

Saturday, Jan. 1.—Complied with old custom last night and this morning. Remained in company with my friend, Mr. John Symington, in the Tollhouse till it struck twelve midnight, then we went a "first-footing" the length of Mr. Wm. Peter's, where we remained above four hours.

The next extract gives a glimpse of the severity of the weather, and narrates the "heroic" method of clearing the "lade":—

Tuesday, Feb. 8.—We have had an awful week. When we separated on the morning of the 1st, the snow was about a foot deep, and falling heavily. It fell with unabated rapidity all the day. On Wednesday it drifted greatly. All that night, and Thursday, and Thursday night, the fall and drift were most appalling. On Sabbath we had to take hay on horseback to the hill for the poor sheep. Yesterday it was fresh. We wished to have the threshing-mill set agoing, but the water would not leave the water-wheel, owing to the arched *run* (or *lade*) being filled with drifted snow. I adopted a somewhat desperate measure to get it cleared. I stripped nearly naked, and crept through the snow and slush, and thus cleared the passage for the water. I was quite benumbed when I got through, and certainly had a taste of starvation. Mr. Burton was evidently glad of the result, but he did not approve of the means.

Considerable excitement in the parish just now, as "the schoolmaster is abroad" dispensing troublesome blessings in the form of militia schedules. Being now above eighteen years of age, I have been constrained to join our parochial club.

At Martinmas 1831 I left Fala Mains. While there I did my best to promote my master's interest. With all my bookishness, I was neither indolent nor inattentive to my work. But I never could plough well—indeed, I was

a very bad ploughman, and, as was but just and reasonable, Mr. Burton wanted one who could produce better furrows than I could ever make.

My recollections of Fala Mains are, on the whole, of an interesting and agreeable kind. I left it with a heart rather sad on the morning of November 24th. I went to Dalkeith market the same day, rigged myself out for Sabbath as well as my £3 of wages would allow. Among other things, I bought a pocket Bible for church, for I had long determined to recommence churchgoing whenever I should leave Fala Mains, and wherever my lot might be cast. I returned to my aunt's house on that Thursday evening, uncertain as to my future procedure and provision, but casting myself once more on the care of Him who feeds ravens and sparrows. To Him I could present the prayer which my two companions and I had sung at Fala Flow two years before—

"Through each perplexing path of life
My wandering footsteps guide;
Give me each day my daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all my wanderings cease,
And at my Father's loved abode
My soul arrives in peace."

CHAPTER VI

1831–1834

Ford — Chesterhill — Blackdub — Reading — Preparation for Communion — Admission to the Church — Sabbath School Teaching

THE *necessity* which had kept me from the house of God during the first portion of my residence at Fala Mains, and the *bashfulness* which had kept me from it during the latter period of my stay there, had cost me many a sad hour, and, according to my resolution, I at once recommenced the churchgoing habit. Bless the Lord, O my soul, that He put it into my heart to do so! When I began once more in the end of 1831 and beginning of 1832 to "seek the Lord" in another way than that attempted at Clayhouses, I found little difficulty in overcoming the attempts of the Wicked One to lure me into the whirlpool of atheism; but it required a considerable struggle to regain belief that He whom men are called on to believe in for salvation is "God over all—blessed for ever." If I remember rightly, I first fell in with an account of the Unitarian views in a book which I read from Fala Library, which professed to give an account of "All Religions." I had also read a tract which I fell in with in the house of my friend John Symington, which seemed to me, at the time, to demonstrate the *essential inferiority* of the Son to the Father.

Shortly after my return to Ford I obtained employment from Messrs. M'Donald & M'Kenzie, road contractors. My first occupation in their service was to assist in the levelling down of an old quarry, called Haughilin, on the old road between Pathhead and Oxenfoord Castle. I commenced work there on December 6. While toiling at the old quarry, I had the happiness of being associated

with a kind old friend, Mr. George Steven, long an elder in Ford Church. I was much profited by my intercourse with him. I stated to him many (if not all) of my religious difficulties, and particularly the difficulty I felt in believing the Son and the Holy Spirit to be Divine Persons equal with God the Father. He did what he could to clear up my difficulties, and, among other things, he recommended as likely to be useful to me a perusal of Scott's *Essays*,[1] which are generally bound together with his *Force of Truth*. I immediately subscribed to Pathhead Library, and read the book. It greatly benefited me. I carefully read and studied the whole of the *Essays*. A year or two afterwards my good friend bought for me a copy of the book, which I have now before me.[2] Essays VI. (The Deity of Jesus Christ) and VII. (The Doctrine of Christ's Deity shown to be essential to Christianity, and some Objections to the Doctrine briefly answered) set my mind completely at rest in regard to the Divinity of Jesus; indeed, they led me to wonder that I had ever doubted on the subject. Essay XIII. (The Personality and Deity of the Holy Spirit; with some Thoughts on the Doctrine of the Sacred Trinity) was also of much service to me. While studying theology in Jamaica, I was delighted with the light thrown on this all-important subject in Dick's *Lectures on Theology*, Nos. xxx.–xxxii. (The Divinity of Christ), vol. ii.,[3] and Hill's *Lectures in Divinity*, book iii. vol. i. (4th edition).

A Temperance Society had been formed at Ford on the 21st of October. I signed the pledge on the 28th of December. I have never wondered more at anything I

[1] *Essays on the Most Important Subjects in Religion* and *The Force of Truth*, an autobiography in three parts, detailing his state of mind and conscience before and after conversion, by Rev. Thos. Scott, author of a *Commentary on the Bible*.

[2] The book remained a favourite with Mr. Anderson to the end, and was frequently re-read. Henry Martyn's opinion of the *Essays* may be worth quoting: "Began Scott's *Essays*, and was surprised indeed at the originality and vigour of the sentiments and language."

[3] *Lectures on Theology*, by the late Rev. J. Dick, D.D., Professor of Theology to the United Secession Church. 4 vols. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant & Son (1st ed.), 1834.

have ever seen than I did at the coldness, and even antipathy, with which the Christian part of the people of Scotland at first treated the Temperance reformation. I was completely puzzled by it.

My mind was intensely occupied with religious matters at the commencement and during the early part of 1832. I felt that the salvation of the soul was the one thing needful, and I laboured hard to work out a righteousness of my own. At the approach of the spring Communion I had many anxious thoughts about offering myself as a candidate for Communion with the Church at Ford, and to qualify myself for examination I committed to memory the Summary of Principles of the United Secession Church; but I deferred application, fearing I was not yet good enough.

"*Wednesday, Feb.* 1.—Was deputed by my fellow-workmen to go to Edinburgh yesterday, to receive sure information concerning assistance to be rendered by Government to emigrants for Australia. Went accordingly, and reported my procedure to-day. My neighbours thanked me for the information I was able to communicate to them, but none seemed disposed to start for Australia as yet."—*Journal.*

On the 20th of March 1832, Messrs. M'Donald & M'Kenzie took me from the quarry to drive two of their carts at the *Cut* at Fordell. By this arrangement I had to leave Ford and take up my residence with Mr. M'Kenzie at Chesterhill. I did not at first relish the change; but the remembrances of the fifteen months I spent in that village are very pleasant. Here I used to try my hand frequently at rhyme—poetry I cannot call it.[1]

My removal from Haughilin deprived me of sweet intercourse with my friend G. Steven, but it brought me

[1] In a MS. collection of verses I find the following were written at the period referred to: "Lines on reading Pollok's *Course of Time*," dated Sabbath, Sept. 25th; "The March of Reform," a stirring ballad of sixteen stanzas, "written," says Mr. Anderson, "on the corn-box in the stable beside the horses of my employer, on Oct. 12, 1832. shortly after the passing of the First Reform Bill (of my day). The village politicians (Chesterhill) thought this a grand poem!!" Other verses are: "The Poet's Night," and "The Day of Doom."

into acquaintance with another excellent man, also an elder in Ford Church, Mr. Wm. Miller. His wife was one of the excellent of the earth. I had much profitable intercourse with the worthy pair.

While here I had also some pleasant hours with Wm. Kinghorn, forester to Sir J. H. Dalrymple (afterwards eighth Earl of Stair). He had a good deal of poetry in him, and he tried hard to get me to believe that I also possessed some poetic genius. Mr. K. was keeper of Cranston Parish Library, from which I read a number of small books, and, in particular, Dr. John Brown's *On Religion and the Means of its Attainment*, and a *Memoir of Pliny Fisk* (an American missionary). The reading of these volumes has often been of service to me since.

Under date of Sabbath, June 10th, 1832, I find the following entry in my Journal:—

"I have been for some time thinking of essaying to join myself to the Church, and to sit down at the Lord's table on the third Sabbath of next month. I would therefore examine myself whether I be in the faith. I remember that the Rev. Mr. Law, when he 'fenced the tables' in the tent last year, proposed the four questions: '1. What is thy *knowledge*? 2. What is thy *profession*? 3. What are thy *principles*? 4. What is thy *practice*?' Enable me to answer each of these questions as in Thy sight, O Thou Searcher of hearts!"

About the end of this year I read from Pathhead Library, Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, in 4 vols.; *The Remains* of H. K. White, second perusal; and *The Course of Time*, third perusal. In the beginning of 1833 I read Scott's *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, and M'Gavin's *Protestant*. In Jan. 1833 I began to read *The United Secession Magazine*. I have now in possession all the volumes of the *U.S.* and its successor the *U.P.* for twenty-one years, from 1833 to 1853 inclusive.

At Whitsunday 1833 I removed along with Mr. M'Kenzie and his family from Chesterhill to a place called Blackdub. As usual, I disliked the change very much at first, and as usual, too, I soon became reconciled to my new abode.

Notwithstanding the purpose referred to in my

quotation from my Journal of June 10th, 1832, namely, of offering myself as a candidate for Church fellowship, the middle of 1833 found me still a non-professor. I had read much, heard much, thought much, prayed much, striven hard to conquer sin, laboured hard to become religious, but, alas! I felt I was becoming worse and worse. Sometimes, too, when I could have wished to converse with the excellent servant of Christ whose ministry I attended, my excessive bashfulness always overcame me. I do not think that I had as yet come to the Saviour. I had *laboured* with all my might for a year and a half for the attainment of that peace which comes only by *believing*. I felt that one duty remained neglected while I disobeyed—most certainly I never *disregarded*—the Saviour's command, "This do in remembrance of Me."

Some of the exercises of my mind at this important and critical period of my history may be brought into view by a few quotations from my Journal:—

"Am I a Christian? I cannot tell; but one thing I can say, I am not what I once was. Once I was an avowed—I do not think I was ever a *real*—enemy to religious ordinances; for a considerable period I scarcely ever entered the house of God, and when I did go I was not ashamed to profess that I went simply to hear the *orator*—not the *preacher*; I was for a time rather addicted to swearing; my Sabbaths were spent in reading newspapers, studying politics, idle speculations, indolence, or composing doggerel rhymes on trifles; for a time prayer was a burden, and sometimes never thought of. . . . I believe I have been considered a quiet, good neighbour, an honest, diligent, and faithful servant; but probably self-interest and pride have been the foundation of my relative virtues. But I trust I can say that old things have passed away. For eighteen months I have not been absent for a single Sabbath from the sanctuary; and though far from spending the Sabbath's sacred hours as I ought and wish to spend them, yet I can say in truth that I call the blessed day 'a delight'; I long for its return, not that I may have leisure to read and write on politics, but that I may go with joy to the house of prayer, and that I may withdraw myself from the world to meditate on things unseen and

eternal. I fear an oath, and desire to keep myself in all things free from sin. I sigh for the spirit of prayer, and earnestly wish for an outpouring from on high of the spirit of grace and supplication. But oh! notwithstanding favourable appearances, I forget not that there may be reformation of life where there is no renovation of heart,—*another* heart, and not a *new* heart.

"*Sabbath, July 7.*—'This do in remembrance of Me.' On this day fortnight the congregation with which I usually worship is, in obedience to Christ's dying commandment, to observe the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. I have frequently had serious, yea, most anxious thoughts of essaying to join myself to the Church. I have sometimes expressed my desires to elders and others, but when the hour has arrived in which I should have gone to converse with the worthy servant of Christ who ministers to us in the Lord, my fortitude has failed me; and from one cause and another I have not yet gone to offer myself as a candidate for Church fellowship.

"The question has sometimes occurred to me, Should I join the United Secession Church? After thinking a good deal of different creeds and forms adopted by the different sects into which the Church militant is so unhappily divided, I cannot avoid the conclusion that all those denominations worthy of being styled 'Evangelical' are built on the true—on the *one* foundation; that their differences are only about the circumstantials of rule or rite, that in the great essentials 'they are all *one*.'"

On Sabbath, July 14th—the Sabbath immediately preceding that of the Communion—the Rev. Mr. Elliot gave the final opportunity for that occasion for young people wishing to join the Church to converse with him. My heart was touched when he invited those who wished to honour the Lord Jesus by showing forth His dying love to embrace the opportunity. He appointed five o'clock as the hour of waiting upon him. After earnest prayer for guidance from above, I went at five o'clock, with palpitating heart, to Mr. E.'s residence. I had, in 1832, got as far as the garden gate on the same errand, but had turned back. I verily believe I would have slipped off again had not Mrs. Elliot accidentally, or

providentially, come to the door as I was hesitating about knocking. My retreat was thus cut off. I had a most pleasant and profitable conversation with my beloved pastor. The only thing I regretted in regard to the interview was its shortness. But this was compensated for by Mr. E. intimating to me that he would be glad if I would call on him during the ensuing week, as he had some books which he thought I would like to read.

I here make another quotation from my Journal:—

"*Saturday evening, July* 20.—This afternoon I was solemnly admitted by Rev. Mr. Elliot as a member of the visible Church of Christ. I have therefore publicly renounced the service of the devil, the world, and the flesh—avowed the Lord to be my God—and engaged in the strength of divine grace to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for the blessed hope and the glorious appearing of my God and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

On the Sabbath, July 21st, I sat down for the first time at the Lord's table. A painful sense of unworthiness depressed me all the day. I neglected to look to Him in whom alone we are complete. The occasion was deeply interesting to me. I shall not record the texts which were preached from on the Saturday, the Sabbath, and the Monday. It would be out of place to give an outline of the discourses here. Some of them I have in later life, and in so far as I could make them *my own*, repeatedly preached to others, both in Jamaica and in Old Calabar.

I have notes and outlines of many of the sermons which I heard in Scotland between 1831 and 1839, but of none of them did I ever remember or write so much as that of Mr. Law on 2 Cor. xii. 2. That discourse was subsequently published in the *United Secession Magazine.*

During the year spent at Blackdub I was as busy with my pen as I had been at Chesterhill. I either did not know that there was such a book as a Concordance to the Bible, or I feared that it would be long ere I would be able to purchase one. It must have been one of these considerations—I rather think the former—that led me to commence a concordance for myself. On this new work I spent some precious Sabbath hours at Blackdub. I soon dis-

covered, however, that many years would be requisite to finish it, so I gave it up, resolved to do all I could to put my Bible into my *head*.

In compliance with Mr. Elliot's kind invitation, I called on him during the week after the Communion, and received from him a loan of Rev. C. S. Stewart's *Visit to the South Seas in* 1829–30. This was the commencement of a series of visits on my part, and lending of books on his, which continued till I left Scotland in 1839.

While at Fala Mains I had often prayed with tears that God would make me a Christian and a minister. My desire to attain to the high office of the ministry burned in me with great intensity at Blackdub. I remember that one Sabbath while there I wrote a very earnest prayer to God on the subject, accompanied with a solemn dedication of myself to God in the gospel of His Son. This paper I, with an aching heart, destroyed some years afterwards, when all hope that I would be what I now am was taken away.

In October of that year (1833), my master, Mr. M'Kenzie, kindly offered to board me gratuitously during the ensuing winter and spring, if I would attend any of the neighbouring schools.[1] He properly suggested that I should consult Mr. Elliot on the subject. Here seemed to be presented to me the very thing after which my whole soul had been yearning for years, but several considerations prevented me from taking advantage of the benevolent offer. There was the old distressing bashfulness, which I struggled in vain to overcome. I go and tell Mr. Elliot that I wished to be a preacher! I believe it would have cost me a less effort to cut off my right hand. Then, had I gone to school I did not see how I would be able to assist my poor old aunt in a pecuniary manner. Then further, I had serious doubts respecting the piety of the offerer. Had any minister or elder in the

[1] "*Oct.* 19.—Engaged to stay other six months with Mr. M'Kenzie. He kindly offers to support me at school for a time; but I cannot think of being his debtor, much as I daily feel my want of education.

"*Oct.* 21.—Mr. C. Stewart wishes me to go to America with him in the spring; but I can hardly engage to do so. My aunt and my sister wish me to remain at home."—*Journal.*

Church made me such an offer I would have at once embraced it, *provided* that the offerer himself would have laid the matter before my pastor—would have seen that my aunt was cared for—and that I would be permitted to repay whatever it might have been necessary to advance on my account. I abhorred the idea of being a burden—or even a dependent—on Mr. M'Kenzie or anyone else.

A few extracts from the Journal follow:—

Jan. 27, 1834.—Heard Mr. Elliot preach and moderate in a call in the U.S. Church, Fala, this afternoon. The call was in favour of Rev. John Cooper from India.

Tuesday, Jan. 28.—Heard George Thompson, Esq., deliver a most eloquent lecture on Slavery in the United States this evening in Mr. King's Church, Dalkeith.

Saturday, Feb. 1.—Owing to wet weather, we have been all nearly idle since the 9th ult. Again the first day of spring. If winter be over, it has been very mild.

On Sabbath, March 30th, Ford Sabbath school was resumed, after a long vacation. I rejoiced in the prospect of its recommencement, for I was as willing to become a Sabbath scholar now as ever I had been. I had some expectation that the pastor would form an advanced class which I might be able to join without any appearance of singularity. Instead of being enrolled as a *scholar*, I was constituted a *teacher*, and a class of boys was committed to my care.[1]

In reviewing the past, I am decidedly of opinion that, had I not been enlisted at or about that time as a Sabbath-school teacher, I would never have been either where or what I am now. It was in the Sabbath school that I was impelled by a sense of duty to overcome my natural

[1] In his *Journal* of that date he wrote: "I feel deeply my inadequacy to the task of communicating to them the instructions they require. . . . Lord, enable me to perform the duties incumbent on me as a Sabbath-school teacher in a proper manner, with a single eye to Thy glory and the good of souls. Do Thou instruct me, that I may be able to instruct my young charge, and through eternity may their profiting and mine from our present connection appear!"

bashfulness so far as to conduct devotional services in a public manner. This I felt for a considerable time to be a hard trial. I used for a considerable time to write and commit to memory every prayer I offered in school; but, notwithstanding this, I have felt much greater quaking of both heart and knees in commencing or concluding the exercises of Ford Sabbath school than I have ever felt in any public service—save, perhaps, once or twice—since I began to preach the gospel.

I can even now call to mind the boyish countenances of some who were members of my class—in particular, those of Messrs. Ralph, John, and Andrew Elliot; my (now) brethren in the mission field, George Hall,[1] and William Dickson.[2] . . . I spent many a happy hour with them.

On the 2nd of April this year the Rev. John Cooper was inducted to the pastoral charge of the congregation at Fala.[3] I used to feel much interested in his statements about Hindostan, and was both delighted and benefited by his occasional ministrations at Ford. Several of his discourses made a deep impression on my mind, especially those on Heb. v. 4–6; 1 Pet. iv. 18; Rom. viii. 33, 34; and Heb. xii. 23—"the spirits of just men made perfect."

Having been recommended to Messrs. John Gray & Sons in Dalkeith by Mrs. Elliot,[4] and having entered into engagement with them in the month of April,[5] I left

[1] Missionary to Madras, India.

[2] Missionary to Canada, 1852.

[3] "*Sabbath, April* 6.—Went to Fala to be present at the induction (introductory) of the Rev. John Cooper. Rev. Dr. Brown, Broughton Place, Edinburgh, officiated A.M. He read 2 Cor. iii. 4, 5, and preached from 2 Cor. vi. 1. Mr. Cooper preached (most impressively) in the P.M. from 1 Cor. ii. 2."

[4] *Née* Isabella Gray, youngest daughter of John Gray, Esq., sen., Dalkeith.

[5] "*Tuesday, April* 29.—Engaged this evening to serve for a twelvemonth, from the ensuing term, Messrs. John Gray & Son, Dalkeith. I owe my prospect of a new situation to Mrs. Elliot, who kindly recommended me to her brother.

"*May* 7.—I cannot help shrinking at times from the thought of my approaching change of situation. The idea of being employed thirteen or fourteen hours a-day in lofts or cellars is somewhat awful. How can I bid

Blackdub[1] on "the Auld Term day"—May 26th—and entered their service on the 27th.

farewell to the outdoor amusements of the fine summer evenings of Ford and Chesterhill? And the sweet fellowship of friends and neighbours around the blazing fire when winter's tempests roar? And my pleasant autumnal walks in the newly-reaped fields; and the hallowed moonlight musings, and aspirations, and adorations, in which I loved so well to indulge?

"But I am soothed by the reflection that if ever I implicitly obeyed a call of Providence in my life, it has been in my engaging to go to Dalkeith; if ever blind man was led in a way he knew not, his case has been mine in this instance. Lord! pity, strengthen, uphold, guide, and make all Thy providential dealings towards me be for Thy glory and my permanent good." —*Journal.* A prayer fully answered.

[1] "*May 26.*—Left Blackdub this day, and bade adieu to Mr. M'Kenzie and family. Went to Edinburgh—my first journey by railway—during the day. Purchased at the 'Old Book Depository,' Candlemaker Row, a small volume of Sacred Poetry, Young's *Night Thoughts* and Thomson's *Seasons.* Bought elsewhere Joel Hawes's *Lectures to Young Men on the Formation of Character.*"—*Journal.* Characteristic purchases with which to start his library! In the last years in Edinburgh he was wont to frequent the book-stalls and buy second-hand copies of his old favourites.

CHAPTER VII

1834–1838

Residence in Dalkeith—Death of Friends—First Speech—Engagement to go to Jamaica under the Scottish Missionary Society

I FOUND my time for reading, study, and writing very much curtailed in my new sphere. My Journal for a considerable period between the years indicated at the top of the page consists chiefly of private meditations and prayers, notes of sermons, and reflections written on 15th April (my birthday), and Communion Sabbath mornings.

"*June* 4.—May jot down that I visited Broomhill on the evening of the 15th ult. At the request of Mrs. B., I conducted family worship. It was the first time I had ever conducted social service of any kind, and I felt much perturbed all the while.

"Was at Ford Church last Sabbath, and mean to attend regularly there on Sabbaths. Old associations, my aunt's house, my Sabbath-school class, as well as Mr. Elliot's desire, all draw me to Ford.

"I write at present in great haste. No time here for reading, writing, or thinking.

'What time my heart is overwhelmed, and in perplexity,
Do Thou me lead unto the Rock that higher is than I.'

"*July* 9.—Purchased lately H. K. White's *Remains*, and Job Orton's *Life and Writings of Dr. Doddridge*.

"Acting on the advice of Mr. Robert Hamilton, I have been doing a little these few days back in revising my Latin.

"*Friday, Aug.* 1.—A new era now commences in the history of the British Empire. This is the birthday of Liberty in all the British West India Islands. Eight hundred thousand human beings—our fellow-subjects—

are this day emancipated[1] from the most cruel and degrading bondage. Oh, how their bosoms will be heaving with joy at this moment! And where is the man in our own happy land whose heart glows not with a sympathetic response to the feelings of those who shall this day be able to say for the first time, 'We are free'?"[2]

While at Dalkeith I became acquainted with three very dear friends—Mr. Robert Hamilton, teacher; Mr. James Porteous, teacher; and Mr. A. Millar.[3] Mr. James Tod and I were *very particular* friends, and are so still after the lapse of twenty-one years, during which period we have maintained a constant correspondence.

It is but right that I should here record the name of Mr. David Watson. Many a long conversation passed between him and me about our becoming students. I cherish a grateful remembrance of his offering me (in, I think, 1836) all the money he had, some £50 or £60, if I would only attend college the ensuing winter. He generously pledged himself never to ask repayment, though he might perhaps accept of the amount should I at any time be able conveniently to refund it, and should he be in need of it. Had any rich Christian made me such an offer I might probably have accepted it, but I could not for one moment entertain the idea of depriving a mere youth of his little stock.

I may here note a few particulars under the years to which they respectively belong.

"1835.—*Sabbath, Feb.* 8.—The Missionary Prayer Meeting was held in the evening. Precented for the first time before *grown-up* people."

[1] The Act passed in August 1833 "provided that, from 1st August 1834, all children under six should be free, while the rest of the slaves should enter on a six-years' apprenticeship." See Dr. G. Robson's *Story of Jamaica Mission*, p. 41.

[2] In July 1833, in anticipation of the passing of the Emancipation Act, he had written some stanzas, entitled "The Negro Jubilee."

[3] The Rev. Alexander Millar, A.M., retired U.P. minister.

Shortly before his return to Calabar in 1895, Mr. Anderson introduced Mr. Millar to me as the man who gave him his first lessons in Greek, when he was studying with a view to going to Jamaica. Mr. Millar modestly disclaims having done more than teach Mr. Anderson the Greek alphabet, but Mr. Anderson ever retained a grateful remembrance of the help given.

I had so far overcome my bashfulness as to be precentor at Ford on Sabbath, April 26th. I occasionally conducted the psalmody afterwards; but my musical talents were not of a very high order, and besides, I always felt a choking sensation when called to sing in public.

"*Sabbath morning, May* 24.—Have now resided in Dalkeith for nearly a year. On taking a retrospect of the past year, I see much occasion for deep humility before God on account of my innumerable sins and shortcomings, and also much cause of gratitude to Him who has led me and fed me upwards of twenty-three years. He has made ample provision for my temporal wants, and He has also bestowed on me many spiritual blessings. During the period more immediately under review, I have not been detained a single Sabbath from the public services of the sanctuary. But, alas! how ungrateful have I been to the best of friends and kindest of benefactors! I have *called* the Sabbath a delight, but how seldom indeed have I kept it altogether holy to the Lord! Lord, enable me to sanctify Thy Sabbaths in all time coming! . . .

"*Sabbath, May* 31.—Confined to a sickbed all day. My first Sabbath's sickness since I had measles about eleven years ago. Under bilious fever.

"*Sabbath, June* 7.—Mr. Robert Hamilton spent the night with me at my lodgings, and we walked up to loved Ford this morning in company. Have been pretty well since Thursday. We often thank God for the comforts of life, but I think that we ought to be equally thankful for its afflictions, inasmuch as they show us that nothing can satisfy the soul but God, that nothing can yield so much peace and comfort as the hope and anticipation of heaven, and that nothing can pacify conscience but the peace-speaking blood of Jesus.

"*Sabbath, Sept.* 20.—Finished last night the reading of the *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.* Have been much affected by the account given of the sufferings of that excellent man—more so, I am afraid, than I have ever been by the simple narratives given by the four evangelists of the sufferings endured in Gethsemane and on Calvary by the Son of God. I fear that I have been more affected by Esau's tears of unavailing regret, and by the fate of

Jephthah's daughter, than by the sufferings of the Lamb of God! O hard heart! I detest such men as Cecil and Stokely, and the successor of Queen Elizabeth, on account of their cruel and unjust treatment of Raleigh. I condemn Judas and Pilate and the Jews for compassing the death of Jesus—and often forget that *I* was one of His murderers. O Blessed Redeemer! soften this heart of stone. Cause it to melt on contemplating what Thou hast suffered on my account.

"*Sabbath, Nov.* 1.—At Broughton Place Church, Edinburgh, in the morning. Saw the Lord's Supper dispensed by Dr. Brown on the new plan of all the congregation communicating at once. The system is certainly a good one. What order and solemnity throughout the service!

"*Friday, Nov.* 27.—Visited, along with Mr. R. Hamilton, the Surgical Hall Museum, Edinburgh. I had never seen a skeleton before. Saw many strange and interesting sights—many of them well fitted to lead the mind to serious and humiliating reflections.

"1836.—*Friday, Jan.* 15.—My uncle, Wm. Lang, came over from Fife to Ford in a very poor state of health.[1]

"*Sabbath, Jan.* 31.—Uncle told me to-day that he did not think that he would recover; but, said he, 'for life or for death I place full reliance upon Christ.'

"*Tuesday, Feb.* 23.—Uncle died at 3 P.M. to-day. When I saw him on Sabbath last he seemed very feeble, but I had no idea that death was so near. My sister and her husband came to see him on that day. When my sister got her first glance at him she burst into tears. He kindly said, 'O my lassie, dinna greet.' He regretted much that she had not brought her little daughter, as he was anxious to see her—probably for my mother's sake. He spoke to us with calmness of his approaching dissolution, declaring that he placed all his dependence for salvation on the atonement of Christ. He told me that all the money he possessed was thirty shillings—'which will, I hope, be sufficient to bury me.' When I had finished

[1] He, his wife, and their children, had left Ford on Feb. 11th, 1835, for Sinclairtown, Fife.

the exercises of the Sabbath school at Chesterhill, I returned to and remained with him till he went to bed. I read to him a portion of Dr. Watt's discourse on the text, 'Neither shall there be any more pain,' Rev. xxi. 4, with which he appeared much gratified.

"*Thursday*, 25.—My widowed aunt and her fatherless children arrived from Fife this morning. I hired a cart for their conveyance to Ford. Walked up to Ford after the labours of the day.

"*Saturday*, 27.—We took the mortal remains to Crichton Churchyard, where they were interred in the grave of his son, George Lang, who died Jan. 22, 1828, aged nineteen. There, their rest together is in the dust.

"*Sabbath*, 28.—Communion—but how distracted were my thoughts!

"*Wednesday*, *March* 10.—Aunt Bell and my cousins left for Fife to day. We all felt much on parting.

"*Sabbath*, *April* 23.—Heard with great delight Rev. Mr. Watson from Jamaica this evening at Ford. I felt deeply interested in his account of Jamaica, slavery, freedom, etc. What an encouraging account he gave of the progress of the gospel in Jamaica! My heart burned within me, and I could not help saying, Lord, here am I, send me!"—*Journal.*

Had any person told me that evening that in less than four years I would be employed in the great work on the mountains of that island, I would have been both astonished and incredulous. But so it was. How wondrous are Thy ways, Lord God Almighty!

"*Sabbath*, *May* 15.—The Lord's Supper dispensed at Ford to-day; but the splendid Annular Eclipse distracted my mind a good deal, and I am afraid that of many others."

Though now a member of the Church, I was far from supposing that *therefore* all must be safe for eternity. I was during this year, as well as long afterwards, perplexed with many doubts and fears in regard to my state and character before God.

"*Sabbath*, *June* 12.—Began some time ago to re-read an old favourite—Booth's *Reign of Grace*. This morning read c. 5, which treats of Grace reigning in our Pardon.

"*Sabbath, July* 17.—Our Session have agreed that the Communion be dispensed henceforth on the first Sabbath of August, instead of the third Sabbath of July. The new arrangement is no doubt right and wise, but to an 'observer of days' like myself it causes something like regret. Three years to-day since I first took my place at the Lord's table. In one thing I rejoice, namely, the assurance that Christ can manifest Himself as graciously to us on first Sabbaths of August as on third Sabbaths of July: He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

"*Sabbath*, 24.—Have finished Booth's *Reign of Grace*, and have been much benefited by the perusal.

"*Monday, Aug.* 1.—Resolved this morning to spend an hour each evening of this week in prayer and self-examination, in view of the Communion on Sabbath. Oh to be enabled to wash the heart from wickedness!

"*Sabbath*, 7.—Have been reading Hawes *On the Sacrament* every evening during the past week, and felt considerably benefited thereby.

"*Sabbath, Oct.* 16.—Received from Mr. Elliot last Sabbath evening, *Narrative of Visit to American Churches*, by Messrs. Reed and Matheson. I have found it to be a most fascinating volume. Splendid descriptions of splendid scenery, and most interesting accounts of revivals. Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of us.

"*Sabbath*, 30, *p.m.*—Astonished and delighted to-day when Mr. Elliot announced as his text, Rom. vii. 24, 25. The subject was most appropriate for me. It has been occupying my attention for some time. If I be a saint at all, I am surely less than the least of all saints. . . .

"Mr. Robert Hamilton very ill indeed. Read with him to-night, Heb. xii.; sang Par. xlix. 13, 14, and prayed with him.

"*Tuesday, Nov.* 22.—Changed lodgings to-day. . . . Have now a bedroom mate, John Robson, a gardener, who seems a very pious lad.

"Last Tuesday evening (15th inst.) a few of my companions in employ of John Gray & Son, and I, agreed to form ourselves into a fellowship meeting. Last night we met for the first time in Alex. Kerr's house. The theme of conversation was the first question of the Shorter

Catechism. We agreed to take a question of the Catechism, and a text or passage of Scripture, in alternate weeks, as the subject of conversation.[1]

"*Friday, Dec.* 16.—Heard to-day of the death of my dear friend, Robert Hamilton. He departed this life, at Lauder, yesterday at 2 A.M. My mind has been wandering over our past days of sweet fellowship all afternoon. I became first acquainted with Mr. H. in April or May 1834, when he came to be teacher in Pathhead. I first saw him in the Sabbath school at Ford, and the favourable impressions I formed of him then were confirmed by further intercourse. I do not think we had any conversation with each other—both of us being somewhat *shy*—till the fourth Sabbath of June, when we walked home together from Fala Sacrament. Then our hearts were knit together, and that friendship formed which has not till now been interrupted. I trust that the interruption is only temporary. Our position as Sabbath-school teachers brought us into contact each Sabbath evening. He had, like myself, been early left an orphan, and this was a ground of mutual interest and sympathy. I have often been delighted with his short touching addresses to our scholars. His large dark, expressive eyes sparkling with intense earnestness, added much to the influence of his words. His sweet and earnest prayers will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them. . . .

"I saw him for the last time on Sabbath, 27th November. I called about 3 P.M., and told him that I had three hours to spend with him, and he expressed his gratification at the prospect of such a lengthened visit. Before I had sat with him many minutes, I was unexpectedly summoned to attend the Sabbath School at Pathhead, as no male teacher had appeared to conduct the devotional services. When I returned, his first words were: 'Why have you been so long in coming? I'll never see you again.' I had our prayer meeting to attend from six to seven. After that meeting I returned to his bedside, when we held our last earthly intercourse.

[1] "The exercises," says Mr. Anderson in his MS. Autobiography, "which I prepared for our weekly meeting in Mr. A. Kerr's house, have sometimes served me as the groundwork of discourses."

"On the following Saturday (3rd inst.) he was taken in a post-chaise to Lauder, to the house of a relative there. His excellent and amiable assistant and successor, Mr. James Porteous, accompanied him on the journey. He grew feebler and feebler till yesterday A.M., when his spirit took its wing to that happy world where no inhabitant shall ever say, 'I am sick.'

"*Sabbath*, 18.—The remains of my beloved friend were interred yesterday in Channelkirk[1] Churchyard. I could not attend the funeral. Farewell, beloved brother, for a little. We meet again!"

1837.—Matters moved on this year as they had done previously. I forgot not on the 15th of April that I had been allowed to sojourn among men for a quarter of a century.

On the fourth Sabbath of June I started early from Dalkeith, and spent an hour beside Mr. Hamilton's grave in Channelkirk Churchyard.

"Came through the heather to Fala, and heard a good deal of the Communion services. Mr. Cooper preached (in the tent) from 2 Cor. ix. 15: 'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.' Mr. Elliot preached the evening sermon (also in the tent) from Eph. iii. 15: 'The one family.' Delighted when he closed the services of the day by singing the three last verses of the 53rd Paraphrase.

"*Tuesday, June* 28.—The first congregational soiree at Ford took place this evening. It has been a delightful festival. Mr. Elliot was in the chair, and made a capital introductory speech. Mr. Cooper was humorous and effective. I was deeply interested in Mr. Sandy's speech.[2] The other speakers were Messrs. Harper, Robson, and Deans. . . . The soiree, which was attended by about three hundred, went well off. All the guests, as well as the speakers, seemed delighted.

"*Sabbath, August* 20.—Walked up to Ford last night after shop-shutting (ten o'clock). A most delightful walk. The full-orbed harvest moon shone softly and sweetly on the whitening fields. Had an interesting conversation this

[1] Near Oxton, Berwickshire.

[2] The part of the speech relating to Mr. Anderson's father is given at p. 7.

evening with James Porteous and William Wood concerning the last hours of our friend, Robert Hamilton. I have always been under the impression that he died under a cloud, but it seems that he breathed his last—to all human appearance—a victim of despair.[1] He lived a Christian life, and there can be no doubt his mind was affected by his disease. But certainly the want of a simple, childlike faith in Christ—and he must have been somewhat deficient in this—makes even a Christian's death terrible. O to be making daily preparation for death! When the solemn hour comes to me, if I cannot die triumphing, may I at least die trusting!

"*Monday, Sept.* 11.—Had several hours of delightful fellowship with my beloved friend, Alexander Millar, Huntly. He spent last night with me. His converse I have found to be both pleasant and profitable.

"*Tuesday, October* 3.—The various Fellowship Meetings in Dalkeith held a joint soiree this evening in the Masons' Lodge. Mr. George Wilson was in the chair. Upwards of one hundred and seventy were present. A most delightful and interesting meeting. I delivered what I may call my first public address. My theme was 'The Unity of Christians.'

"*Tuesday*, 17.—How different now is Dalkeith Fair in anticipation, in enjoyment, and in retrospect, from what it was fourteen or fifteen years ago! Purchased this evening, for *my* 'fair,' Marshall *On Sanctification*—a book strongly recommended to me by a late master, Mr. John Macdonald. Fearful toothache for days past. How numerous and painful the lessons required to make us humble and holy!

"*Friday, Dec.* 1.—Was at the marriage[2] of my dear friend, Mr. James Porteous, teacher, Pathhead. Mr. Parlane was the officiating minister. The bride is Ellen Blair, Tranent.

"*Sabbath*, 31.—Another year going. 'Oh, to grace how great a debtor!' What reason for thankfulness for all the multiplied mercies of the year! . . . Grant grace to enable

[1] Cf. Mr. Anderson's own deathbed experiences and his sermon on the death of Zerub Baillie.

[2] "The only marriage I have ever (up to 1854) witnessed in Scotland." —W. A.

me to live more devoted to Thy service in the future than I have been doing in the past.

"1838.—*Sabbath, Feb.* 4.—Acted this morning for the first time as a tract distributor.[1] Langland, with Chesterhill (east side), is my district. May the silent preacher be blessed!

"*Sabbath, March* 28.—Went round by Newbattle this morning. Had my little niece on one knee and my *littler* nephew on the other. How delighted our father would have been to see them! Lord, bless the little lambs; gather them in Thine arms, carry them in Thy bosom!

"*Sabbath, April* 15, *evening, at Ford.*— . . . How are all things changed within the past few years! That same beech tree, which at this moment groans to the passing blast, cast its shadow over me in infancy, and then in boyhood—but it seems changed. Can the change be in it or in myself? O to be but a little child again! And yet—I would not wish to be younger—but I wish I had been better. What have I done for the glory of God during these bygone years? What for the good of my fellow-men? What a cumberer of the ground! . . .

"*Tuesday, April* 17.—Was this morning through the principal apartments of Dalkeith Palace. Was much gratified on seeing (for the first time in my life) such a collection of pictures and statues. The dead of former days seem to gaze curiously on the living who intrude into their dreary halls. Verily, we have yonder a cloud of witnesses to the fact that one generation goeth and another cometh. Such a scene is enough to make one poetical! . . .

"*Friday*, 20.—Received from Edinburgh to-day a copy of Todd's *Sunday School Teacher.* Am quite delighted therewith, and hope to find it exceedingly useful."

One of the principal things impressed on my memory during this year was the illness and death of a dear friend's wife, Mrs. George Blair. She fell asleep in Jesus on the 12th of May, at Tranent. I saw her on the evening of the

[1] To the end of his life Mr. Anderson acted as a tract distributor. He had always leaflets, text-cards, etc., with him, and not only on his journeys by sea and land, but on the street and in the house, he distributed silent preachers. I have seen him give leaflets to the policeman on his beat and the servant-girl at the door.

26th of April, reaching Tranent about midnight. . . . When I entered she was sitting speechless in bed. Ah! how changed! Her husband asked her if she had anything to say to me. Her answer (to me inaudible) was, "Tell him that Christ is a precious Saviour—altogether lovely." I sat by her bedside, with little intermission, till about four o'clock. . . . Her last words to me were, "I shall not see you again till we meet before the throne on high. Live to Christ—live to Christ—and He will support you on a dying bed, as He is doing me just now." Precious sentence! I shall never forget it. Oh, words like hers have an eloquence, an energy, a pathos, compared with which all other oratory is dumb. How painful must it be for her husband to contemplate the long separation from one so young, so lovely, so good! Lord, support *him*. She goes to be with Thyself, which is far better; but he will be left desolate.

"*Sabbath*, 29.—Yielding to a strong impulse, went to Ford this morning *viâ* Tranent. Mrs. B. still lingers by the side of Jordan. When I left her, I asked her if she was still perfectly happy. Her reply was, 'Yes, yes!' Called on Mr. Elliot this evening, and told him how matters stood with our dying friend.

"*Saturday*, *May* 12.—'All is well' with Christian Blair now—oh, how well! She fell asleep this morning about four o'clock. She has made a happy change. The pale cheek and the languid eye, and the faltering tongue and the parched lip, and the wasted lungs and the cold sweat of the last agony, have all been exchanged for the welcoming angels and the smiling Saviour — for the crown, the robe, the harp, the palm, the throne! . . .

"*Dalkeith*, *between* 2 *and* 3 *p.m.*, *Tuesday*, *May* 15.—In spirit I am this moment at Tranent. Much I could have wished to be there just now to have paid the last tribute of respect to departed worth. All is over. The turf has received its last adjustment, the rattling of spades and shovels has ceased, all stand for a moment uncovered, and then each seeks his way home. The grace that supported the dying will prove sufficient for the living, and doubtless my bereaved friend will be a partaker of those blessed consolations which can

support and cheer under the heaviest afflictions and bereavements.

"*Wednesday, June* 13.—Was at Fala in the evening, as one of a deputation from the Dalkeith Total Abstinence Society. Was glad to see so many of my old friends present. We had not a numerous but a respectable and attentive audience. At the close of the meeting thirteen subscribed the abstinence pledge.

"*Sabbath*, 24.—At Fala at the Communion. Visited the grave of Robert Hamilton in the morning.

"*Thursday*, 28.—The Coronation of our Queen Victoria! A day of rejoicing throughout the kingdom. Was at a very pleasant social meeting[1] in the Dalkeith Coffee Room in the evening. A beautiful display of fireworks from the steeple.

"*Sabbath, July* 15.—Assisted this evening in conducting a prayer meeting at a village called Claybarns. I addressed from Rev. xiv. 1–3, 13.

"*Saturday, Aug.* 4.—Walked up to Ford after ten o'clock to-night. Stepped into the tent at midnight's calm hour. The moon was nearing the western horizon, and her beams could scarcely struggle through the thick foliage that overshadowed the much-loved hollow where the tent stands.

"*Sabbath, a.m., Aug.* 5.—Early at the tent all alone—yet not alone. A morning more lovely and glorious than this has surely never dawned upon our world since the sun of earth's first Sabbath rose! How many hallowed recollections linger around this sacred spot! The dewdrops sparkle on every leaf and on every blade of grass. 'Sweet morn, so cool, so calm, so bright!' Five hours hence and another scene will be presented here. The greensward will be full of life, and a solemn assembly of worshippers will be seated all around. Lord, rend the heavens and descend to-day with such an abundance of blessing as will satisfy every longing soul which may this day come to this place thirsting for Thee as the hart panteth for the water-brooks. O for a foretaste of the blessedness to be enjoyed when we shall sit down at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb!

[1] Given by the Total Abstinence Society.

"*Sabbath*, 12.—Heard 'the great, the gifted, and the good' George Thompson, the Anti-Slavery orator, preach a very excellent sermon from 1 Cor. xiii. 13, this evening, in Rev. Jos. Brown's church, Dalkeith.

"*Wednesday*, *Oct.* 3.—The second annual soiree of the Dalkeith Fellowship Meeting was held to-night in the Masons' Lodge. The subject of my address was 'The Christian's Triumph over Death.' I gave a few sentences concerning the deathbed experiences of one who was peculiarly happy and active among us on this night twelvemonths, namely, Mrs. George Blair. My friends Mr. Blair and Mr. T. Darling had addresses of peculiar excellence—the former on 'The Pleasures of Religion,' and the latter on 'Missions.' Our chairman this year, as last year, was our good friend, Mr. George Wilson. . . .

"*Sabbath*, *Nov.* 4.—Lord's Supper at Ford to-day. Mr. Elliot preached from 1 John iii. 1. He was assisted by Mr. Johnston of Limekilns. Very languid all day—having been deprived of rest for several nights by toothache. To ease the pain, I walked and ran at 2 A.M. between the two tollbars of Gallowshall and Cowbridge.

"*Wednesday*, 7.—Mr. James Tod being about to leave the establishment of John Gray & Son for a situation in Edinburgh, our Fellowship Meeting gave him a soiree this evening in my lodgings. I had the honour of being chairman, and addressed our dear friend in the name of the meeting. I shall miss him greatly.

"*Tuesday*, 27.—Have had a poor time of it for several weeks. Have suffered intensely from toothache; little sleep during the night; heavy work during the day. I feel quite feeble in body and depressed in mind. Had a tooth extracted to-day. The operation was very painful. The 39th Psalm has been my appropriate song in the night for weeks—I may say for months past. Sometimes, when running about in torture at 1 and 2 A.M., I have tried to soothe myself by saying or singing—

> 'When languor and disease invade
> This trembling house of clay,' etc."

During the course of this year, George Gray, Esq., and Mr. John Chisholm interested themselves a good deal in

my favour; and, after ascertaining my views on the subject of going abroad as a catechist or teacher, the former (I am not sure whether he was joined by Mr. C. in this) recommended me to the Committee of the London Missionary Society as a suitable person to go abroad under their auspices. Their reply was that they were not then sending *catechists* into the mission field. Mr. Gray's letter, however, and a copy of an address on Total Abstinence which I had written some time before (and which had been printed by the Dalkeith Total Abstinence Society), were, in the arrangements of Providence, brought under the notice of the Rev. Dr. William Brown, who forthwith wrote to Mr. Gray, requesting him to call my attention to an advertisement issued by the Scottish Missionary Society for teachers and catechists.[1]

"*Friday*, 30.—My kind friends, Messrs. John Chisholm and George Gray, have been interesting themselves lately on my behalf, and through their kindly interposition the Rev. Dr. Wm. Brown, Secretary to the Scottish Missionary Society, has been desirous of seeing me with the view of my going out to Jamaica as teacher and catechist. The prospect delights me. I had an interview with the Rev. Dr. Brown, Queen Street, Edinburgh, this afternoon on the subject, and formally offered myself to go to Jamaica in connection with the Scottish Missionary Society.

"Mr. G. Blair, Mr. Wm. Steven, and I, delivered addresses on Teetotalism this evening in one of the Congregational chapels, Musselburgh.

"*Tuesday*, *Dec.* 4.—Delivered my address on 'The Unity of Christians' at a Fellowship Meeting soiree at Gilmerton this evening."

The following letter from the Rev. A. Elliot may be quoted in connection with Wm. Anderson's offer of his services to the Scottish Missionary Society:—

Ford, *6th Dec.* 1838.

DEAR WILLIAM,—When I came home on Sabbath night, your letter communicated to me news, but not news that surprised me—at least, the surprise was not of

[1] Autobiography, *U.P. Magazine*, 1890, p. 499.

long continuance. I think you have done right; and for a considerable time back I have been of opinion that you are fitted for something else than your present situation, and wishing that God in His providence would open up some way in which you might devote yourself more fully and directly to His service. I have no doubt that before you took the step which you have done, you have often and earnestly sought direction at a throne of grace; and having done so, and having willingly offered yourself, your duty now is to wait calmly, and endeavour to learn and abide by the will of our Master. I had a letter from Dr. Brown yesternight, and have just written an answer to it. The Committee, it appears, will meet to-morrow. My greatest fear is that your *extreme*—I had almost said *sinful*—bashfulness will make you appear to very great disadvantage before them, and militate against your acceptance. Try and guard against it. Look up for support and courage, and let not the fear of man prove a snare. Though I shall be very sorry to part with you and be deprived of your co-operation here, I am very anxious that you may succeed, persuaded that our Divine Master has qualified you for greater usefulness than your present sphere admits of. You will let me know on Sabbath how you come on, and in the meantime you have my sincere wishes and earnest prayers that you may find favour with the Committee.—I am yours very sincerely, ANDREW ELLIOT.

"*Friday*, 7.—Was examined this afternoon by a Committee of the Scottish Missionary Society, said Committee consisting of Rev. Dr. Brown, Rev. Dr. Dickson, and Rev. Mr. Mackenzie. The examination was very simple. All the members of Committee spoke very kindly and encouragingly. I went to Edinburgh with fear and trembling, but a gracious God gave me much favour in the sight of His servants. This Committee must, of course, report to the full Board of Directors. If it shall please the Head of the Church to signify to me through the Directors of the Scottish Missionary Society that He accepts of my services, I shall be grateful, and feel it to be my duty to devote myself wholly and unreservedly to His service.

"*Sabbath*, 9.—Aunt Potts not at all pleased at my offer of myself for mission service. I trust she will concur, however, should my offer be accepted. Mr. Elliot preached a most suitable sermon for her and me to-day from 2 Cor. v. 7: 'We walk by faith, and not by sight.' Some of my friends seem to think I should remain at home; but the most of them approve of the step which I have taken. Very few as yet, however, know about the matter.

"*Thursday*, 13.—Gratified to-day by receiving a letter from Rev. Dr. Wm. Brown intimating acceptance by the Scottish Missionary Society for service in Jamaica. So now it seems that the desires, the prayers, the aspirations of years are to be at length realised. Strange—passing strange! that a poor, weak, ignorant, sinful worm such as I should be honoured with a call to go far hence to tell the Gentiles of a Saviour's love. O for grace to enable me to be faithful in the discharge of the important duties to which I am called—faithful to the Directors of the Scottish Missionary Society—faithful to those who shall wait on my instructions—faithful to my own soul, seeing that a man may even preach to others and be himself a castaway!

"I must never forget the kindly interest shown me in this matter by Messrs. Chisholm and Gray. The Lord grant that the Lord may have mercy on them on that day!"

CHAPTER VIII

1839

Leaving Dalkeith—Attendance at Sessional School, Edinburgh—Last Communion at Ford—Glasgow—Galashiels—Farewell Meetings

THE remaining portion of the Autobiography is simply a transcript of his Journal.

Tuesday, Jan. 1.—Contrary to my usual custom, retired to rest last night before the year expired. My slumbers did not hinder Old Time from moving onwards with his usual speed, and already one day of the New Year is almost gone. This is probably the last New Year's Day that I shall see in my native land. This year will probably be the opening up of the most important period of my life. May the Lord be with me in all places whithersoever I go to bless me and to do me good! May His presence go with me to the far distant land! May His grace make me instrumental in advancing His glory, and in promoting the temporal and eternal advantage of my fellow-men!

Saturday, 5.—Sixteen years have now passed away since I stood by my father's deathbed and beheld him yield up his latest breath. Could I have an interview with him to-night, I would be disposed to say with Cowper—

"Time has passed
But hardly with me since I saw thee last."[1]

[1] Adapted. Cowper writes—

"*Life* has passed
With me but roughly since I *heard* thee last."
—"On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture."

Were he alive, how happy would he be to learn that I have dedicated myself to the very service to which he so frequently and so fervently devoted me! The day of my leaving my native land would have been to him one of the happiest in his life. May I ever prove myself worthy of such a father!

I have just penned a few stanzas on his death.

Sabbath, Feb. 3.—No sermon at Ford. Went to Edinburgh to St. Paul's Chapel A.M. The first time I have ever worshipped in an Episcopal chapel. Was accompanied by Mr. James Tod. Was delighted with the music. Heard a very good sermon by a young clergyman from "Now is the accepted time." Went to Bristo Street P.M., where the Lord's Supper was dispensed. How cold, how very cold, appeared the organ and choir of the forenoon, when in the P.M. about 1400 or 1500 voices were lifted up in the service of song! The contrast almost moved me to tears.

Sabbath, 24.—I owe a thousand thanks to an unknown friend, "W. P.," for a pamphlet entitled "Observations on the Motives and Encouragements to Active Missionary Exertions." I read it this morning on my way to Ford. My spirits had almost begun to droop of late, but thanks be unto God for putting it into the heart of "W. P." to send me that book yesterday. I feel quite revived. I feel happy—unspeakably happy—that I have offered myself to, and have been accepted by, the Scottish Missionary Society.

Midnight, Saturday, March 16.—Have just been perusing the Memoir of Mrs. Judson.[1] What anxiety to benefit the souls of those around her! What energy! What privations! What sufferings! What prayerfulness! What faith! Bright is her crown now and loud her anthem of praise. What a sweet character, too, was Harriet Newell! May I not be slothful, but a follower of them who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises!

Sabbath, 17.—Have had a pleasant Sabbath. My old

[1] Mrs. Ann H. Judson, first wife of Dr. A. Judson. "Memoirs," by J. D. Knowles.

favourite, Mr. Law, assisted Mr. Brown in the dispensation of the Lord's Supper. I sat at the second table with my friend John Scott, who has also offered himself to go as teacher and catechist to Jamaica.

Saturday evening, April 6.—Released this evening from my service in the establishment of John Gray & Son, by negotiation between Dr. Wm. Brown and the Messrs. Gray, as I require to spend a few months at the Normal School previous to my departure for Jamaica. Friends all very kind—and many a little present has been handed to me during the last few days. I have been in the employ of Messrs. Gray since Whitsunday 1834.

Monday, 8.—Rejoicing in what I feel to be a sort of *emancipation.* Spent yesterday and last night at Ford. Visited Mr. Porteous's school, Pathhead, this A.M., and in the evening attended a soiree given me by my friends in the establishment of Messrs. Gray. Mr. John Tod, in his own name and in that of his colleagues, presented me with a copy of Dick's *Lectures on Theology*, in four handsome volumes. Mr. Tod's address, and also some of the others, were exceedingly interesting and encouraging.

Saturday evening, 13.—This has been a strange kind of a week to me. On Tuesday went to Edinburgh. Sauntered about the city gazing on its wonders till 7 P.M., then (by mistake) embarked on a *luggage* boat on the Canal. Was on the Canal in no pleasant company till 4 A.M. Wednesday, when I disembarked at Redding Bridge, and reached my sister's house at Shielhill shortly after five. With my brother-in-law visited Falkirk on Wednesday P.M. Spent a good while in the Secession Church and its burial-ground. Spent the night at my sister's. Left Shielhill on Thursday A.M. Walked to Linlithgow. Visited its Town House, Church, and Royal ruins. Left at 2 P.M. in canal boat for Edinburgh, and came to Ford in the evening. On Friday tried my hand at an old occupation—almost forgotten—and *delved* in my aunt's garden in the A.M.

Saturday, 20.—Enrolled to-day as a pupil in Mr.

Wood's[1] Normal Class, Sessional School.[2] Deeply interested in the procedure of the school. Delighted to see that the catechetical system, in which Mr. Wood excels, is the very plan which I have been following out for years, in my own poor way, in Ford Sabbath school.

Sabbath evening, 21.—My first Sabbath's residence in Edinburgh is now near a close. It has been a busy day, and I trust not an unprofitable one. At 9 A.M. attended Mr. Wood's Sabbath morning class. At 11 went to Nicolson Street Church, heard an eloquent lecture by Mr. Johnston on John ii. 18–end. Went to Broughton Place P.M., and heard Dr. John Brown on Isa. lxv. 21–end. Have just returned from Mr. Wood's Sabbath evening class. I have drawn water with joy to-day from the wells of salvation.

Tuesday, 30.—Attended this P.M. the Annual Meeting of the Scottish Missionary Society. The report and addresses were very interesting, and bore chiefly on the work of the Society's agents in Jamaica. Feel stimu-

[1] In a letter from Old Calabar, of date Nov. 9, 1885, to Mrs. James Duncan, Edinburgh, Mr. Anderson makes a reference and pays a tribute to his honoured teacher, Sheriff John Wood. The account of the later life of John Wood, under his assumed name of "John Wallace," after his mysterious disappearance from Edinburgh in April 1840, is entitled "The Mystery of Easthampton," and is embedded in an article, "A New England Colony in New York," by A. A. Hayes, in *Harper's Magazine*, August 1885. Mr. Anderson writes: "My heart was moved to its depths a few weeks ago by reading an article in *Harper's Monthly* about a man who figured greatly in Edinburgh fifty years ago as a *paragon of teachers*. . . . In these days he was John Wood, Esq., Sheriff of Peeblesshire, amateur teacher of the Edinburgh Sessional School. He left Edinburgh after I went to Jamaica. . . . There was a mystery connected with his disappearance from Edinburgh, and I often longed to know what had become of him. The article in *Harper* explains all. I for one owe a debt of deep gratitude to John Wood. If I have had any success in teaching, I owe it very much under Providence to him. Had I known when I was in America in 1876, and again in 1877, where his grave is, I would certainly have visited it."

[2] The Edinburgh Sessional Daily School was opened on 29th April 1813, having been instituted for the instruction of the children of the lower classes of society in the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. See *Account of the Edinburgh Sessional School*, by John Wood, Esq. Edinburgh: John Wardlaw, 1st ed., 1828. The school was situated near the Mound.

lated to increased diligence in preparing myself for usefulness there.

How highly favoured am I now! I cannot be sufficiently thankful for my present opportunity of acquiring knowledge both sacred and secular. My chief business at present is to receive instruction and learn how to communicate it. More and more delighted with Mr. Wood and his method of teaching.

Wednesday, May 1.—Glad that my friend Mr. John Scott [1] has been accepted by the Society for Jamaica. He has come to Edinburgh to attend with me the Sessional School. He is to be my fellow-lodger in West Richmond Street. I thank God for such an associate.

Sabbath, 26.—Mr. Scott and I have received an addition to our number—Mr. Buchanan, son of a deceased minister in Canada, having been accepted to go out with us to Jamaica. After serious consideration, all of us have agreed to unite ourselves to Broughton Place congregation and to wait on Dr. Brown's ministry while we remain in Edinburgh.

Saturday, June 8.—Have attended the meetings of the United Associate Synod each evening this week. My general feeling that of disappointment. My early imaginings of Church Court procedure, founded more on Rev. iv., v., than on Acts xv., have been anything but realised.

Monday, 10.—Walked to Ford on Saturday afternoon. Left it yesterday morning at five o'clock. Felt very much on leaving it. Many a time did I turn round and gaze through bedimmed eyes on my aunt's humble dwelling. Anticipated the time when I must take my farewell survey of the lovely village of woods and waters. Sorry to leave, yet feel satisfied that I am doing so in a good cause.

Went to Albany Street Chapel yesterday A.M. Heard Mr. Freeman from Madagascar. At the close of the sermon (from Zech. iii. 2, last clause) a native of that island ascended the pulpit, and Mr. Freeman put a few questions to him (in his own tongue) in reference to the grand truths of the gospel, which—at least through the

[1] Formerly a gamekeeper under the Duke of Buccleuch.

interpreter—were admirably answered. His last question was, "How do you feel in regard to the present state of your country?" The youth's reply was, "This overwhelms me," and he burst into tears. Many of the audience were much affected. I rejoiced in my prospect of going to Jamaica, but wished yesterday that Madagascar had been my destination. Lord, pity Thy poor suffering remnant there. Let Thy people be edified and multiplied in that distracted island.

Tuesday, 11.—"Be ye also ready." Mr. Henry Elston—an amiable young man from England—stood beside me in the Normal class on Saturday. He was at the Sabbath class in the evening of Sabbath—forty-eight hours ago—and now he is in the eternal world. I have not heard what the malady was which has done death's work so speedily.

Saturday, 15.—At Mr. Elston's funeral this P.M. He was interred in Greyfriars Churchyard. "H. E., 21," on the coffin lid. His girlish widow followed his corpse to its last resting-place. Her heart seemed nigh bursting. May the widow's God be her comforter and strong tower!

Monday, *July* 1.—On Saturday at 2 P.M. took boat at Newhaven for Fife. Debarked at Charlestown, where I was kindly received and lodged by Mr. Wm. Addison, to whom I had a letter of introduction from his sister Jane,[1] who is in the service of the Messrs. Gray. Had a pleasant saunter in the evening in the neighbourhood of Charlestown. Walked to Dunfermline yesterday morning, accompanied by Mr. W. Addison, to hear once more my old favourite, Mr. Law. It was the sacramental

[1] For some time, while he was in Dalkeith, there had existed an attachment between Wm. Anderson and Jane Addison. He desired to take her to Jamaica as his wife; but her relatives, being afraid of the Jamaica climate, which had then a very bad reputation, refused to allow her to go. Whether this visit of Mr. Anderson's to Charlestown had anything to do with the question of marriage between him and Miss Addison, I cannot say. Although the idea of a union was abandoned, friendly intercourse was kept up by Mr. Anderson with Miss Addison, who never married, and who died in 1869, and with her family to the end of Mr. Anderson's life. When Mr. Anderson asked me to write this Memoir, he referred with emotion to this attachment and what it cost him to give it up. He added that he told Mrs. Anderson of it, and that she thought none the less of him for having loved another.

Sabbath of the district. . . . We came down in the P.M. to Limekilns—heard three table services there, and also Mr. Johnston's concluding address, and the evening sermon by Mr. Johnston of Nicolson Street, Edinburgh. . . .

Saturday, 27.—We—*i.e.* Messrs. Scott, Buchanan, and I —were at tea the other evening at James Marshall, Esq.'s. Mr. Lillie, catechist designate from Broughton Place Congregation to New Broughton, Jamaica, boards at Mr. Marshall's. We met Rev. Mr. Scott from Demerara and Mrs. Scott (who has not yet been abroad). From Mr. Marshall's remarks (he is one of the Directors of the Scottish Missionary Society) we infer that we may leave this country earlier than was once intended. *Feeling* says, "Stay as long here as you can"; but if called on to leave all dear to us on earth at an earlier period than once contemplated, I trust we shall be able to say heartily, "The will of the Lord be done."

Thursday, Aug. 1.—How quickly the time flies on! But not an hour is lost. We attend morning classes, forenoon classes, afternoon classes, and evening classes. This is doubtless a glorious day in Jamaica. How gladly will her sable sons and daughters be celebrating their first anniversary of freedom! I expect to be rejoicing with them on this day twelvemonths.

Attended an interesting meeting last evening in Nicolson Street Church. Messrs. Leitch and Glen were designated as missionaries to India. . . . Mr. Alexander preached an animating discourse from Neh. vi. 3: "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." Mr. Cooper addressed the young missionaries at great length, and Mr. Johnston afterwards addressed the congregation. The Lord of the harvest go forth with these youthful labourers! And may the lesson impressed on them be also impressed on my mind, that in answer to friend or to foe who may endeavour to lead me to relax exertion for the Master's sake, I may be ready to say, "I am doing a great work," etc.

Monday, Aug. 5.—Went to Ford on Saturday P.M. Slept but little. Got up early yesterday morning and walked to the tent. Earth's sweetest spot is that to me. In tent pencilled as follows:—

Holy and delightful morning! I have long looked forward to this day with feelings of deep and solemn interest. This is in all human probability my last earthly Communion Sabbath with beloved friends here. Oh, on future third Sabbaths of July and first Sabbaths of August —should I be spared to see any more of them—my heart shall often be here, though my bodily presence be far away. If I ever occupy this tent again—but no! all dreams away! I feel that I am bidding my native land a last farewell. But Christ is in Jamaica as well as here. May the joy of the Lord be my strength there, and may I be instrumental in bringing some of the sons and daughters of that island to the feet of Jesus!

Saturday, Aug. 24.— Left the Edinburgh Sessional School to-day, after four months' diligent attendance on Mr. Wood's able instructions. There is much in the *system* but more in the *man* worthy of our admiration and imitation. My brethren and I have also had some opportunity of seeing Niddry Street School, which is under the able superintendence of Mr. A. Young, author of "There is a Happy Land" and some other pieces.

Glasgow, Saturday, Aug. 31.—Spent Wednesday night at my sister's at Shielhill. Came to this city on Thursday expecting to attend the Normal Seminary here for a few weeks. There is some misunderstanding, however, as the gentlemen in management tell us that they do not receive pupils for a shorter period than six months.

Sabbath, Sept. 1.—Heard Dr. Heugh this forenoon —fine sermon from Luke xi. 13 with Matt. xviii. 19, 20. Heard Mr. King in the afternoon on Ps. lxxxv. 6. Heard Dr. Wardlaw *versus* Presbyterianism in the evening.

Wednesday, 4.—Mr. Scott and I visit the Seminary on public days and ramble about at other times. . . . We have been at Paisley to-day. What a contrast between the quiet of Edinburgh and Dalkeith, and the turmoil and hurry of Glasgow and Paisley! We went to Walkinshaw to visit Mrs. and Miss Denniston. Miss D. has the management of a box of clothing to be sent to Mrs. Waddell at Cornwall, Jamaica—the station to which Mr. Scott is destined.

Monday, 9.—Left Glasgow on Saturday, and came to

my sister's at Shielhill. Heard Mr. Rutherford yesterday A.M. and P.M., and entered on public Sabbath service by delivering a missionary address in the evening. Spent last night at Mr. Rutherford's. He and Mrs. R. have been exceedingly kind to me.

Wednesday, 18.—Well, one trial is past—I felt it to be a trial. Our Dalkeith friends gave Mr. Scott and me a farewell soiree last evening in the White Hart Inn. It was to me a trying and solemn occasion. Mr. Cuthbertson from Dunfermline asked the Divine blessing on the meeting. George Gray, Esq., occupied the chair. Mr. Elliot addressed Mr. Scott and me in reference to our duties in Jamaica. His address was very impressive, instructive, and affectionate. Mr. Scott replied first, and I followed. Mr. Scott spoke fluently and impressively—I could hardly get on at all. Mr. Sandy in a very fervent prayer commended us both to the Divine guidance and protection. Mr. Alexander (Congregational), Edinburgh, delivered a most eloquent address. Mr. Robson, Lasswade, and Messrs. Brown (Secession) and Waldie (Relief), Dalkeith, followed. The Assembly Room was filled with a deeply sympathetic audience.

Tuesday, 24.—Delivered my address on Missions in Mr. Sandy's church, Gorebridge, this evening—after which Mr. S. presented me with a copy of Matthew Henry's *Commentary on the Bible* in six volumes, subscribed for by several of my old schoolfellows and friends in the neighbourhood.

Sabbath, 29.—At Gorebridge all day. Delivered an address on Total Abstinence to a large assemblage in Mr. S.'s church in the evening.

Monday, 30.—Left Gorebridge in the morning, accompanied by Master George Sandy.[1] Walked to Killochyett, the residence of my old schoolmaster, Mr. Keddie. Dined at Craigend with Mr. and Mrs. Peak. The object of my journey was chiefly to see my birthplace, Buckholmside, and the church at Galashiels which my father had a hand in erecting. Was kindly received by Dr. Henderson, Mrs. H., and Miss Hay. Got the keys of the church, and went through it with great interest. My

[1] Afterward Rev. G. Sandy, Gourock.

young friend and I sang part of the 2nd Paraphrase in it. Spent the night in Dr. Henderson's.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.—On Dr. H.'s recommendation, went to see Melrose Abbey. Had a note of introduction to Rev. Thomas Williamson. We took Abbotsford on the way, and gazed with interest on its wonders. Were kindly received by Mr. and Miss Williamson. Returned to Galashiels in the evening.

In the morning Dr. H. took me to the house in which I first saw the light. It was with strange feelings that I entered it and gazed around. Strange feelings came over me, too, when I entered the church yesterday. I had been familiar with the ground-plan from boyhood, as it—as well as that of Liddisdale—had been in my father's possession from the time the church was built. I felt, when in such a sanctuary, as if I were surrounded by the spirits of departed friends. Dr. H. took me to the churchyard, but the sexton could give no information as to the resting-place of my maternal grandfather and grandmother, and uncles and aunts, and sister Elizabeth, who died at Buckholmside.

Wednesday, 2.—Left Galashiels with the purpose of visiting three sisters of Mrs. Cowan, Carron Hall, as it seems I am appointed to that station. We dined and had tea at the house of Mrs. Lee, Ferniehirst—one of Mrs. C.'s sisters. Came to Nethertown to Mrs. Stewart's to spend the night—Mrs. S. being another sister of Mrs. C.

Thursday, 3.—After breakfast at Nethertown went to Middletown, Mr. Darling's, to dinner—Mrs. D. being another sister of Mrs. C. Mr. D. kindly made provision for giving us a drive to Herviston Lodge, near Gorebridge. We were in time for tea at Mr. Sandy's. I came to Ford in the evening very much delighted with this my first pleasure excursion.

Tuesday, 8.—Was present at an exceedingly interesting meeting of the United Associate Presbytery of Edinburgh. The theme of converse was "A Revival of Religion and the Best Means of its Attainment." Was introduced at the meeting by Mr. Elliot to Rev. John Simpson from Jamaica.

Wednesday, 9.—Breakfasted with Mr. Simpson, who

kindly gave Mr. Scott and myself much interesting information about Jamaica and about the stations which we are to occupy.

Sabbath, 13.—Gave a farewell address in the P.M. to my beloved Sabbath scholars at Ford, Pathhead. A trying hour to them, to my fellow-teachers, and to myself. My last Sabbath at Ford nearly gone. Oh, what privileges I have to account for!

Thursday, 17.—This evening has been one of the most solemn and interesting of my life. A valedictory meeting has just been held in the church, Mr. Elliot in the chair. After his introductory address, I bade farewell to pastor and friends, amid the tears of many. Mr. Scott followed me. Mr. Simpson then gave a good deal of interesting information about Jamaica. Messrs. Cooper and Sandy also addressed the meeting. At the close Mr. Elliot presented me with nine excellent and useful volumes[1] as a parting gift from the Sabbath scholars.

Saturday, 19.—At Henton visiting two dear old fellow-servants now residing here—James Knowles and his wife Agnes Taylor.[2] Lived over our Fala Mains winter evenings again—

> "When with our whole young happy hearts
> We loved and laughed away the time,
> Nor thought how quickly all departs
> So cherished in life's early prime,
> Long, long ago!"

[1] These were Horne's *Introduction*, 4 vols., Dick's *Christian Philosopher*, Buck's *Theological Dictionary*, Foster's *Essays*, Hall's *Sermons*, and Cowper's *Letters*.

[2] Mr. Anderson kept up acquaintance and occasional correspondence with these early friends as long as they lived. In a letter to Mr. Knowles written from Calabar in August 1867, he says: "It sometimes seems to me but yesterday since she was blooming Nancy Taylor—the object of warm attachment on the part of Fala Mains herd laddie! Do you and she remember any of that callant's tricks? the pulling out of the nails by him? etc. etc. He was really sorry when he saw you both take that matter so much to heart.

"I should have enjoyed an evening by your fireside exceedingly—when we might have lived our youth over again. Never mind—let us hold on in the right path, and we shall yet meet where all the *nonsense* of the past shall be forgotten, and where all that was pure and holy shall be revived."

I am indebted for this and other letters to Mr. W. Robertson, Edinburgh.

Sabbath, 20.—At Haddington A.M. Heard Mr. Hogg (but pushing Edinburgh-wards did not hear all the sermon). At Tranent P.M. Heard Mr. Parlane there. Delivered my missionary address in his church in the evening.

Monday, 21.—Paid my last visit to Ford. Sad to part with poor old aunt. I did not say that this was my last visit, but I felt it and she felt it. She came to the end of her house—not far from my loved beech tree—and said when we shook hands, "If we never meet in this world again, it will be no matter if we meet in a better!" She gazed after me up the brae till I was out of sight, and I need not say that I turned round many a time to look at her and Ford—feeling it to be the last time, but also feeling that I was in the path of duty.

FAREWELL TO FORD.

Written 14th October 1839.

I.

Farewell to Ford, dear lovely spot,
Sweet village of the vale;
Whate'er may be my future lot,
Thy scene shall never be forgot;
Though wafted by the swelling gale
To distant lands, my thoughts shall dwell
Full oft in the sequestered dell.

II.

The beechen tree that casts its shade
Around my former home,
The green where I in childhood played,
The glen, the riverside, the glade,
Where I in boyhood used to roam,
The tree on which I carved my name,
Ah! simple pathway thus to fame!

III.

The stream that turned my water-mill,
The ground where playmates met,
I bear in mind, and ever will,
And oft I'll muse upon you still.
My heart dwells fondly on you yet.
Strong in this heart is memory's power,
O'erwhelming is the parting hour.

IV.

Farewell, my pastor and my friend;
Thy memory I'll revere.
May Heaven's best gifts on thee descend
In rich effusion, and attend
Thee through thy varied duties here!
And mayst thou wear in endless day
The crown which fadeth not away!

V.

Friends of my youth, a long adieu,
Friends dearest to my heart,
I find it hard to part with you.
Affectionate remembrance true
Shall never from my soul depart;
Nor would I wish to be forgot.
Pardon the wish,—"Forget me not."

Friday, 25.—At Gorebridge saying good-bye to friends there. At Dalkeith in the evening, when Mr. Scott and I[1] were presented with ten useful volumes each in Mr. Brown's Session-house. Mr. Chisholm was chairman on the occasion, and delivered a fine friendly address, to which we replied as best we could.

Sabbath, 27.—Heard Mr. Simpson in Mr. Brown's A.M. Heard Mr. Robson at Lasswade P.M. Took tea at Mr. Robson's, and was introduced to the two Misses Paterson, who are about to join their father, the Rev. James Paterson, at Cocoa Walk, Jamaica. Accompanied by both young ladies, went to Bonnyrigg evening, and delivered an address on Total Abstinence there.

Monday, 29.—Bade farewell to Dalkeith and loved friends there. Came to Edinburgh by ten o'clock railway coach.

Tuesday, 30.—Took farewell of Edinburgh, and came to Glasgow per Canal. Drowsy, having been up packing all my little property during the night.

Sabbath, *Nov.* 3.—Have been at the Normal School for a few days. Attended Greyfriars Church. Heard our old

[1] Mr. Anderson received Fuller's *Works*, 5 vols., Mosheim's *Church History*, 2 vols., *Mammon*, by Harris, Cruden's *Concordance*, and Williams' *Account of Missionary Enterprise in the South Seas*.

townsman from Dalkeith (Rev. David King), A.M.—a beautiful lecture on part of John xxi. . . .

Monday, 4.—Went to Greenock to see the *Christian*, in which we are to embark next week for Jamaica. Met Captain M'Nielage, who seems to be a very pleasant gentleman. On leaving Greenock, got into the wrong boat, and got a gratis trip to Helensburgh.

Tuesday, 5.—A busy day receiving, reading, and writing farewell letters.[1]

Wednesday, 6.—Mr. Scott and I took what we suppose to be our last *rural* walk in our native land. I have felt greatly depressed all day.

> "What time my heart is overwhelmed,
> And in perplexity,
> Do Thou me lead unto the Rock
> That higher is than I."

Saturday, 9.—Came to Greenock yesterday, and slept on board the *Christian*. Messrs. Scott and Buchanan and I feel that we shall have a responsible part to act during the voyage in reference to "those that are without." I fear that a number of our fellow-passengers are of that class. Cleared out this P.M., and anchored at "the Tail of the Bank," near Greenock. Annoyed a good deal at the absence of my luggage, by mistake of some of our Dalkeith friends.

Sabbath, 10.—The most melancholy Sabbath I have ever spent—unless, perhaps, one among Nettlingflat heather in 1828. We did not get to church, and were

[1] One of these was to Mrs. Elliot of Ford, to whom he had written on 28th October, before leaving Edinburgh, excusing himself for not calling to take a private farewell, and thanking her and her husband for all their kindness to him. In his letter of 5th November, after acknowledging receipt of a kind letter from her, he says: "I feel wearying a little to get fully away. My heart is at Carron Hall amongst the little negroes. I long to be among them. I think now that I have no desire for fame, wealth, nor anything on earth, except that I may do some good before I leave it. Taking climate and all things into consideration, it will be my wisdom to have my loins always girt and my lamp burning—to be ready for an early grave; but I would not like to die till I shall have lived to some purpose. Oh, how much of life have I lost! What diligence is necessary to make up for what I have lost!"

informed that the captain might come on board at any minute, in which case we should sail at once. However, no captain appeared all day, and it was melancholy to hear the church bells ringing and see the churchgoers on their way to the sanctuary, while we were prisoners. I felt it a work of necessity to write a note in the morning to Mr. Chisholm, begging him to look after the forwarding of my luggage, for really I have little now in the way of clothing besides what I have on me. My heart was with my friends in Dalkeith and Ford the whole day. Every blessing rest on them all! Mr. Scott and I conducted social worship in the cabin in the evening. I sang verses 4 and 5 of 2nd Paraphrase, and read the 42nd Psalm. In private, concluded my first Sabbath on board by singing the 2nd Paraphrase, reading part of Gen. xxviii., reading Paraphrase 23 and singing the three last verses, reading Matt. xxviii. 18–20, singing Paraphrase 54, reading 1st hymn, "When all Thy mercies, O my God," etc., and singing the three last verses.

Here ends the story of Mr. Anderson's early days in Scotland.

PART II

JAMAICA PERIOD, 1839–1848

MISSION MAP OF JAMAICA

The Edinburgh Geographical Institute

James Bartholomew & Co

CHAPTER I

Voyage to Jamaica—Arrival—First Impressions and Beginning of Work

On Monday, Nov. 11th, 1839, Mr. Anderson and his companions, Messrs. Scott and Buchanan, set sail in the *Christian*. Contrary winds prevailed, and on the 14th the vessel was driven back into Lamlash Bay. On the 15th, Mr. Anderson was very happy to be on *terra firma* again, and, accompanied by Mr. Scott, took a pretty long walk on Arran. Peats and hills reminded him of old days at Fala—Soutra Hill and the Red Brae. On the 30th, Mr. Anderson wrote in his Journal:—

> We left Lamlash on the morning of the 18th. Since then I have been sea-sick both night and day. A year to-day I offered myself to the Scottish Missionary Society.

He employed himself chiefly in reading, and remarked that for many years he had not had so much time for reading. While lying sick, he read the greater part of Williams' *Narrative of South Sea Islands Mission*. A few extracts from his Journal may be given.

On December 8th he preached for the first time on board:—

> Delightful day. Awning up for the first time. Preached on deck from Acts xvi. 30, 31. Seamen very

attentive. Distributed tracts after sermon. They were eagerly received. . . .

The want of my luggage putting me to inconvenience, Captain M'Nielage kindly gave me a light coat, which is more suitable for our present temperature than my own. I may jot down here that Captain M'N. has been very kind to me during my protracted sea-sickness. Frequently he slipped into our berth with a bottle of ginger beer, which generally relieved me for a short time. . . .

Monday, 9.—Began to read an old acquaintance—Dick's *Christian Philosopher*, and a new acquaintance—Harris's *Great Teacher*. Feel as much delighted with Dick as when I read him nine years ago by "the farmer's ingle." On reading Harris, feel ashamed and confounded for having heretofore paid so little attention to the gracious words which proceeded out of the Saviour's mouth, though I have read them so frequently; and have resolved to make them the subject of special study for the future. . . .

Saturday, 21.—Finished the reading of Harris's *Great Teacher*. As a whole, it scarcely comes up to my expectations. . . .

Friday, 27.—Captain M'N. captured a dolphin yesterday. The change of colours in a dying dolphin is really wonderful.

Saturday, 28.—I am *beginning* to enjoy sea-life. Have much reason for gratitude.

Sabbath, Dec. 29.—Mr. Buchanan was to have preached to-day, but was not prepared. I would have taken his place, but was feeling squeamish. The captain desired service, and at his request I conducted worship in the cabin in the evening. . . .

Monday, 30.—By way of recreation, engaged to-day with several fellow-passengers in a rather novel employment, namely, the manufacture of ginger beer! The captain kindly supplied us with material, and we managed to brew something drinkable. He also kindly added a jacket to my scanty wardrobe.

Mr. Anderson spent the closing hours of the year in fond recollection of old friends at Ford, and on New

Year's Day 1840 re-dedicated himself to the service of God. He wrote in his Journal:—

Tuesday, 31.—Between 6 and 7 P.M. in Scotland. I can imagine that I see the stars shining brightly over the lovely vale where flows the little river Tyne. A hard frost has probably taken the ground. My aunt—poor body—has by this time got her house "redd up for the New Year," and is enjoying her pipe by her wee fireside, probably wondering where her *laddie* is and what he is doing. Nearly four thousand miles of ocean roll between her and me. Old George Miller may have taken his seat at the other side of the fire, and the two may be enjoying a laugh at the *guizards*. But there is a sort of hurry to-night—Lizzie and young George have still to go to Pathhead for some commodities yet awanting. Miss Herdman looks in, but has no time to sit down. Bell (Mrs. Elliot's servant) has been at Pathhead, and can only look in and speak a kindly word in passing.

Peace be with all the loved ones in my native land!

1840.—*New Year's Day—on Atlantic Ocean—about* 16° *N. Lat. and* 60° *W. Long.*—My father's God and my own! Anew I dedicate myself to Thee! On Thine ocean would I subscribe with my hand unto the Lord. I am Thine—save me. Let Thy gracious presence accompany me in all my journeyings by land and by sea. May I enjoy much of Thy presence and blessing during the year which has just commenced! Direct me in all my ways, and make me instrumental in advancing Thy glory, and in promoting the best interests of those whom Thou art sending me to instruct. I claim Thee as my only and all-sufficient portion. Whom have I in the heavens but Thee? and there is none on earth that I desire beside Thee.

Had a social hour in the cabin in the evening. We have formed a goodly and an agreeable company at table when weather has permitted us to take our meals in company, and we formed a very pleasant party to-night. There are seven passengers, besides Mr. Scott, Mr. Buchanan, and myself—namely, Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, Miss Gordon, Miss Small, and three young men going out to

be planters. We joined in singing Auld Lang Syne, which brought back the memory of other days and distant scenes.

Thursday, Jan. 2.—At 1.30 Captain M'Nielage remarked to me that "we must soon see land now." The words had hardly escaped him when the cry was heard, "Land ahead." Mr. Bryce had sighted Antigua from the forecastle. On my return from the forecastle, my one straw hat, which I had put on for the first time, was blown overboard, and when I got my last sight of it it seemed on the way home again. Our course being altered a few points to the south—for Antigua was right ahead of us—we saw Guadeloupe away to our left. Montserrat and Redonda[1] soon lifted up their summits right ahead of us. With Montserrat—so called by its discoverers from its resemblance to a mountain of that name in Barcelona in Spain—in front of us and Antigua to the right, I was strongly reminded of the view from Langlaw Brae of Arthur's Seat and Fife. Had a Scotsman been the discoverer of the island, he would certainly have dubbed it Arthur's Seat. Saba and St. Eustatius were visible in the evening. We regretted that it was dark before we neared Antigua. We should have had a capital view of it had it been daylight. We saw the trees distinctly before dark, and felt it refreshing to see land again after six weeks' absence. Saw the flash and heard the report of the 8 o'clock gun fired in English Harbour.

Friday, 3.—Went on deck at eight bells this morning. Stars brilliant. Observed Nevis a short distance to the north. Beautiful morning a little after six. The sun, preceded by the crescent moon, rose majestically beyond Guadeloupe. On the north appeared Nevis and St. Kitts, and west of them Saba and St. Eustatius. Montserrat is almost lost in the distance behind us.

Sabbath, 5.—Expect this to be our last Sabbath at sea. . . . P.M., Mr. Buchanan delivered an excellent discourse to us from 1 Cor. vii. 27: "The time is short." He had to preach in the cabin, the weather not being favourable for service on deck.

Seventeen years ago—on January 5, 1823—my father

[1] Cf. *Memoir of Rev. William Jameson*, p. 27.

left me. The Father of the fatherless has, however, cared for me, and here, on the waves of the Caribbean Sea, I would this afternoon erect another Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." . . .

Two bells (5 P.M.) just struck. About 9.30 in Scotland. Often remembering loved friends there—but not unhappy here. I think I can already testify that Jesus is a good Master, for I am beginning to enjoy life now as much as I did at home. I am learning that

> "True happiness has no localities,
> No tones provincial, no peculiar garb."

There is much that is pleasant as well as awe-inspiring in viewing and contemplating the mighty ocean. How forcible the reasoning of Jer. v. 22. . . .

Monday, Jan. 6.—San Domingo in view at 4.30 P.M.

Wednesday, 8.—Off Cape Tiburon. Almost a dead calm. Heat intense and oppressive. San Domingo (or Hayti) is a large island. To appearance it is a very beautiful country. Its mountains are lofty and finely intersected by valleys. Its cliffs are bold, rugged, romantic. It is melancholy to reflect, while gliding along its shores, that its inhabitants are sitting in the region and shadow of death. O that those hills, on which my eye rests with pleasure, on whose summits the clouds of heaven are reposing, on whose sides other clouds are moving majestically, "like angel chariots by heavenly coursers drawn," and which bear the verdure of perennial summer, were reverberating the praises of the High and Holy One of Israel, as has often been done by the heath-covered mountains of my native land! Not that I wish the sword of persecution to be unsheathed in this lovely region, and the followers of the Lamb *compelled* to wander to worship in glens or on hills; but in such a serene climate how sweet would it be for a congregation of saints *to assemble among the clouds*, which love to linger amid such luxuriant verdure and delightful scenery! Would not such a sublime spectacle savour more of heaven than of earth? Would not something like the scene of Tabor be re-enacted? That the time is on the wing when the vision shall be realised, I doubt not. The harvest of the earth

is surely ripe. May the great Lord of the harvest thrust more labourers into His field! Soon may the physical grandeur of Hayti be surpassed and eclipsed by the moral grandeur of missionary enterprise, and the majesty of Jehovah's grace be exhibited in the illumination and conversion of this benighted land!

The young missionary's vision of a Christianised Hayti, or Haïti, is still, alas! unrealised.

On Thursday the 9th of January 1840, Mr. Anderson and his companion, Mr. Buchanan, landed at Port Maria, on the north-east side of Jamaica. The interesting event is fully recorded in Mr. Anderson's Journal:—

About 4 P.M. Mr. B. and I bade farewell to the captain and officers of the *Christian*, as also to our fellow-passengers. Mr. Scott and Mr. B. and I held a prayer meeting before parting. Mr. B. had but little luggage, and I had still less; but we had several large cases of books for our schools. The captain and Mr. Bryce (both about my own size) kindly supplied me with several articles of apparel, so that I can better afford to await the arrival of my luggage from Dalkeith. Mr. Campbell brought us and our boxes to the wharf in two boats. On arriving at the wharf, a number of black fellows, rather disreputable in appearance, seized our cases as soon as landed and hurried them off to the custom-house. We soon bade good-bye to the mate and the seamen who manned our boats.

A boy waited on us as soon as we landed, with a kind invitation to us to go to Miss Hume's. We found that Miss H. is one of Mr. Simpson's devoted adherents, and we received a hearty welcome from her and a few other friends, and she soon treated us to a capital tea. On passing Galina Point, the *Christian* gave us a farewell salute by firing a gun, the report of which fell on my ear somewhat sadly.

While in Miss Hume's we had a number of visitors, all inquiring very kindly after Mr. Simpson, and all expressing earnest desire for his speedy return.

Friday, 10.—After thanking God for the past, and committing ourselves to Him for the future, Mr. B. and I were introduced to Miss Prosser, at whose house we slept, or rather lay; for the difference between land and sea, especially the night-long rustling of the wind among the leaves of the cocoanut trees, scarcely permitted us to sleep.

Visited Port Maria Church and the school on the hill-top. Stood by the graves of Mr. Chamberlain and Mrs. Simpson. Rode up to Galina P.M. to Mrs. M'Dowall's, where we met with a very kind reception. Fine garden here, and fruits and flowers which are new to us.

Saturday, 11.—Returned to Port Maria A.M. Put about somewhat by having no official document to show to the custom-house officer about our luggage.

Mr. B. got a loan of a horse and went off to Carron Hall, leaving me to conduct service at Port Maria, provided Mr. Cowan do not send horses for us. Mr. C. sent, however, in the P.M., and I did not feel at liberty to remain at Port Maria. Mr. C. sent a very kind letter of welcome—and, how delightful! also a letter from my warm friend Mr. Chisholm, about my left luggage, assuring me that it is now on the way. I accordingly accompanied my sable guide to my new abode, which I reached between eight and nine in the evening, heartily tired of Jamaica roads, and thoroughly bespattered with Jamaica mud. The rascal of a beast which I rode, Mulgrave by name, took me into the middle of a deep puddle in the centre of the highway, and there lay down with me. Received the kindest welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Cowan. Mr. B. arrived about an hour after me, but not so bemudded.

Sabbath, *Jan.* 12.—Enjoyed once more the privilege of worshipping God "in the assembly of His saints." My mind too much at home, however. What a contrast between a January Sabbath at home and a January Sabbath here! There all close, muffled up, stoves, etc., and probably the ground covered with snow. Here the day warm, church quite open, a rosebush in full bloom a few yards from the pew occupied by me, the trees and the ground everywhere covered with verdure. When the sable congregation struck up St. Bridget's to the 39th Para-

phrase, the remembrance of Ford' *tent* and the third Sabbath of July of bygone years was overpowering. Mr. Cowan preached from Eph. ii. 21. The Jamaica Presbytery being to meet at Lucea on Wednesday, Mr. C. and his Presbytery elder, James Anderson, left in the P.M. to go the length of Mr. Jameson's, Goshen. Took part in the evening meeting held in the schoolhouse, addressed shortly from Luke xiii. 6–9. Have been delighted with the appearance of both congregation and Sabbath school.

The next entry in Mr. Anderson's Journal contains the first reference to the lady who was afterwards to become his wife:—

Monday, 13.—Attended school both A.M. and P.M. Delighted with the way in which it is conducted by its excellent teacher, Miss L. Peterswald. Glad to meet Mr. Moir [catechist] from Goshen, who has been very sick, and has come hither for a few days' change.

Friday, 14.—Beginning to think that with such a teacher as Miss L. it was hardly worth my while to come here to engage in school-work. The work is doubtless rather heavy for a female,—about 160 in attendance just now,—but really the school is better conducted than some of the far-famed seminaries in the Scottish metropolis.

By February 14th, however, when he had gained a closer acquaintance with school-work, and the need of teachers in the district, he writes to his sister and her husband as follows:—

The school here is in a very flourishing condition. It has been taught by a Miss Louisa Peterswald in a manner which reflects great credit on her. Indeed, I had begun to think that with such an able teacher as she is there was no use for me here. I have since changed my opinion on this point, for I am beginning to feel that we have both as much work as we can put our hands (or heads, or both) to, and that we could find ample employ-

ment for several more teachers. In good weather we have about 170 scholars, and as the season advances we expect to have an increase of numbers.

Sabbath, 19.—Mr. Cowan being absent, no regular sermon. Day wet, yet a goodly number of people assembled in the schoolroom, where I conducted a prayer meeting, and addressed shortly from Josh. xxiv. 15 ("Choose you this day whom ye will serve").[1] Had an unexpected duty to discharge, namely, to publish "purpose of marriage" between four couples.

Saturday, Jan. 25.—Rainy weather all week. Rode down to Lucky Hill Pen with Mr. Moir. Bad roads, but much delighted with the scenery. Had a fine feast of oranges in the evening from loaded trees by the wayside. Went out to have a solitary walk and a quiet feast on the oranges; but Mr. Moir soon *captured* me, and cautioned me against over-feasting on fruit. . . .

Sabbath, 26.—Went with Mr. Jameson and Mr. Moir to Goshen Church. Felt deeply interested in both persons and places, from remembrance of letters and journals which Rose Street friends had kindly lent me to read. Messrs. J. and M. began work at 9 A.M.—Mr. J. in church, Mr. M. in school *alias* shed. Public service commenced about 11. Mr. J. preached from Rom. xii. 11. In the P.M. he introduced me to his congregation, and I delivered a brief address. On returning to the Pen, Mr. J. was seized with fever.

Saturday, Feb. 1.—Returned from Goshen on Monday, and Mr. Cowan went thither to attend Mr. J. while fever should continue. Mr. C. returned yesterday, with request that I should supply Goshen to-morrow. Rode down to the Pen this P.M. Found Mr. J. improving. Notwithstanding Mr. Moir's friendly warnings, renewed my visit to the orange trees, and feasted beside them anew.

Sabbath, 2.—Mr. Moir and I began work at church and school at Goshen at 9.30, and finished about 3.30. We felt a good deal worn-out. We calculated that there must have been 700 people present at the services. On returning

[1] This was a favourite text of Mr. Anderson's, from which he frequently preached. Several sermon outlines on the text, all substantially identical, save in the illustrative anecdotes quoted by him, are in existence.

to the Pen, found Mr. J. still improving, and had a long and interesting conversation with him.

The next entry in Mr. Anderson's Journal mentions his first visit to Rose Hill, where he was soon to find his principal sphere of labour, and where he was to be instrumental in forming a congregation, of which he became the first minister.

Sabbath, Feb. 9.—Guided by one of our advanced scholars, Maurice Gordon Mitchell by name,[1] had a pleasant ride to Mr. Cowan's out-station at Rose Hill. What lovely, magnificent scenery at and around Rose Hill! I addressed the people A.M. from Acts xvi. 30, 31, and P.M. from 2 Pet. i. 5–7. The audience was small, compared with that at Carron Hall or that at Goshen, but it was considerable,—I suppose above 100,—and all were very attentive.

In a letter to his sister he gives additional particulars:—

The temporary chapel stands very high. When I turned the corner of the hill, where it is first seen, I saw a number of the people looking for me very earnestly. The bell immediately began to toll, and I soon found myself in the midst of my sable congregation. . . . In the afternoon I was told there were more people outside than within the chapel, which was nevertheless well filled.

The following entries in the Journal refer to Unity, a place in which Mr. Anderson became deeply interested on his own and on Miss Louisa Peterswald's account:—

Tuesday, Feb. 11.—Rode with Mr. Cowan in the evening to Unity, where he holds an evening meeting weekly. The locality is populous and destitute. The old *great house* is in capital order—is about half-way between Carron Hall and Port Maria. It is supposed that there is a population

[1] Afterwards the Rev. M. G. Mitchell of Cedar Valley, 1862–86.

of 1000 within a mile and a half of it. I addressed the meeting briefly. The people seem anxious to have a teacher among them.

Tuesday, 18.—Went to conduct service at Unity, but lost myself—I cannot well tell where. It was near nine o'clock before I reached my destination, but I found the people still waiting, and was very happy when I got among them.

Saturday, 29.—Rode down to Port Maria last evening, and spent the night with Brother Buchanan. Came up to Unity A.M., and opened a day school there. Had 25 scholars, of whom 17 were in alphabet. It is intended that Miss L. P. be stationed there for a time. The field seems to be important. I feel it an honour to have formally begun the work of the day school here, and I trust that the Master Himself will take charge of the seminary. May the work of instruction there be blessed in promoting the present and eternal well-being of many! Wonder what the station will be like, and if I shall be spared to see it on Feb. 29, 1844.

On February 17th Mr. Anderson wrote to his sister:—

Preached yesterday at Rose Hill. Mr. Cowan has committed the charge of that station principally to me. I find it hard enough work to be a teacher five days in the week, and a preacher one.

A few items from the Journal may be of interest:—

Sabbath, March 1.—Remained at Carron Hall to-day, and officiated as precentor.

Tuesday, 3.—School examined to-day by a Presbyterial Committee. Held meeting at Unity in the evening.

Monday, 9.—A very interesting Anti-Slavery meeting held in the schoolroom in the evening. Interesting addresses were delivered by Captain Stuart, Rev. Mr. Renshaw from United States, and Rev. Mr. Whitehorn of this island.

Wednesday, 11.—A fine Total Abstinence meeting this evening, addressed by the three gentlemen above named.

From a letter to the Rev. Andrew Elliot of Ford, dated 16th March 1840, the following extracts may be given. After briefly describing the voyage, he goes on to give his first impressions of Jamaica :—

During the week [after arrival] I attended the school, more, however, as a scholar than a teacher. I was much pleased with the excellent manner in which it was conducted by Miss Louisa Peterswald, who is, I believe, to proceed to a station called Unity, to remain there till a catechist comes to take charge of that station. Are there any more in your congregation ready to say, concerning this interesting field, "Here am I, send me"? Here is a parish of 35,000 inhabitants, about 30,000 of whom are destitute of the means of instruction. I blush for my countrymen when I reflect that for upwards of a twelvemonth the Scottish Missionary Society has been advertising for teachers and catechists and that so few have responded to the call. There are several stations in this parish ripe for the reception of married catechists — indeed, none should come out unmarried but those who are, like myself, to reside in the mission family of the head station.

Mr. Cowan (being something like patron of the parish) has appointed me to the interim pastorate of Rose Hill, a station about five miles from this [Carron Hall]. The people were not consulted in the matter, and I do not think the Veto Act extends this length, so that I have entered upon my labours there without opposition. I never liked pluralities in theory, and I do not like them in practice. I wish a teacher and catechist were located there. The non-residence of a *parson* (by which dignified appellation the Rose Hill people call me) is a great drawback on his usefulness. The people are exceedingly anxious for instruction. If you could only see the intensity of interest which is manifested by them when addressed on the things belonging to salvation, and listen to the fervent "Amen" with which they respond to the prayers which are presented for them at a throne of grace, I think, my revered friend, that you would be almost tempted yourself to come out to dispense among them that bread of life for

which they are hungering so much, and those refreshing waters for which they thirst so eagerly. Oh! I often think it says little for our students and preachers and ministers at home that one so weak and worthless and illiterate as I should feel myself laid under the necessity of preaching among the poor negroes the unsearchable riches of Christ.

But I am resolved to persevere in my work till I am unable to do so any longer, or till better qualified teachers and preachers come to take the work out of my hands, and to them I shall willingly resign my charge.

This is a land of beautiful scenery, delightful climate, and delicious fruits. Mr. Edwards, in his *History of the West Indies*, says that "when Columbus first discovered Jamaica, he approached it on the north side, and, beholding that part of the country which now constitutes the parish of St. Ann's (next parish to St. Mary's), he was filled with delight and admiration at the novelty, variety, and beauty of the prospect. The whole of the scenery is indeed superlatively fine, nor can words alone convey a just idea of it. The country, at a small distance from the shore, rises into hills which are more remarkable for beauty than for boldness, being all of gentle acclivity, and commonly separated from each other by spacious vales and romantic inequalities; but they are seldom craggy, nor is the transition from the hills to the valleys oftentimes abrupt. In general, the hand of Nature has rounded every hill to the top with singular felicity. . . . To enliven the scene, and add perfection to beauty, the bounty of Nature has copiously watered the whole district. No part of the West Indies which I have seen abounds with so many delicious streams. Every valley has its rivulet, and every hill its cascade. In one point of view, where the rocks overhang the ocean, no less than eight transparent waterfalls are beheld in the same moment. Those only who have been long at sea can judge of the emotion which is felt by the voyager at so enchanting a prospect.

I must say, however, from what I hear of some districts of the island, especially on the south side, that water is scarce and the climate exceedingly hot and unhealthy; such, however, is not the case where the bounds of my habitation have been fixed, among the mountains of St.

Mary's. You are perhaps aware that a drawing of Carron Hall has been sent home to be lithographed, and that if any of my friends in your neighbourhood wish to possess themselves of copies, you can procure them from Mr. Marshall, Leith. Any profit which may be derived from the sale of the drawing is to go to the fund for building a new church at this station, and on this account I would like to hear of a good number being disposed of. Mrs. Cowan will write to the ladies after we receive the cask of clothing, etc., which they so kindly entrusted to me. The proceeds of it will assist in liquidating the debt which still lies on the school. I think it would form an additional bond of union betwixt the churches of Ford and Carron Hall if the young people or the ladies of the former would send out a strongly-bound Bible and two strongly-bound (gilt and ornament no object) psalm-books for the pulpit and desk of the new church of the latter. They need not be in a hurry, only I thought I would give them the hint. If spared, I may perhaps give the people here the hint to send you something which might be of service at a soiree.

Unity, Tuesday evening, March 17.—I had dismissed the school and was about to sit down to finish my letter at Carron Hall, when I received a message from Mr. Cowan, requesting me to go to Unity for him to-night; so at Unity I find myself, all alone in an old barrack-room, tired enough, —for I assure you my office is no sinecure,—but having received two newspapers (or rather two copies of the same newspaper), I find that if I do not send to post to-morrow I cannot be in time for next packet, I must fill my sheet to-night. Before leaving Carron Hall, I got word that my stray luggage is at the Bay, *i.e.* Port Maria. I should have said before that Unity is half-way betwixt Carron Hall and Port Maria. On my way down I met the mules going loaded to Carron Hall, and with what do you think one of them was loaded? Why, with part of the contents of the Ford ladies' cask of clothes. There is scarcely such a thing as carting here. Traffic is carried on chiefly by mules and hampers. I have several times seen twelve oxen drawing a cart about the size of a double-horse cart in Scotland. The heaviest load that I have ever seen is two hogsheads of sugar. It is very inconvenient that every-

thing except small packages must be unpacked before they can be conveyed to the hill country.

We now return to his Journal:—

Wednesday, 18.—Rode down to Port Maria in the A.M. Unpacked my chest of clothing and books. Felt in doing so as if I were again at home. Pocketed some little mementoes—books and profiles. Returned to Carron Hall in the evening.

Tuesday, 24.—Visited to-day by Mr. Moir from Goshen and Mr. Black from Golden Grove, both of whom addressed the scholars. We had a few happy hours together. Mr. Black is about to return home.

Sabbath, 29.—A very interesting day to me. Mr. Moir and I exchanged for the day. He went to Rose Hill and I went to Middlesex, the seat of a Scotch colony about ten or twelve miles from Carron Hall. Felt quite at home among my country people, albeit they are nearly all Aberdeenshire folk and have not the Lothian accent. Preached in the P.M. from Heb. xi. 16. Delighted with the Sabbath school, and the old familiar Psalms repeated by the children in very much the old familiar tone—"That man hath perfect blessedness," "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want," etc. My precentor—who had a *braid blue bonnet* lying beside him—started "Bangor" to the plaintive strains of the 137th Psalm.[1]

Monday, April 6.—My predecessor here (Carron Hall) begins school operations to-day at Unity. The Lord bless her and smile on her labour there as He has done here.

Wednesday, 15.—My first birthday spent out of my native land. Feel myself here—as when far distant—to be but a cumberer of the ground, and marvel that He bears with me so long.

Friday, 17.—Have had a meeting for the practice of sacred music on the Friday evenings for several weeks. A very large meeting this evening—school crowded—it being the evening of a day a good deal observed here,

[1] Cf. *Memoir of Rev. Wm. Jameson*, pp. 72–73. "Bangor" seems to have been the favourite tune of the old Highland precentor, who sang it on the occasion of Mr. Jameson's visit in April 1838.

namely, Good Friday. Mrs. C. and I (Mr. C. being absent) thought it a pity to allow such a congregation to disperse without "a few words," so I addressed briefly from John xiv. 1–3.

Sabbath, 19.—At Rose Hill as usual. In the interval of worship was told of an old man who was sick in the village, and that I was requested to visit him and give him "a mouthful of prayer." This reminded me of a sable brother at Goshen who concluded his prayer with a petition "that these few remarks might be accepted for the Saviour's sake." The account of the visit is given in the Report for 1840.[1]

Saturday, *May* 16.—At the first funeral I have seen in this country. It was that of an old woman at Hazard. Was much struck with the simplicity of the arrangements. The coffin lid not nailed or screwed down, but tied on with four pieces of tape, one at each end, one at each side. No *handspokes* as at home, but the coffin swung on three pieces of cloth—seemed to be towels tied together—borne by six men from house to grave. Sang part of Psalm 90. Read part of 1 Cor. xv. Addressed on Death, Resurrection, and Judgment, and prayed, after which the dead was laid in her last bed. I did not know till I came here—I believe that few at home do know—that the poorest of the people here are in one respect at least on a par with the nobility of Britain, for nearly every family has its own private burying-ground on its own territory. It must strengthen the attachment of the people to their own settlements, to reflect that the dust of their kindred lies there.

Sabbath, 24.—My first Communion season in Jamaica. Felt a strange mixture of gladness and sadness during the service. Recalling Communion Sabbaths at Ford, Gorebridge, Fala, Dalkeith, and Edinburgh. Have much reason to say with the Psalmist, "My soul to dust cleaves—quicken me." My thoughts have been more on things earthly to-day than on things heavenly.

Sabbath, 31.—Formed a class of catechumens to-day at Rose Hill. Twelve gave me their names as anxious to receive regular instruction, with a view of being received into Church membership.

[1] See *post*, p. 119.

Tuesday, June 23.—At Unity with Mr. Cowan, examining the school taught there by Miss L. P., who was my predecessor at Carron Hall. We were greatly pleased with the rapid progress made by the children during the short time they have been under the tuition of Miss P. There is a great advance since I (in a way) opened the school on Feb. 29. The Great Teacher seems to countenance and bless in no ordinary degree the labours of His handmaid employed here.

Sabbath, 28.—No sermon at Carron Hall to-day, which caused a large assembly at Rose Hill. The schoolhouse being too small, worship was conducted under two of the large mango trees in the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER II

Catechist and Teacher at Carron Hall and Evangelist at Rose Hill —Engagement to Miss Louisa Peterswald

WE have now seen Mr. Anderson initiated into his duties at Carron Hall and at Rose Hill. The frequent references to his predecessor in the school at Carron Hall will have prepared the reader for the announcement of their engagement. It appears to have been a case of love almost at first sight on Mr. Anderson's part. Of the growth of Miss Peterswald's regard for Mr. Anderson there is no record, though Mrs. Cowan was doubtless her confidante, and her interest in the welfare and happiness of both was very deep. Her presence at Unity in July 1840 probably smoothed the way for frequent meetings. The engagement took place on the 18th of July.

In a letter dated Unity, July 1st, 1840, from Mrs. Cowan to Mrs. Elliot of Ford, returning thanks for the box of children's clothes sent with Mr. Anderson, we get an interesting account of the young Scottish catechist and the young Jamaica lady teacher, each in their respective spheres of labour, and just on the eve of their becoming engaged to each other:—

Your friend Mr. Anderson is well. He has enjoyed excellent health, except two severe touches of toothache. Mr. Cowan finds him a most useful assistant in all his work, both among old and young. We all esteem him as

a most valuable friend. His whole heart is in his work, and he has gained the affections of all the children. We thought the school was in good order when he came, but it has improved greatly under him.

Our former teacher is now teaching a school at Unity, about six miles from Carron Hall, and is getting on most successfully. She has a happy art of interesting the children in Scripture narrative, and storing their minds with the Bible. I have brought down the children to stay with her a few weeks while Mr. Cowan is at the Presbytery, that I may assist her in the school, as her health is not very good. There are about sixty children daily at the school, and every evening a few adults come to learn to read. They have never had sermons on the Sabbath, but it would make a most interesting missionary station. Last Sabbath we had a Sabbath school among them for the first time; 60 children attended and about 100 adults, who sat with all the docility of children to learn the Catechism, hymns, etc. When we see how eager they are to profit by the smallest means of instruction, we long for more teachers and missionaries.

On the 14th of July, Mr. Anderson had a narrow escape in school. It is described in his Journal:—

Had just stepped down from the platform when a gust of wind blew in a heavy *dead light* which fills up a circular opening in the gable wall of the school. It went crash through the table over which my head was bending about half a minute before it fell. I feel grateful for preservation.

The date of his engagement, July 18th, is recorded along with the dates of other outstanding events in his and his wife's life, in a copy of *Daily Bible Readings*, by the Rev. Jas. Smith, presented by him to his wife at a much later date. In his Journal, although the fact is not mentioned, there is a significant sentence:—

Had a pleasant walk round by Carron Hall negro

houses, the rivulet, the cottage, Newlands, and Petersfield. May remember this day in after years—Lord, lift upon us the light of Thy countenance and bless us!

In a letter "To the Young Persons now and lately attending the Sabbath School, Ford," dated 25th July, Mr. Anderson writes about his scholars:—

Would you like to come into Carron Hall school some day and see me busily employed among 130 or 140 blacks? I have about 200 scholars altogether, but there are always a great many absent. One reason of this is that a great number of them have to work a week in the month or so, that they may procure food and raiment and be able to pay their school fees. They are kept at school, not by their parents as you are, but by themselves. With few exceptions they are diligent and anxious to get on with their learning. Some of them were in the *piccaninny gang*.[1] I must explain this. Piccaninny signifies anything that is *young*. Thus a boy came running to inform me one day that "two piccaninny birds fall from nest." A man came to me the other day to ask my leave to "pick up" one of the piccaninny cats that were running about. Whenever children were able to do anything in the field, or rather before they could work in the field, they were brought in companies to the buckra's (white man's) cattle-yard to begin their course of slavery by feeding rabbits and hogs. These little creatures were in many places very badly used; and these companies of infant slaves were called "piccaninny gangs." But, blessed be God, the days of slavery are over; and when I look around among my scholars and see them all clothed, and the smile of joy beaming upon their countenances, and reflect on what some of them were, and on what all of them might have been, and would have been, had it not been for freedom—that instead of being the happy children of

[1] Cf. *Memoir of Rev. Wm. Jameson*, p. 71. The boys and girls were sent to work under a female driver. The Act of Emancipation provided that these children should be allowed to attend school.

Carron Hall school, they would have been the naked, ignorant, oppressed, broken-hearted children of the piccaninny gang, my heart is filled with gratitude to Jehovah for His kindness to the sable sons and daughters of Africa; I feel happy that I came to Jamaica, and more and more willing to spend and be spent in the service of Jesus amongst its inhabitants. Pray for me that I may have grace given to me to be faithful.

My scholars have no friends to instruct them in the way that they should go; their parents cannot do it—indeed, in almost every case the children are better able to instruct the parents than the parents the children. This makes the duties of a teacher more arduous than at home. And how overwhelming his responsibility! Again I solicit your prayers and the prayers of all who may hear this letter read.

On Thursday last I gave the school the vacation for the August holidays. We have two vacations in the year in this country—one at the 1st of August, and one at Christmas. You know that the 1st of August is held as the Anniversary of Freedom. . . .

I do not know how the Sabbath school is conducted, for I have seen it only once. There is no male teacher in it. I believe about two hundred children attend it. It meets about ten o'clock, and dismisses about eleven. It is held in the church. Mr. Cowan or whoever supplies his place holds a meeting in the school at the same hour with the catechumens—that is, those who wish to become members of the Church. The Sabbath-school teachers meet with me on Friday evenings, when we go over the Scripture lesson for the Sabbath.

When I first came here I thought that all the faces were alike, as they were all black; but I now perceive that although there be less difference of complexion amongst them than amongst you, yet there is the same diversity of features. I have one little jet black creature with cheeks so plump and forehead so intellectual and eyes so expressive. . . . The girl's name is Penelope Wibley.

In a letter to Rev. A. Elliot enclosing the above letter, Mr. Anderson says:—

We are all busy here preparing for the celebration of the 1st of August. I am looking forward to it with feelings of deep interest. I should like to have spent it with the friends at Carron Hall; but duty calls me to Rose Hill. The Governor's proclamation is that "all churches, chapels, and other places of divine worship are to be open on that day." We are to have our first soiree on Friday evening, August 7th.

Both in his Journal and in a letter which appeared in the *Scottish Missionary Chronicle* for Jan. 1841, Mr. Anderson gives a graphic account of the Commemoration of the 1st of August, and of the meetings on the two days following:—

I had for some time been looking forward to the celebration of the 1st of August with deep interest, and it was with emotions of no ordinary kind that I awoke on the morning of the memorable day to the pealing of the church bell, while, as yet, the only indications of the approach of the great luminary of heaven were a few faint streaks of brightness in the eastern sky. The people in the neighbourhood had been invited to attend a prayer meeting, which was to be held in the school at sunrise. When Mr. Cowan and I entered, a few minutes before the time appointed, there were about two hundred people assembled. At Mr. C.'s request, I began the exercises of the day with praise and prayer. It was not without considerable effort that I maintained command of my feelings. We sang the following hymn, prepared for the occasion:—

"We hail the blissful dawn
Of Freedom's sacred day,
And call to mind the joyful morn
When Slavery pass'd away.
Praise to our God we sing,
And bless His holy name;
We glory give unto our King,
From whom deliverance came.

Long, long had Slavery's night
Hung darkly o'er our Isle;
But we beheld, with sweet delight,
The Sun of Freedom smile.
Husband and wife are free!
Our children, too, can roam,
In all the sweets of liberty,
Around their happy home.

To-day we gladly sing
New songs of joy and praise,
Our hills and valleys echoing
The heartfelt, thankful lays.
Ye breezes—waft our song
Up to the throne of God;
Angels—the sacred notes prolong
Within your bless'd abode.

Jehovah broke our thrall,
And set the bondmen free;
Our liberty—our life—our all,
O God, we owe to Thee.
To Thee, O Lord, alone,
Our hymn of thanks we raise;
Seated upon Thy glorious throne,
Accept our humble praise."[1]

While we were singing, the first beams of the morning sun darted through the eastern windows. After prayer, Mr. Cowan read in a very impressive manner the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah, making a few appropriate observations as he went along. Several of the negroes were then called upon to pray. Their prayers were short and simple, but full of feeling and fervour. Mr. Cowan then prayed, and our morning service was concluded by singing—

"Hark! the song of newborn gladness
Rolls along the western sea," etc.

The day was observed as a Sabbath. At the usual hour of public worship both church and school were filled. Mr. C. preached in the church, and Mrs.

[1] This hymn was written by Mr. Anderson for the occasion.

C. and Miss P. were engaged in the school. I was at Rose Hill. Our chapel there was crowded. I addressed the people from Ex. xii. 40–42, and Heb. ii. 3. From the former passage, I spoke of the great temporal deliverance which had been wrought by God for the negroes of Jamaica; and from the latter, of a more important deliverance than that, even the "GREAT SALVATION." All seemed much interested—all seemed deeply devout. The universal gladness, the delightful excitement, and many a hearty shake of the hand, reminded me somewhat of the customary congratulations at home on New Year's Day, with this pleasant exception, that there was nothing that in the remotest degree approximated to boisterous merriment. Joy beamed in every countenance, but it was joy chastened and softened by a thousand interesting associations and recollections,—it was a feeling of the soul which found expression better in the deep-drawn sigh and the silent tear than in words. When evening drew her mantle around us, I felt deeply grateful to God that I had been privileged to see at least one 1st of August in Jamaica.

Sabbath, Aug. 2.—Another delightfully interesting day. Mr. C. went to Rose Hill, where he had an overflowing audience. I remained at Carron Hall. Both church and school were again crowded. From 1000 to 1100 must have been present. I delivered the same addresses or discourses which I delivered at Rose Hill yesterday.

On Monday the 3rd I went to a place called Cedar Valley, to hold a meeting with the people there. While at breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. C. raised my expectations very high in regard to the scenery through which I was to pass; and I was not disappointed. Some places of the road reminded me of the plains of East Lothian and the banks of the Gala and the Tweed. One dark but beautiful spot is worthy of notice. But it would require a poet or a painter to convey any adequate idea of it—at least, to the minds of many of my friends who have received their loftiest impressions of nature's grandeur and loveliness at Roslin Castle or Habbie's How. On the right lies a large mountain, whose majestic ribs of

rock frown over the pathway. At one point it is surpassingly grand. An immense ledge of rock projects over the whole breadth of the road, forming a semi-arch over the traveller's head. Half-a-dozen of men on horseback could shun a shower below it. I believe it is often used for that purpose. The arch is almost completed by the pendent branches of the trees which luxuriate on its surface. A few yards to the left, a sweet little rivulet meanders along the base of one of the most picturesque hills I ever beheld. It stretches away, almost perpendicularly, to the clouds, apparently about three times the height of Arthur's Seat, but clothed to the very summit with trees of every form and of every size, arrayed in rich verdure of every shade. Nature appears to conduct all her operations on a much more magnificent scale within the tropics than in the temperate zones.

Cedar Valley is, in some respects, much more beautiful than either Carron Hall or Rose Hill; but it is much hotter than either of them. It is, however, a necessitous place. It is eight miles from this, and in the midst of a great and rapidly increasing population. I met a number of the people below a large tree, beneath which Mr. Cowan has often preached. I addressed them from John iii. 16. The people are hungering for the bread of life. O ye youthful soldiers of the cross in Caledonia, think of the perishing thousands of Jamaica, and "come over and help us"! Several of our fellow-labourers have lost their health, and have been obliged to leave the field; oh, do come and recruit our shattered ranks! The proprietor, a Brown man of the name of M'Gregor, is willing to give an acre of land, and as much timber as may be required, for the erection of a school or chapel, without charge. Is not this a loud call to your Society to go up and take possession of the land? But while I write, the question forces itself upon me, "Where is the missionary, or the catechist, who is to occupy it, although we had a chapel built to-morrow?" Surely some others have come to you before this time and said, "Here are we, send us." I could not leave the people without engaging that either Mr. C. or myself would be with them on the last Sabbath of the month. They seemed very thankful when

I made that engagement. Some, however, looked sad, and said, "It is too long."

Jamaica is far from being satisfied with what she has already received. Her cry still is, "Give, give, give!" And this will be her cry for some time to come. Our daily prayer is that the Lord of the harvest would send forth more labourers into this portion of His vineyard. Such, too, I doubt not, is the prayer of thousands at home. But it is to be feared that many use the prayer who ought to be otherwise engaged; that there are many who are saying with Moses, "Lord, send, I pray Thee, by the hand of whom Thou wilt send," who ought to be saying with Isaiah, "Here am I, send *me*."

Meanwhile Mr. Anderson was not forgotten by his friends in Scotland, as a letter from the Rev. A. Elliot of Ford, of date 11th Aug. 1840, testifies. In acknowledging Mr. Anderson's letter announcing his arrival in Jamaica, Mr. Elliot says:—

. . . The young folks laughed loud and long at the idea of your being so soon transformed into a minister and preaching so frequently, and the negroes young and old turning up their black faces, and opening wide their eyes, listening with eager and rapt attention to your discourses. Nor could I remain unmoved by the pictures thus presented to my mind, though I sat in grave contemplation, and, instead of laughing, was rather disposed to ask whether you were not doing too much—whether you were not working yourself beyond your strength, and whether you were not running too fast to run long. And I still have my doubts about this, though I am glad to learn from the subsequent letters which I have seen, that you are keeping your health excellently. I would not counsel indolence or lukewarmness, or too much care about yourself; but I would say, "Do thyself no harm." *Festina lente*. Remember you are in Jamaica; and while you strive to do good and to promote the good cause to the utmost of your powers, take care that you do not, by over-exertion, lay yourself aside, and incapacitate your-

self for your Master's work. Your strength, your health, your life, your all are His, and are to be devoted to Him; but you must study so to use them that He may have His own with most usury—most may be done for His glory and the good of those among whom you labour.

This caution was not unneeded, especially in the case of a strong, eager, zealous young man like Mr. Anderson. It is the temptation to which all young missionaries, male and female, whose hearts are in their work, are subjected on arrival in the mission field. They see so much to be done, and there are so few to do the work, that necessity seems laid upon them to do exactly as they would do at home, in defiance of, though partly owing to inexperience regarding, the changed climatic conditions amid which they labour.

That Mr. Elliot's counsels were not untimely may be judged from the fact that the Jamaica Missionary Presbytery, at its ninth sederunt, on the 7th of July, had come to a resolution to restrict the hours of labour of the catechists. The experience of men who have long been on the mission field is, in matters of this sort, of great weight and worth attending to, in these days when increasing attention is being given to the health of mission agents. I therefore give the resolution in full:—

As the health of several catechists is endangered by their teaching too many hours (one of them, Mr. Moir, being about to return to Scotland with his health impaired), and as this zeal, though in itself highly commendable, is calculated to abridge their usefulness and produce unfavourable impressions as to the healthiness of the climate, thus preventing many young men from coming to the island, the Presbytery resolved, through the District Committee, to call the serious attention of the teachers and catechists to this subject. They consider that in this country no school should be taught

longer than five hours, and that regularity of diet should be studied, and exposure to the night air avoided.[1]

As we shall see later on, Mr. Anderson himself, after larger experience of the country and its climate, was able to give his own testimony to health conditions in the tropics, a subject to which he paid a good deal of attention both in Jamaica and in Calabar.

The closing portion of Mr. Elliot's letter contained intelligence of substantial remembrance on the part of the people of Ford, which must have been encouraging to the young missionary. Mr. Elliot says:—

We had our Missionary Anniversary here as usual on the evening of our Fast Day, and in distributing our funds we recollected Jamaica and you, and assigned £5 to assist in building the new church at Carron Hall. I also took occasion to mention the hint you had given of presenting a new Bible and Psalm-book to the Carron Hall congregation. The suggestion took; the call was cheerfully and warmly responded to, and I learn that the necessary funds are already nearly provided. We shall have the books ready by the time Mr. Simpson returns to Port Maria, who, as you will have heard, is reponed by the Committee, and who speaks of sailing for Jamaica in October or November. He will take charge of our present, and convey it to its destination.

Friends here are all well—and all speak of you with warm affection, and sincerely desire and pray for your success. None, however, feels a deeper interest in you than your aunt, nor is more rejoiced when a letter comes from you, to whomsoever addressed. She has enjoyed good health ever since you left—that is, comparatively good—ill with her breath at times, but not so ill as I have often seen her. She bids me say that she has no particular word to send you, except that she is in her *ordinary*, and is always best when she hears from you. A letter from you is her best medicine.

[1] *Secession Missionary Record*, No. xiii., Jan. 1841, p. 55.

As Mr. Anderson's MS. Journal ends abruptly with the entry of the date, *Tuesday, Aug. 4th*, private letters and letters and reports in the Scottish Missionary Society's publications are the only sources of information regarding the rest of his career in Jamaica. But in the extracts from his Journal and his letters, given up to that date, a sufficiently detailed account has been given of his manner of life and work as catechist, teacher, and preacher. The extracts from letters which follow will give glimpses of his private and public life, while his annnal reports will show the progress of the work in which he was engaged.

The first letter which takes up the thread of his life-story is one dated Carron Hall, 3rd Nov. 1840, addressed to the Rev. Andrew Elliot, Ford, in reply to his of 11th August. It contains a veiled reference to his engagement, and refers Mr. Elliot to Mr. James Tod for information. Unfortunately, the letter to Mr. Tod, which presumably told the story of his engagement to Miss Peterswald, and explained why he was suspended (surely not a very happily chosen word, as literal suspension in the ecclesiastical sense is not intended) from the exercise of sacerdotal or catechetical duties at Unity, has not come into my possession, and is probably no longer in existence.

Letter to Rev. A. Elliot, *Ford.*

You kindly assure me that I must think nothing too little or too trifling to write about. Well, here I sit almost in solitude on the summit of a lofty mountain, far far away from the home and the friends of my youth. Mr. and Mrs. Cowan went to Unity yesterday, so that, with the exception of a white girl who boards here, my attendants are all of the sable race. What did I say? A noise from another apartment reminds me that there are no fewer

than five little *Creoles*—all *white*—whose proximity I had almost overlooked. Catherine Jameson[1] is laughing heartily in that apartment, while the little twins are fretting for their supper. Mary[2] and Jane Cowan have just been singing a Freedom Hymn along with their black playmates. We have just had coffee, and in writing *home* I can hardly divest myself of a feeling of loneliness. No *winter* fireside companionships and pleasures here.

We had some very warm days, or rather hours, last month; but the weather is somewhat altered. Indeed, I have heard some people complaining of *cold* to-day. I have not felt Jamaica heat to be at all oppressive, and I doubt not I shall stand its cold exceedingly well. I had two days of very slight sickness last week. Carron Hall is a very salubrious place. We sometimes call it the *missionary hospital*. The teacher at Unity and the teacher at Goshen have been here for the last fortnight recruiting their exhausted energies.

You and your congregation were much on my mind on Sabbath. I presume it would be your Sacrament day, as it was ours. We had a very interesting and happy day at Carron Hall. Mr. Cowan preached an excellent sermon from John xv. 19: "As the Father hath loved Me, even so have I loved you: continue ye in My love." No other minister was present to assist. I officiated as precentor, and delivered the concluding address in the evening. In the morning I had the catechumens and most of the members for about an hour in the school. I made them repeat the 84th metrical Psalm, made a few explanatory remarks, and catechised upon it.

Nov. 7.—The rainy seasons have set in, so that I have not so many scholars as I had formerly. I have still upwards of a hundred, and I find that that number is

[1] See *Memoir of Rev. W. Jameson*, p. 130. The motherless daughter of the Rev. Wm. Jameson of Goshen. She was only eight months old at her mother's death. But Mrs. Cowan, who was just recovering from the birth of two children (mentioned above) sent for the child, and tended her with all a mother's care, till Miss Jameson joined her widowed brother in 1840. She is the wife of Rev. Alex. Robb, D.D.

[2] Afterwards the wife of the Rev. Zerub Baillie, Ikorofiong, Old Calabar. She and her little Willie "sleep" in the cemetery there.

sufficient for the exercise of all my energies. I expect to have a communication ere long from my young friends at Ford to my young friends here. My youthful charge here were quite delighted by Mr. Jas. Tod's message to them. They look always quite happy and expectant when I get any packet letters. They love well to receive and send messages.

I still conduct the services of the Sabbath at Rose Hill. I and the people there are getting acquainted and attached. I am ready to resign my charge there, however, whenever a missionary or catechist arrives to take charge of the station; but I must confess I would feel more willing and more gratified to resign into the hands of one of my friends from Ford or Dalkeith than to any stranger. May the Great Shepherd of the sheep soon send one who shall be of more benefit to the interesting people there than I have been, or can be, considering that I have my school duties to attend to here. There has been a change of teacher there. The present teacher is much superior in every respect (if we except what the former teacher was so proud of—*whiteness of skin*) to her predecessor. The change has added much to the prosperity of the station.

The school which I had the pleasure of opening at Unity on Feb. 29th has flourished very much under the superintendence of my predecessor at Carron Hall. It is expected that her labours there will terminate at Christmas, as it is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Cowan to send her for six months to a boarding-school at Kingston, preparatory to an anticipated change in her residence and circumstances. Mr. Cowan holds a meeting with the people at Unity on Tuesday evenings. On my coming to the country I had frequently the pleasure of holding that meeting, but since the school was set on foot I have been seldom there, and latterly I have been entirely suspended from the exercise of sacerdotal or catechetical duties there. Jas. Tod can tell you *why*—to him I refer you for information.

The letter to Mr. Elliot was enclosed in one to Mrs. Elliot, in which Mr. Anderson says:—

Thinking that Mr. Elliot may be in Ireland when this reaches Ford, I shall take the liberty of putting your name on the back of the letter, so that it may be in your power to read what I have written to Mr. Elliot without breaking the seal of anyone's letter but your own, for I must profess or confess ignorance of the laws, customs, or etiquette observed by husbands and wives regarding each other's letters. Please cut off the above scrap for my aunt. . . .

Your Bible and Psalm-books shall be much valued at Carron Hall. I shall feel much gratified when called to officiate from them in either desk or pulpit by the reflection that they were sent from Ford. I almost wish they had been *hanselled* by a day's service at Ford. It would have made them even more dear to me. I feel much obliged by your kind wishes for my welfare. I sometimes think that I owe much of my present happiness to the prayers of my friends at home. I often think of Ford Manse and the happy seasons I have enjoyed there, and, in spirit, I am often in the midst of your family circle. I feel very happy here, however.

The following letter to his brother-in-law and his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Clohan, of date Nov. 24th, 1840, conveys to them the announcement of his engagement, which he had already made to his aunt in the "scrap" attached to his letter to Mrs. Elliot. But when he writes to them he is in doubts whether his letters to the Elliots and to Mr. Jas. Tod will ever reach their destination. His old bashfulness seems to overcome him in broaching his love affair, and he beats about the bush till he comes to the point in the second page of his sheet.

Letter to MR. *and* MRS. CLOHAN.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—I wish you "gude New Year, and many returns of the season." I had no intention of writing to you at present till within half an hour ago. Mr. and Mrs. Cowan are both from home, and I am left somewhat lonely, so I thought that I could not do

better than sit down and hold a little conversation with you about *family affairs.* It is very customary to begin a letter with "I have nothing of importance to communicate," or some kindred expression; but I cannot begin this epistle in that manner, for I have at present *something of great importance* to communicate.

I may set out by stating that I still continue, by the blessing of God, to enjoy excellent health. I still feel happy that I came here. I continue to love the country and to love my work. I have not so many scholars as I had during the summer, but I have just as many as I can manage properly *alone.* My congregation at Rose Hill continues to increase. I frequently supply Mr. Cowan's pulpit on the Sabbath when he is in other parts of the island. Sometimes he and I exchange places. We did so last Lord's Day. The Carron Hall congregation averages about 800. I have supplied Mr. Jameson's pulpit at Goshen several Sabbaths. I have been one Sabbath at Port Maria, one Sabbath at Middlesex, and one at Cedar Valley. I have heard only about four sermons since my arrival in Jamaica—except I dignify my own exhortations with the title of sermons. Altogether I have a very busy and a very happy life—oh that I could add with any degree of confidence—a useful one!

Mr. and Mrs. Cowan are just like brother and sister to me. They are exceedingly kind. I would suggest that you remember them kindly in your letters to me, for I am sure that any kindness which any show to me must be regarded by you as done to yourselves. Remember me very kindly to my dear little relatives, Mary, William, and Agnes. Poor little things, I cannot tell you how strongly I feel oftentimes for them. May they be early brought into the fold of Jesus! May they be amongst the lambs which He gathers in His arms and carries in His bosom! Kiss them for me.

I sent a note to my aunt about a fortnight ago. If she has received it (it was enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Elliot) you will have heard of my intended union to my very excellent and much-esteemed predecessor, *Miss Louisa Peterswald.* When I wrote to Mrs. Elliot I also wrote to Mr. Jas. Tod, but from a message which I received from both

Pear Tree Grove and Kingston post-offices, I fear that both letters must have been miscarried. Now, I *earnestly* wish you to ascertain whether this be the case or not. . . .

I trust, my dear friends, that you will write me immediately when you receive this, and that you will tell me what you think about my matrimonial intentions. Send kind regards to your intended relative. She is a very superior lady—much my superior every way. She has several times expressed a fear lest *my relations* should be displeased at me for marrying a *stranger*. A kind message from you and my aunt will remove that impression. She is no stranger or alien from the covenant of promise. You may recognise her as a sister in Christ Jesus, and you may be proud to acknowledge her as your friend and relative. I showed her the salt dishes I got from *Mary* before I left home. She seemed much pleased. She is not a *beauty*, but she is beautiful and handsome. She is twenty-two years of age.

I receive the newspapers regularly, for which accept best thanks, and convey them also to Mr. Rutherford. If you have no time to write when you receive this, you can give me a hint on a newspaper the old way. From the long address you still put on the papers I perceive that you have not received my letter by Mr. Moir.

My Louisa has gone to a boarding-school to study French, drawing, and music, so I shall not see her from this time till May. Distance between us seventy miles, but the roads are such that a journey will be impracticable. It would take a week to go and come, and I have no time to spare. But you may be sure we write frequently.

I am busy at present studying Greek and Church History. I am half inclined to offer myself as a candidate for the ministry. I think, if all be well, our marriage will be in July, but you shall hear from me before that takes place. May the blessing of God rest upon you!—I am, dear brother and sister, ever yours, W. ANDERSON.

In a letter to the Secretary of the Scottish Missionary Society, dated Carron Hall, Dec. 16th, 1840, he renders some account of his stewardship since his arrival in Jamaica:—

Report for 1840.[1]

My engagements may be comprehended under the following divisions :—

I. *Carron Hall School.*—There have been at school this year 252 children in all. The average attendance in good weather has been 140. Besides reading and writing, a few of the advanced boys are in proportion, simple and compound ; of the more advanced girls, a few are in compound subtraction ; the others are only in the simple rules. The children are very fond of geography, and are now familiar with the names and positions of the countries, capitals, mountains, seas, gulfs, and rivers of Europe ; the tribes of Palestine under the Old Testament, and its provinces under the New ; and the countries of America. At first a great number of the children used to come without wages on the day appointed for paying them. For some time I contented myself with telling them not to forget them—an exhortation which was but seldom regarded. Feeling it needful to take higher ground, I intimated, previous to the August holidays, that in future there would be no admission without wages. I gave effect to this regulation at our first day's school in August, by turning out about thirty who had come without them. The most of them came back next day with wages. If the measure has had any effect in diminishing the attendance, it is only to a trifling extent. To anticipate and obviate any charge of oppressiveness connected with this measure, I may state that those children who have no parents, or whose parents are very poor, are supplied with wages on application to Mr. Cowan.

II. *Out-Stations.*—I continue to conduct the Sabbath services at Rose Hill. From eleven to about one is spent in devotional exercises, and reading and explaining a portion of the Word of God. Deeming it important to encourage (what is by no means fashionable here) attendance on the afternoon's service, I then generally deliver a short address on some particular point of Christian doctrine or duty. Scarcely any go away in the interval now. A class of catechumens was formed in May. It

[1] *Scottish Missionary Chronicle,* May 1841, pp. 13–16.

consisted at first of twelve persons; but at present it contains fifty-three. These are all, so far as can be ascertained, of good moral character, and are looking forward to admission as members of the Church of Christ. A number of them, who previously lived in sin, have been married during the year. After the more public services are over, the catechumens remain for catechetical exercises. Of many of them I cherish the fond hope that they will yet prove intelligent and consistent members of the Church. One of them came to me one Sabbath lately for advice as to the disposal of a mule which had got its leg broken some months before. He said that it was only punishing it to keep it alive, and he wished to know if it would be a sin to shoot it. I need hardly say that I told him it would be none. I was much pleased to see such tenderness of conscience. In some respects the Rose Hill people carry matters perhaps too far. Mr. Cowan had told them to use the bell for assembling the workmen engaged in building the new schoolhouse. It was so used several times; but they soon discovered that their bell would be desecrated if applied to a secular purpose, and I understand that the first thing now done on Monday morning is to remove it from the tree on which it hangs and take it to some place of safety, where it may remain in silence till the hallowed morning requires its vibrations as a summons to the worship of God. The new schoolhouse is not yet erected; the old one has been re-seated—accommodates about 130, and is packed every Sabbath. We have had to meet sometimes beneath two large mango trees.

I have been at Cedar Valley only once since I wrote you in August. I had a large audience below a tree. The people there are exceedingly anxious for the means of instruction. One negro is ready to give £4 to assist in building a church there. "Come over and help us! No man careth for our souls!" such is the message which almost every week brings from Cedar Valley to Carron Hall. The state of the weather prevents our assembling below the tree at present. The people are either erecting, or are about to erect, a temporary place of worship, with a roof, which will render us more independent of the

weather, and consequently able to have meetings more frequently at this place than heretofore. Are you not about to send us a reinforcement from home? How much it is needed!

III. *Visiting the Sick.*—I have had but little to do in this department, but enough to testify, in a striking manner, the depravity of the human heart; the deplorable ignorance which prevails amongst the negroes; and, at the same time, the power of the Redeemer's grace. I was sent for, one week-day evening, to visit an old man in the neighbourhood of Rose Hill, who was very sick. He was unable to speak much. Indeed, the only words I could hear were, "Parson, how d'ye?" He died just as I left the house; and—melancholy thought! the neighbours imagined that his soul would be safe because I was with him and prayed with him in his dying hour. I was requested to visit an old African at Rose Hill one Sabbath evening. I found him in a very miserable state both of body and of mind. His mind seemed to be enveloped in worse than Egyptian darkness. He knew nothing about God, or heaven, or hell, or the soul, or sin, or a Saviour. I tried to convince him that he was a sinner, and that he needed salvation; but in vain. He assured me that he was no sinner, for he had never harmed a dog or a cat, or any person. He seemed somewhat annoyed when I pressed matters upon him, and said, "Too sick; not able to speak buckra; tongue too heavy"; and after that I could get him to say nothing but African. If I remember rightly, he was a native of Congo. An old woman who had some knowledge of the gospel interpreted a few sentences, and to her care I had to leave him. Very different were the circumstances of a woman, one of the Rose Hill congregation, whom I was called on to visit a few Sabbaths afterwards. I found her very low in body; but her mind was calm and happy, reposing upon Jesus for salvation. Among other things, I asked her if she loved the Saviour. Her eyes filled with tears, and she said, "Oh, massa, why me no love the Saviour, who has done so much for we?" Ere another Sabbath came round, she was, I had no reason to doubt, with Him whom her soul loved—and in whom, when I saw her, she was rejoicing

with joy unspeakable. I felt it to be animating and comforting to see a deathbed like hers. One of the last sick persons whom I visited was a woman who was drawing nigh to the gates of death. On asking her where she thought her soul would go if she were now to die, her reply was, "To hell." I endeavoured to point her to that blood which cleanseth from all sin; but I have no means of knowing with what effect. She died a day or two afterwards.

IV. *Evening Meetings.*—The Carron Hall and Petersfield people meet in the school on Sabbath and Friday evenings. They are chiefly taught reading and Scripture history. I, of course, assist Mr. Cowan at these meetings. I meet with the Sabbath-school teachers on Friday evening, before the general meeting is held, and go over the Bible lesson for the Sabbath. We have two meetings in the month, during the moonlight, for the practice of sacred music. These meetings have been exceedingly well attended. The people are very fond of music.

On the retrospect, the closing year appears to me to have been the busiest, the happiest, and the fleetest I have ever spent. I well remember the tremor and the strong sensation of awe with which I was filled on the 9th of January, as we approached the shores of Jamaica, and beheld its serrated mountains, like so many gigantic graves, its houses, and its trees, becoming more and more visible. A thousand interesting but painful recollections of what I had heard at home of the horrors of slavery rushed upon my mind, and for a time I could contemplate the island only as a theatre which had been the scene of many fearful exhibitions of African wrong, European guilt, and Heaven's vengeful retribution. When the farewell gun was fired from the *Christian*, I felt as if the last tie that bound me to the land of my nativity had been demolished with the explosion. It was with feelings, to say the least, akin to melancholy that I reflected that I was not only far, far from my country and my kindred, but that I was in the land which has been designated "the grave of Europeans," and inhaling its (supposed) tainted and pestilential atmosphere.

I find myself still alive, however, and, I suppose, as

living like as ever I was. I never enjoyed better health at home than I have enjoyed, as yet, in this country. Twice or thrice, I think, after more than usual exertion, I have had a slight sickness; but a little medicine and a day's rest have fully restored me. I enjoy the climate exceedingly. I have hardly ever found the heat to be oppressive. The people are warm-hearted and kind. My saddle and bridle were stolen some months ago. The people here were both indignant and ashamed that such a thing should have been done among them. They set a subscription on foot among themselves for the reparation of my loss; and the other Saturday (how simply things are done here! no pompous deputation—no speech-making), a boy came into school bearing an excellent new saddle,—"Here's a saddle, sir." "What are you going to do with it?" "It be to you, sir." "Where is it from?" "Me can't tell, sir." "Well." So that was all that passed at *the presentation* of the saddle, and I suppose I shall hear no more about it. You may be sure that I value it very highly.

CHAPTER III

The Proposed Mission to Africa—Mr. Anderson's Marriage to Miss Louisa Peterswald—Prevailing Mortality in Jamaica—1841

THE outstanding event of the year 1841 in Mr. Anderson's history is his marriage on August 12th to Miss Louisa Peterswald. But in the same year another event took place, which was the formal initiation of a movement that was destined to sweep into its current not a few of those then labouring in Jamaica, and to bear them eastward to the original home of the negro in Western Africa.

"The meeting of the Jamaica Missionary Presbytery, in July 1841, at Mr. Jameson's place, Goshen, was," says Mr. Waddell,[1] "perhaps the most important of all its meetings." The question of a mission to Africa had engaged the attention of the Presbytery in 1839. At a meeting in 1840 it was resolved to come to the next meeting prepared to decide the grave question of a mission to Africa from the congregations in Jamaica. Sir T. F. Buxton's book, *The Slave Trade and its Remedy*, had been sent to Mr. Waddell on publication, and opened up the whole subject. And so, when the Presbytery met, "the conviction was produced in all our minds," writes Mr. Waddell, "that the way was ready for our going forward. We felt bound to take some decided step; yet, seeing that the gravest

[1] Waddell's *Twenty-Nine Years in the West Indies and Central Africa*, pp. 184, 206-7. See also Blyth's *Reminiscences of Missionary Life*, Goldie's *Calabar and its Mission*, p. 70, and Dickie's *Story*, p. 1.

consequences would result to ourselves and our congregations from our decision, we suspended business, and, under an inexpressible solemnity of mind, devoted the rest of the day to prayer for divine direction."[1]

"When the subject was resumed next morning, a deep feeling of awe was on the minds of all present, as each gave his opinion in favour of the new mission, and expressed his readiness to go forth on it, if called thereto by his brethren, and approved of by the Church at home. It was a renewed and unreserved self-consecration to the cause of our Lord and Saviour among the heathen; and some who were present on that solemn occasion, not members of the court, have said that they could never forget the impressive and affecting scene, nor could they restrain their tears of joy that God had inclined the hearts of His servants to offer themselves so willingly for the new and arduous service.

"The resolutions of the Presbytery on the subject expressed its conviction, that the time was favourable for renewed efforts on behalf of the evangelisation of Central Africa; that it had strong claims on the Church of God, and especially on the Christians of Great Britain; that the best agents for the purpose might be found in West Indian Churches, and among missionaries acclimated and experienced; that our congregations and ourselves felt the deepest interest in it; and that we offered ourselves to the mother Churches of our native land to undertake the service."[2]

[1] "An express messenger was sent off that evening to Kingston for a dozen copies of Buxton's work, which we learned had just arrived there for sale, that all our congregations might be fully instructed on the subject."—Waddell's *Twenty-Nine Years in the West Indies and Central Africa*, f.n. p. 206.

[2] The resolutions are given in full in M'Kerrow's *History of the Foreign*

"At the time this self-dedication was made," the eight brethren, Messrs. Blyth, Waddell, P. Anderson of Bellevue, Niven, Scott, Simpson, Cowan, and Jameson, "had in view no particular part of the Guinea Coast. They only desired to put themselves at the disposal of the Lord, who seemed at that particular time to be asking, 'Whom shall we send, and who will go for us?' The Spirit of God moved them all to say, 'Here are we, choose Thy messenger. By Thy grace we are all ready to be offered for Thy cause in wretched Ethiopia.' That vow was heard in heaven. Two of that band were sent," viz. Messrs. Waddell and Jameson, and the latter laid his bones in the dust of Africa.

Whether any of the three catechists, Samuel Edgerley (senior), Hugh Goldie, and William Anderson, who were also in time to be called to go to Africa, were present on this memorable occasion, I cannot say. William Anderson, as the nearest to Goshen, would likely be the first to hear of the resolutions come to by the Presbytery, and as Mr. Cowan was one of those who dedicated themselves to the new mission, would learn all about it from him. Doubtless Mr. Anderson would be much impressed, and the possibility of Mr. Cowan being called to go to Africa would of course give rise to reflections as to how that call, should it come, would affect his own work. Had his MS. Journal of this time been preserved, we might have had glimpses of his state of mind; but in the few private and public letters and published extracts from his Journal I find no reference to the resolutions of Presbytery. The same is the case with regard to a published letter of Mr.

Missions of the Secession and United Presbyterian Church, pp. 368–9, and in Goldie's *Calabar and its Mission* (taken from preceding work), pp. 70–72.

Goldie's, dated September 1841, which gives an interesting account of his routine work.[1] Each was absorbed in and devoted to his work in Jamaica.

A few extracts from Mr. Anderson's Journal, published in the *Scottish Missionary Chronicle* for Dec. 1841, form the only extant record of his life in the early part of this year :—

Jan. 1, 1841.—No first-footing, no rum or whisky drinking, no boisterous merriment, has marked the close or the commencement of the year. There is a calmness, a seriousness, a propriety, in the deportment of the people here, unknown in Scotland at this season of the year.

Feb. 21.—Sabbath morning. A most delightful morning. The sun is majestically climbing the blue mountains. Earth's first Sabbath, when Jehovah rested from His creating work and smiled with complacence upon our globe, could scarcely have been more lovely or more grand. What a silence! Not a leaf quivers. All is still, save a few of the feathered tribe. Their music is generally in this country neither loud nor sweet, but at present it is both. Every leaf and every blade of grass is heavy with silvery dew. Above, all is the blue serene of heaven—not a cloud, not a dark speck is to be seen. In the valleys beneath, the morning mists are still reposing. What a happy scene would this be, were Jamaica a land of Bibles, and of knowledge, and of religion; but here, amidst the fairest of nature's scenery, and on this blessed and hallowed morning, how heart-sinking is the reflection that the moral condition of thousands of her inhabitants is that of darkness, desolation, and death,—that ignorance, superstition, and vice hold from ten to twenty thousand of the inhabitants of this parish under their dark dominion! May the Sun of Righteousness soon arise and chase away the darkness of Jamaica's dreary, long-continued moral night!

April 9.—Good Friday. The people being all idle at

[1] *United Secession Magazine—Quarterly Missionary Record*, Jan. 1842, p. 55.

any rate to-day, it was judged expedient to have public worship here and at Rose Hill. While at the latter place I was invited to dinner by one of the Carron Hall elders —an invitation with which, prompted in some degree by curiosity, I gladly complied. It is the first time I have dined in a negro's house. The table was pretty well supplied with yams, fish, pork, butter, and beverage made of honey and juice of lemons mixed with water. The wife waited table. She would on no account sit down with her husband and myself. I urged her several times to do so, but in vain. The husband joined her several times in begging teacher "just to excuse *him*," i.e. *her*; for the feminine personal pronoun is but little used among the negroes, *he* and *him* being applied to anyone, be it man, woman, boy, or girl.

On leaving, I assured them that I would not visit them again unless the mistress would promise to take her proper place at her own table. She said something which I understood to be a promise to the effect that she would do so when I shall call again.

In a letter of date Aug. 10th, 1841,[1] Mr. Anderson mentions that "on Saturday, the 10th July, the foundation of a new church was laid at Carron Hall. The day proved exceedingly unfavourable; but at one time about 3000 persons were supposed to be present." On that occasion the collection amounted to about £83 sterling, "though the rain has dispersed a great part of the people before it was made." As a further proof of the interest which the people took in the work, Mr. Anderson records the following statistics, the compilation of which bear witness to his own interest in the work:—

I have been out taking the number and the names of those who have turned out to contribute a week's work to

[1] *Scottish Missionary Chronicle*, March 1842, p. 4, and *Report of the Scottish Missionary Society*, 1842, p. 24.

the making of a lime kiln, preparatory to building the new church. The numbers are as follows :—

Breaking stones	42
Carrying stones	121
On the kiln	32
Hewing and carrying wood	109
Cooks roasting yams, plantains, etc. . . .	4
Elders overlooking	2
	310

It would do your heart good to see them. A fine, happy spirit prevails among them. They are all working cheerfully, gratuitously, and, with scarcely an exception, diligently. And these, forsooth, are the men and women who would not do a hand's turn except under the terror of the lash! When or where was there ever such a sight to be seen in Scotland in connection with the building of a church? Is it on record that from three hundred to four hundred people (some who were not at hand, and others who are still going to the scene of action, are not included in the above list) ever turned out there simultaneously, of their own accord, to labour for a week gratuitously at the erection of a place of worship? Our hearts are gladdened by the willingness of the people, and we would take it as a token of good from the Lord. But we would also be humble. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be glory. Thou alone hast put it into the hearts of Thy people to serve Thee willingly, as at this day. PRAISE THE LORD—HALLELUJAH! AMEN."

With reference to his approaching marriage, Mr. Anderson, on 1st May 1841, wrote to Miss Eliza R. Watson as follows :—

You tell me my aunt says something about my coming home for a wife. She, nor anyone else, had any reason to expect that; for I am sure I often protested, both pretty publicly and privately, that I would never return home on any such errand. I must confess, however, that I little expected to find one (at least so soon) in Jamaica.

In a letter of date 30th Sept. 1841, to Mr. and Mrs. Clohan, Mr. Anderson writes:—

MY EVER BELOVED BROTHER AND SISTER,—We—that is to say, my dear, dear Louisa and myself—were exceedingly gratified on the 20th inst. by the arrival of your long and interesting epistle of 15th July. We are glad to learn that yourselves and the little ones are all well. . . . You need not trouble yourself, nor put yourself to any expense, about a newspaper for me. I frequently (not very regularly) get the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* from, at least through, Mr. Tod. We have not generally a great deal of time to spare for the perusal of newspapers.

Monday, Oct. 4.—MY DEAR NANCY,—I was remembering you yesterday. I have no doubt you also remembered that it was your birthday—your twenty-eighth birthday. Dear me, but you and I are getting very old now. I hope we are becoming wiser and better as we journey on through life, drawing nearer and nearer the eternal world. . . .

I continue to enjoy pretty good health. I have still plenty to do. We have upwards of 130 children in attendance at school just now. These furnish plenty of work for us both. On Sabbath the 26th inst. I conducted divine service for the first time in the new chapel, Rose Hill. My congregation there is increasing. I am becoming much attached to them. Yesterday afternoon I held the first missionary prayer meeting. It was a solemn and deeply interesting season. The prayers were simple but fervent, and the addresses (by the negroes themselves) were very touching indeed. Join with me in prayer that they and I may through eternity bless the day we ever met together. . . .

I know not what to think of the controversy about the extent of the Atonement. It is surely a war more about words than anything else. I should like much to have all the pamphlets published on both sides of the question. . . .

In the course of a long letter to the Rev. A. Elliot, dated 17th Oct. 1841, Mr. Anderson writes as follows:—

MRS. ANDERSON

It was on the third Sabbath of July 1833 that I sat for the first time at the Lord's table. Your text that day in the tent was Ps. li. 12. On the third Sabbath of July this year I addressed at Rose Hill from the same text. I told the people why I had taken it—it was with faltering voice I could do so. They seemed deeply interested. I trust that you have no objections to my frequent use of notes which I used to take of your sermons. I suppose you little thought, when mounting the pulpit at Ford, "Now, the discourse which I am to deliver to-day is not to be confined to my own congregation. In preaching here to-day I am preaching also to inhabitants of other climes thousands of miles distant." . . .

I have just remembered that to-morrow is Dalkeith Fair. I remember of leaving Ford for it one year in great glee with only twopence in my pocket. I would have been happy, happy if I had possessed a groat; sixpence would have made me the happiest boy in the fair; had I been able to exhibit a macaroni, *alias* a shilling, verily I had hardly acknowledged the Duke as my superior. I feel a deep interest in some of the dealers in old books who used to frequent Dalkeith fairs and markets. I feel half inclined to send my kind regards to them. Many a pleasant feast have I stolen from them in turning over the pages of books and pamphlets which I had the will—and the will only—to purchase, reading as much as possible without seeming to read. Well, I wish there may be no accidents and no intemperance at the fair to-morrow, but a great deal of business transacted at the old book stands. . . .

You have heard of the death of the Rev. Mr. Scott,[1] and of Dr. Aitken. I have now to inform you of the death of another of our fellow-labourers, Mr. Wm. Kay, teacher and catechist at Mount Horeb. He died, I think, after a week's illness, on the 2nd inst., and was buried on the 3rd. So Dr. Aitken has not been long without a companion to rest with him among the lonely mountains. It was in Mr. Kay's house that Dr. Aitken died. What adds to the distress in Mr. Kay's case is that his wife had a child about

[1] Rev. Wm. Scott, Hillside, on 14th August. See Minutes of Jamaica Presbytery regarding him and Dr. Aitken, and Mr. Kay in *United Secession Magazine*, July 1842, p. 389.

a fortnight previous to his death, and was in a very poor state of health. She was, at the date of our last information from that quarter, in a state of mental derangement, ignorant of her husband's death. She and seven children are left to deplore their heavy loss. Mr. Kay's life in Jamaica, so far as regards temporal circumstances, must have been one of privation and discomfort. A numerous family—located at an out-station—an insufficient salary—but, I doubt not, all is well with him now. My heart bleeds for his poor children. May the Father of the fatherless take them under His care! . . .

Death has been doing awful havoc among us: our ranks are enfeebled and shattered. Loud and solemn are the calls which are addressed to us. . . . I may say that I am reminded of death every time I leave my house or enter it. There are six or seven graves within a few yards of it, the nearest being within two feet of the doorsteps. The tenant of one of these graves is, I am informed, a European of the name of Anderson. None has been buried here these ten or twelve years, and we are busy just now transforming the place of skulls into a flower garden.

I do not think that in any of my letters hitherto I have taken notice of the most prominent feature of Carron Hall scenery, namely, a beautiful cabbage tree, which faces the eastern window of my habitation, distant from the house betwixt thirty and forty yards. I took its height a few mornings ago by the shadow, and found it to be ninety-five feet. Its circumference two feet from the ground is five feet five and a half inches. It appears to be nearly the same thickness till within a few feet of the top. It is naked for about ninety feet. It has just eleven leaves upon it. You can form an idea of its tallness from the height of Ford Bridge. I think I have heard it said to be ninety (?) feet high. . . .

Miss Watson sent me a parcel of bags, etc. I suppose she intended them for rewards. I sold them, however, for about sixteen shillings sterling. I wish this fact to be known, for it may show little girls how much they may help missions even in a pecuniary way. I gave the money to the school fund of one of our out-stations, Philipsburg

(late Cedar Valley), where one of my scholars (M. G. Mitchell) has commenced operations as a teacher.

I am flattering myself that I have just two more home letters to write this year—one to Mr. Chisholm, and one to Dr. Brown; perhaps one to my worthy agent, Mr. Jas. Tod. I cannot sufficiently thank him for his kindness. Getting articles from Britain is attended with considerable trouble and expense to ourselves and trouble and anxiety to our home friends, but charges here are *so* exorbitant that we could hardly live otherwise. I may give you an example or two: Buxton's work *On the Slave Trade* sells at home for 5s.; its price here is 16s. I purchased a hat lately for £1, 9s.; I could have got it for from 12s. to 15s. at home. Sugar sells here at 1s. per lb., salt butter at 2s. per lb. Coffee and rum are quite cheap. The above is all sterling money. Currency (as distinguished from sterling) was abolished on 1st January 1841.

. . . . . .

The Jamaica Divinity Hall, under Professor Jameson, opens, I believe, on the second Wednesday of December. Four students: Messrs. Aird, Elmslie, Buchanan, and Goldie. I intend to be down for a week or two.[1] We have two weeks' vacation at Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowan and family are all well at present, and, with *Mrs. Anderson*, unite with me in love and sympathy with you and yours. My love to my aunt. Tell her I am quite well and happy in my new life, happier than ever I expected to be in Jamaica. I find Mrs. A. an invaluable assistant in school, and in all respects a great comfort.—I am, Rev. and very Dear Sir, ever yours afftly.,

W. ANDERSON.

In connection with appeals by the Directors of the Scottish Missionary Society for missionaries and teachers, there was published in the *Chronicle* for July 1842 the following letter from Mr. Anderson, dated Carron Hall, Dec. 11th, 1841, and entitled *Prevailing Mortality*:—

[1] It was probably on this occasion that Messrs. Anderson and Goldie met personally for the first time, and began their lifelong friendship.

I believe that a letter at this time from Jamaica would be considered somewhat deficient were it to pass unnoticed the prevailing mortality. . . . The negroes, at least those who live in the country, appear to be enjoying a comparative exemption from the visits of the King of Terrors. White people, and people of colour, are falling in all directions. . . .

Within these few months *five* connected with the Presbyterian Missions have been called from their labours. . . . All connected with the Mission here are at present in the enjoyment of good health. But we know not what a day may bring forth. . . .

I remember of a gentleman saying to me, before I left Scotland, that "to go to Jamaica" and "to die" had long been in his mind synonymous terms. Our large obituary this year will, I doubt not, confirm and deepen this impression in many, and extend it to others. I do not know what may be the sentiments of others on this point, but from what I know of the circumstances attending the deaths of many, my impression is, that to attribute all the mortality of Europeans in Jamaica exclusively to the climate is unjustly and ignorantly to accuse the God of the climate.[1] There are some very sickly seasons here, but there are sickly seasons in Scotland too. That disease is more rapid in its progress here is admitted, but it does not follow that the climate alone is the cause of this. Many causes exclusive of climate may and do operate here to superinduce and to aggravate disease. I shall mention three of the most prominent.

1. That there is a difference betwixt the climate of Scotland and that of Jamaica, and that exposure which

[1] The same remarks are applicable to Calabar. There is much ignorant accusation of the God of the climate. Conditions of life and work (which can be improved), rather than the climate itself, have been and still continue to be responsible for much of the sickness and invaliding and death in Old Calabar. So long as any ordained agent, for example, has to do the work of two or three men, there are bound to be failures of health and breaks in the continuity of work. The Deputies who visited Calabar in 1893 proposed, to meet the inevitable furloughs, and to prevent, if possible, breaks in the continuity of the work, that there should be three men on the staff for two men actually required.

might be attended and followed by no inconvenience in Scotland would probably be succeeded by disease or death in this country, is unquestionable. This to a newcomer, however, must be rather a matter of faith than of sense. If he arrives in any of your winter months (I speak from experience), he is delighted with the universal verdure, and the delight is heightened by the contrast which he cannot fail to make in his own mind betwixt the bare bleak hill which he has left behind and the luxuriant scenes before him. He feels the sun a little hotter, perhaps, than he used to feel it in July at home, but, having had his system purified by sea-sickness, he feels strong in body and elastic in spirit; and, conscious of strength, he rushes like the horse into the battle, meeting every idea of danger with the smile of contempt. If he is so happy as to meet with kind and faithful friends, who warn and entreat him against over-exertion and undue exposure of himself, he feels amused or annoyed. He steels himself against all remonstrance, and to demonstrate his superior prowess he takes a walk of six or eight miles; he becomes fatigued, sits down to rest, probably falls asleep, lies an hour or two beside a bush, awakes, walks home amid the evening dews; or he fasts, day after day, for nearly the whole twenty-four hours; or he braves a dash of rain, and allows his clothes to dry upon his back; or he exposes himself too much to the rays of the burning sun; or he refuses the strong medicines which experience prescribes; or he does a hundred other things of this nature, which not one European constitution in twenty can stand, and which the natives in general are too wise to try. A week's hot fever succeeded by debility, or probably by death, is the consequence. This is no imaginary picture. Such I would call the *victim* (not of the climate but) *of imprudence.*

2. I might describe an individual of another class, with mind harassed by "fightings without and fears within," who, humanly speaking, might have lived to see many days amidst the tranquillity and society of home; but opposition, or unkindness, or loneliness, or discomfort, or disappointment, or oppressive care, preys upon his spirit,

and at length drives it from the body. Such may be designated *the victim of circumstances*.[1]

3. There is another; but the title is so significant that I need only mention it—*the victim of intemperance.*

My firm conviction is, that if the climate has slain its thousands of Europeans, imprudence, circumstances, and intemperance have slain their tens of thousands.

While I have penned these observations from a feeling that it is a sacred duty, incumbent upon us who remain, to do what we can to remove erroneous impressions regarding the deadliness of the climate of this land, I am far, very far, from accusing all who have died here of doing anything which tended to shorten their days, and equally far from saying that their lives would have been prolonged had they remained at home. He who hath been made Head over all things to the Church hath the keys of the unseen world and of death, and we may rest assured that none of His servants have entered that world without His consent. They have gone to their rest, and are now enjoying their reward. It is soothing to reflect that, though the servants die, the Master liveth, and is "alive for evermore." Our prayer to Him is, "Lord, supply the places of those whom Thou hast taken away." And our prayer and the prayer of hundreds to the Christians of Scotland is still, "Come over and help us." This has been our loud, our repeated, our reiterated cry. A great Scottish poet, in describing an engagement of the olden time, speaks of

> "Each stepping where his comrade stood
> The instant that he fell."

Soldiers of Christ in Scotland! can ye do less? If for earthly riches or honours men willingly brave dangers and deaths, how much more ought you to be ready to sacrifice all for the honour of your Lord and the advance-

[1] "Hundreds of book-keepers have died from mere neglect. They had no company—no one that cared anything about their meals, or comforts, or to give them medicines when sick. Sunk in spirit and diseased in body, they died the victims of circumstances." For a description of the monotonous routine of a book-keeper's (or overseer's assistant) life, see the early chapters of *Marly: or, The Life of a Planter in Jamaica*, 2nd ed., Glasgow, 1828.

ment of His cause! "Come over and help us!" Behold our shattered ranks! See the number of the slain! See only a small handful of your friends and brethren in the field where hundreds might be fully engaged. Hasten to our support. All of you can sympathise with us, all of you can pray for us; but many of you can do more—you can "come over and help us." If you wish another motive, lift up your eyes again, and behold thousands in this land stretching forth their hands for the bread of life, crying, "Give, give." See thousands more, wandering as sheep without a shepherd, no man caring for their souls. View this scene and "come over and help us." If you wish still another motive to assist you in self-devotement to the Saviour, go to Calvary. Who agonises on that centre cross? Contemplate Him a little. His countenance is more marred than that of any man; yet beneath that cloud of anguish and those blood-drops which trickle down His face ineffable benignity beams forth. But think especially of the feelings of that heart for you. You know not the intensity of that love with which it throbs for you. Look at Him for a little. Christian soldier, what are thy feelings now? What can they be, or what language can express them but this: "The love of Christ constraineth me thus to judge, that if He died for me, I ought to live to Him—to do whatever He pleases—to go to the farthest verge of the green earth if He wills"? . . .

This appeal is as applicable to the *needs* of Calabar to-day as to those of Jamaica in 1841.

CHAPTER IV

1842

Formation of a Congregation at Rose Hill—Mr. Anderson's Ordination as an Elder

THE principal events of the year 1842 were the death, on March 3rd, of Mr. David Pratt Buchanan of Port Maria, who had gone out to Jamaica along with Mr. Anderson; the formation of a congregation at Rose Hill; and the ordination of Mr. Anderson as a ruling elder on the 20th of May.

In a letter to Dr. Brown, dated Carron Hall, March 8th, Mr. Anderson writes of Mr. Buchanan's last days of work, death, and funeral:—

In closing my letter to you this day week, I mentioned to you that Mr. Buchanan was ill of scarlet fever, and "not out of danger." I was much struck when, on the evening of Thursday the 3rd, I received a second note from Mr. Simpson, informing me that Mr. B. was no more. He had died at noon. On the Thursday previous he was in school, though poorly,—just a week in descending from his work to his grave. He was much stronger and better looking a few weeks ago than ever I saw him either in Scotland or here. On the first Sabbath of February, Mr. Simpson being from home, I went to Port Maria, and Mr. Buchanan came to Rose Hill. His text that day was, "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." On the third Sabbath he was at Unity. . . . That was his last public work in the Church below.

On Friday morning I rode down to his funeral. At a little after twelve the solemn procession left the schoolhouse for the church. The coffin was followed by Mr B.'s scholars, and some other young people, arm in arm. It was placed in the middle of the church. I took my station beside it, and addressed the young people, many of whom were deeply affected, and shed many tears. Mr. Simpson addressed the old people from the desk. After devotional exercises, the remains of our brother were deposited in their resting-place, just beside those of Mrs. Simpson, who was laid there three months before. . . .

On Sabbath I had to address the congregations at Carron Hall and Rose Hill. I went to Rose Hill early, and returned to Carron Hall between one and two o'clock. The congregations at both places were large and deeply attentive. All seemed deeply affected when mention was made of Mr. B. Many of Carron Hall congregation had heard him at Unity.

The only extant early letter of Mr. Anderson to Mr. Goldie, and probably the first written after their meeting at "the Hall" at Goshen, is a brief note informing him of the death of Mr. Buchanan. It begins and ends, "My dear brother," which continued to be their fraternal style of address in their lifelong correspondence, which unfortunately has been almost wholly destroyed.

Mr. Anderson goes on to mention how the work consequent on an illness of Mr. Cowan's and the prevailing sickness had affected his own health:—

Mr. Cowan was very ill about the beginning of February. Having had more than usual work to do in consequence of Mr. C.'s sickness, and that work being, on account of the prevailing sickness and death, of a very exciting kind, I felt myself at the end of March considerably worn out. For a week or two I was I can hardly say sick, but sickly. I was ill enough a few days, having been salivated. I have got over my weakness now, however, and feel my health as good as ever it was. The epidemic which has

hurried so many hundreds into eternity has not yet ceased its ravages, but it is nothing now to what it was from August to March.

A description of Mr. Anderson's first experience of a shock of earthquake follows:—

On the afternoon of Saturday the 7th curt. the shock of an earthquake was felt in this island. It was so slight that few felt it. It is the first in my experience. I was sitting alone on the sofa reading (I think) *The Life and Times of John Campbell*, when I felt the whole house shake under me. It was an undulating motion, like that of a ship over a wave. I looked out and saw several people busy at different things, but no one seemed to feel anything strange. Without saying anything, I resumed my reading, but thought, "This is surely an earthquake." On mentioning it to several persons afterward, it appeared that all who were sitting within doors in quiet felt it, and those out of doors or busy did not feel it.

In a letter[1] dated Carron Hall, May 25th, the Rev. John Cowan writes regarding the formation of a congregation at Rose Hill:—

Since I last wrote you a considerable part of my time has been occupied at Rose Hill examining candidates, in order to the formation of a church and the dispensation of the Lord's Supper among them. This, in my present rather weakly state, has been a somewhat laborious though a very interesting work. I conversed with them individually during the day, and had meetings with them in the evenings. On this and on former occasions I examined upwards of fifty of them several times, and out of this number have admitted thirteen, who seemed to be the choice portion of the Rose Hill congregation. It was gratifying to see the excellent spirit manifested by those who were delayed. Some of them would have been happy if I had encouraged them to come forward; but none of them expressed any undue anxiety to be admitted,

[1] Published in *Scottish Missionary Chronicle*, Jan. 1843.

and they manifested the very best feeling towards those who had got before them.

With those admitted I have had great satisfaction in observing their correct knowledge of the leading truths of the gospel, and have often been greatly cheered by the influence which these appeared to exert over their consciences and hearts, manifesting itself, in some instances, in the tears they shed while conversing of the love of Christ in dying for our sins; and in others, in their undisguised sorrow for the hardness of their hearts, in preventing them from making a more hearty surrender of themselves to Him. They belong, I trust, to the fold of the Good Shepherd. They have given evidence that they are walking in the footsteps of the flock. . . .

We met for the formation of the church on Friday the 20th inst. We enjoyed on that occasion the ministrations of Mr. Simpson of Port Maria, and two American missionaries, Messrs. Beardslie and Hovey. Mr. Simpson commenced the services by praise and prayer. Mr. Hovey preached from Acts ii. 47: "The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved." Afterwards, the candidates who had been approved of were formed into a church by making a confession of their faith, and a profession that they gave themselves to the service of the Lord, etc.,—the care of them devolving jointly on Mr. Anderson and me. Mr. Anderson was ordained at the same time to the office of ruling elder. Mr. Simpson offered up the ordination prayer, and concluded the services by an address to the church. . . . The influence, I trust, of the services of this day will be salutary and abiding. The schoolhouse, although not floored, was seated throughout, and nearly full. Several of the members of Mr. Beardslie's church and of Carron Hall were present.

The Lord's Supper was observed at Rose Hill on the 22nd inst. The day on this occasion was no less interesting than the day when the church was formed. There was a large assembly—more than could be accommodated. Mr. Beardslie preached an excellent discourse from John x. 14, and several of the members of his church came and united with the members of the Rose

Hill and Carron Hall churches in fellowship at the Lord's table.

. . . . . .

Having thus noticed the formation of a church at Rose Hill, let me remind you that the gospel began to be preached there about five years ago, at first on the coffee terraces, and afterwards in a temporary building erected by the people themselves. This building, though of a very humble description, cost much of the time and labour of the people, and has served both as a school-house and place of worship. It was built in the month of August 1838, the first month of freedom, some of the people remarking that they wished to give the first of their labour to God. For the first three years I was able to give them only an occasional sermon; but since the arrival of Mr. Anderson in 1840, his labours on the Sabbath have been almost exclusively devoted to Rose Hill, and the attainments of the people are peculiarly the fruit of his labours among them. His deep interest in them has been abundantly manifested, and it must be very gratifying to him to see, in the formation of a church among them, the first-fruits of his anxieties and labours and prayers on their behalf.

In his letter to Mr. Elliot, Mr. Anderson gives an account of the formation of the congregation, etc., similar to that of Mr. Cowan, and, commenting on the small number admitted to membership (which he gives as twelve), writes:—

Others might have been admitted, but it is deemed best both for safety and comfort to begin with few at a new station. When Mr. Chamberlain formed a church at Port Maria, he admitted only fourteen, although he had been preaching there for three years. I must confess, however, that I was not altogether satisfied that so few seemed to have received much benefit from the Sabbath instructions of upwards of two years. But I expect that the number will soon be doubled. I have upwards of seventy catechumens, besides the twelve members who are, with

the exception of a few superannuated individuals, making advances in knowledge. . . .

He goes on to speak of his studies:—

The North District Committee, under which I am studying, meets on this day week. I have to read a few chapters in "Hebrews" in Greek, the 4th of "Genesis" in Hebrew, and am to be examined on vol. 4th of Dick's *Lectures*. By the way, does not Dr. Dick show in his 100th Lecture that to catechists belongs the title of *Doctor*? (p. 376).

I compiled an *Introduction to English Grammar* a few months ago. If Dr. (William) Brown be getting it printed, you may have a copy from him. I wrote both to Dr. Brown and Mr. Chisholm of my want of a Hebrew Bible, Lexicon, and Grammar. I trust one of them will send said books. I wish also *The Testimony of the Secession Church*. I have been studying the 2nd volume of Horne's *Introduction* for some time. It is one of the Ford books.

The Jamaica Presbytery meets in June. I believe that Mr. Aird and Mr. Elmslie will deliver trials for license. One question to be settled is, What powers are to be conferred along with license to preach? The catechists are looking forward with deep interest to this meeting. I regret that the place of meeting is so distant that I cannot attend it.

In a note to Mrs. Elliot, written across the letter to Mr. Elliot, Mr. Anderson returns thanks for what was evidently a marriage present. He says:—

MY DEAR MADAM,—Accept of best thanks from Mrs. Anderson and myself, and, I may add, Mr. Cowan too, for *The Life and Times of John Campbell*. It formed a rich treat to us all. In an out-of-the-way place like this the reception of a new book, especially of one so full of interest as that you sent, forms an era. For my part, I devoured the work without one unnecessary interruption. I could not leave it till I finished it.

Since I last parted with you, you have been called to

drink of the bitter cup of sorrow. I doubt not you feel the death of your children to be a new connection betwixt you and the eternal world. I feel the death of my scholars to be so to me.

My wife and I are exceedingly obliged to yourself and Mr. Elliot for your kind regards and wishes. Must I say it? During your long silence I often thought, "Well, Mr. and Mrs. E. do not approve of my marriage." That thought was always a damper, for since I was a boy I always looked up to you with confidence and affection, and I could not bear the thought that perhaps you did not approve of that step. I cannot tell you how happy the assurance of your approval would have made me; but I have myself to blame, I should have asked it. I have it now, and am much gratified by it.

A brief note to Mr. Elliot, of date July 22nd, 1842, may also be given:—

In my last to you I mentioned some Hebrew books of which I was in need. On Saturday last, out of a box which came to Mr. Cowan, I got an excellent new copy of Gesenius' Hebrew Lexicon, and do. do. do. of Mr. Stuart's Hebrew Grammar, a present (I see worth £2, 5s. 6d.) from Rev. Dr. John Brown. I was confounded when I saw them. I was in expectation of getting a Hebrew Bible in Kingston, but have hitherto been disappointed. Mr. Cowan's, of which I have the loan, is hardly legible. It is the edition of Doederlein and Meissner, Lipsiæ, 1793. If you can secure a good copy for me, please send it. Mark the price on it. Mention the price also of *The Testimony of the Un. Sec. Ch.* If a "Discourse by a Jamaica Catechist" would be of any service for your magazine, I shall forward a short one. How presumptuous I have become!—Love to all, from your ever affectionate W. ANDERSON.

Mr. Elliot's reply to these letters, though bearing the date 3rd Jan. 1843, will most fitly be given here:—

I rejoice that you have enjoyed such uninterrupted good

health—that you have been so wisely guided in forming the most endearing and important relation in life, and find in Mrs. Anderson one so capable of sympathising with you and aiding you in your missionary enterprises—and above all, that you take so much delight, and are favoured with so much success, in the blessed work to which you have devoted yourself. I hope you will continue to meet with increasing encouragement, and that you will be made the happy instrument of enlightening many of our brethren of the negro race, and turning them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, and especially of bringing many of the young among them to the knowledge and belief of the truth that they may be saved, and perhaps of preparing many of them for being future missionaries and preachers. I am very glad that you are enrolled as a student at the Theological Seminary, and expect to hear ere long of your being licensed as a preacher, and advanced to the status of minister and missionary. I am even indulging the pleasing thought of your revisiting Ford, at some time or other, in that character, and perhaps assisting me in dispensing the Lord's Supper to my people, so many of whom are acquainted with you, and all of whom take a lively interest in your welfare, and are delighted with every piece of good news that is received from you.

Mr. Elliot's letter refers to the health of old Mrs. Potts, Mr. Anderson's aunt, and to the illness of his cousin William, who was dying of consumption in Dalkeith. Mr. Elliot writes:—

You must have heard that your aunt had, several months ago, a stroke of paralysis. It was a very slight one, and she is enjoying at present good health. Her mind has suffered more than her body, and is much more weakened. But though reduced to a kind of second childhood, she is cheerful and sufficiently happy. She resides with your aunt at Dalkeith. Though, however, at some distance from us, we frequently see her, and she is always delighted to see us.

A brief reference to the neighbouring ministers known to Mr. Anderson may also be quoted:—

Our neighbours, Messrs. Cooper, Sandy, and Brown, are well; and their congregations, as well as my own, are not, I think, decreasing (bad as are the times, and severely as all classes are suffering), but rather improving and advancing in numbers.

A present of a bound volume of *The United Secession Magazine* for 1842, and the favourable response to Mr. Anderson's offer of a contribution for the pages of the magazine, must have greatly delighted Mr. Anderson:—

The editor of the *Secession Magazine*, while begging your acceptance of the last year's volume, as a small token of his respect, has not forgotten your offer, and will receive and insert with pleasure a sermon from a Jamaica Catechist. He sends you also the two numbers of this year—the only ones that have yet been published, and will send you the others as they appear, or as opportunity occurs.

A few extracts from Mr. Anderson's Journal will lead up to his and Mr. Cowan's reports on the work for the year:—

May 12.—Showed my scholars a sample of Scottish wheat, barley, and oats, all on the straw. We have nothing resembling them here except grass. They viewed them with much interest. Several passages of Scripture were pointed out where mention is made of wheat, barley, and corn. We feel much obliged to our Ford friend who sent them. How delighted would scholars in Scotland feel could their teachers show them a bunch of bananas or a cluster of mangoes!

Oct. 19.—A heavy rain this afternoon. Dismissed school a little earlier than usual, during an interval of

rain, as a heavier storm seemed to be gathering. In a short time one of the girls came running to tell me that one of her little companions had been carried down the river. Mr. Cowan and I immediately set off to see if we could render any assistance. When we got down, the girl's father had dragged the body out of the water, and, assisted by a neighbour, was carrying it home. We used all the means we could think of, aided by a *Medical Guide*, to restore animation, but were unsuccessful. Death had secured its victim.

Dec. 11.—Talked to a few old people to-day about African affairs—about the murders called *customs*, of which I had been reading in the November number of the *Scottish Missionary Register*. No surprise was expressed by any of them at the rehearsal of the dark deeds. None of them are Ashantees, and they have never seen people beheaded on the death of their chiefs. But they have seen what is, in some respects, worse. They have seen many persons placed on or in the graves of men of rank, having both arms and legs previously broken, and left to die there from agony and starvation. An old woman told me that she narrowly escaped being eaten. A neighbouring tribe used to come down and steal her countrypeople, and keep and fatten them like so many hogs. When quite fat, two were regularly killed and eaten every morning. She was once captured, and would have been eaten like her companions, but she became sick, and in consequence did not become fat. Another old woman told me that she remembered of being sent when a girl into a hut to get fire. A large fire was on the floor, and around it were hung hands, limbs, and different parts of human bodies, that they might be dried and eaten like hams. The fat sometimes dropped into the fire and made it blaze more brightly. She had seen men scraping human sculls into powder, which they put upon the palms of their hands and licked off like sugar. On asking this group of aged Ethiopians if they would not like to go back to Africa, a general shudder accompanied the unanimous and evidently heartfelt reply, "No, massa!" Verily, "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Little did Mr. Anderson dream, as he eagerly listened to and recorded these stories of African "customs," that in a few years he would himself be grappling with similar "customs" in Old Calabar.

In a letter dated Dec. 12th, 1842, Mr. Anderson gives a report on Carron Hall school for the year. He writes:—

The attendance has been considerably better this year than last. The total number of scholars last year was 244, and the average attendance 127. The total number this year is 264, and the average attendance 143. In good weather we have frequently had 160 present.

For some time back I have made the advancement from one division to another *elective* by the scholars themselves. Once in three or four months, I name a day about four weeks distant, on which the choice is to be made. When the time comes, all in the first division are allowed to name anyone in the second whom they think fit to join them. Those who have been named are then called up for trial. The Old Testament is opened at random, and three verses pointed out, which are immediately read aloud by one of them, when a show of hands is taken whether he is to be received or sent back to his old class. And so on with the rest. Those who read well are promoted; those who blunder are sent back to their old seats, with a counsel to be diligent against the next election day. Those in the second division proceed in the same way to choose the best readers out of the third. The trial with them is to read two or three verses in the Testament. This plan, as a stimulus to diligence, far exceeds my expectations. Formerly there used to be a reluctance shown by many of the scholars to go to a higher class, but by making it a point of honour they all strive to attain it. A more difficult book is not now an object of dread, but of ambition. If anyone become careless, or fall back in his lessons on account of absence, he is, on the vote of his class, put down to the next lower. Two of the girls have this year become members of the church.

In regard to Mr. Anderson's work at Rose Hill, Mr. Cowan, in his report, says:—

He has been indefatigable. A complete system of instruction is in operation at Rose Hill on the Sabbath. There as well as here (Carron Hall), we have to combat with old errors, with which the people's minds have been occupied in former years. Even some of the school children have been led away by the leaders, and put through a course of dreaming.[1] Notwithstanding this, however, the prospects of the station there are highly encouraging.

The number of scholars on the list at the station is 88, and the daily attendance is about 60. Eighteen of these are learning arithmetic, grammar, and geography; and 24 are writing. The schoolhouse there is all finished now, except the flooring and seating. The boards for the former have been provided, and the carpenters are now employed upon it.

[1] For an account of the superstition regarding the religious value of dreaming, see *Jameson's Memoir*, pp. 34 and 198.

CHAPTER V

In charge at Carron Hall, 1843–44—License and Call to Rose Hill, 1844

THE principal events of the year 1843 were the visit of the Rev. John Robson, A.M., Wellington Street Church, Glasgow, to Carron Hall, and the departure of the Rev. John Cowan, with his wife and part of his family, to Scotland on sick leave.

In the course of a speech at the Annual Meeting of the Scottish Missionary Society, held in Edinburgh on April 16th, 1844, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Robson gave an account of his visit to the stations of the Society. His visit to Carron Hall was paid in the beginning of April 1843. He said:—

On Thursday I left (Port Maria) for Carron Hall, where the Rev. J. Cowan is stationed. Here a new church was in process of erection. The walls were finished, and the workmen were engaged with the roof. When finished, it will be a substantial and commodious building. The old place of meeting, although it had been enlarged once and again, was far too small, and very inconvenient in many respects. The schoolhouse is a large edifice, well adapted for the purpose to which it is applied. The pupils attending it are about 200, and are under the able superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. I was frequently in it while the process of instruction was going on, and the whole state and management of the seminary reflect the highest credit on both teachers and taught. On the Friday evening there was a numerously

attended meeting in the schoolhouse for the practice of sacred music. In this the negroes take great delight, and at the various mission stations have made very considerable proficiency. On Saturday I accompanied Mr. Cowan to one of his out-stations named Rose Hill. It is, I believe, about six miles distant. A large audience assembled in the wooden church erected there. Messrs. Beardslie and Preston of the American Mission were also present, and took part in the religious services in which we engaged. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. On Sabbath the classes met in the morning as at all your other stations, and the public services of the day were conducted in the usual form. The place of meeting was crowded. On Monday afternoon I had a long and interesting meeting with the elders, and conversed with them on a variety of subjects, such as their ancient superstitions—the changes that had taken place in the island—its present religious state—and the need for more missionaries. They displayed great intelligence and Christian simplicity, and appeared to be very anxious to do what they could to help onward the cause of God. In the evening we held a large missionary meeting. I addressed them at some length, urging them to devotedness and liberality—telling them what the Christians at home had done, and what they expected them to do—showing them the propriety of getting their new church finished as speedily as possible, and then trying what they could do for others who were yet sitting in darkness. Various speeches were made by the people. I give the following as a specimen, premising that, although I am not sure about the correctness of the negro-English, I am quite sure that they were the precise sentiments of the speaker. He was one of the elders:—

We much pleasure, massa, in hearing what de minister from de far country say. We quite glad that he come to tell we dese tings. He give we great privilege. He write dese tings on our eyes and on our hearts. We must go on and read de lesson—we must read it. He come over de great ocean. We not know what it is, but our fathers and mothers know it when dey come in de slave-ship, and de ministers know it; and since minister come so much far to speak to we, we must take care to read de lesson which minister hab written. We must

go on building God's house—no, not for God, for God need no house on earth to dwell in—but de house for we to worship God in, and that our souls may get good in it. Let us all put our hands together to de work. Like de horses or de cattle in de waggon, we must all draw together, and den we soon get our load to de place, and den we throw it off, and come back empty, and quite fresh to begin again.

We must go on. One man plant provision,—if hungry man come past, you must give him provision. Well, we *got* knowledge, then we must *give* knowledge. Our brothers and sisters in de far country, whom we do not know, deliver we from our ignorances. Before we know de gospel we do many tings wrong. On Sabbat we work our grounds, burn de grass, go village; and when candles lighted like this, busha him come and flog two or three of we. Now we no do dese tings. Well, if we stand stock still in de same place and not go on, den brothers and sisters in de far country say, "All our labour in vain," and dey be sad. Just as if a child on de mother's breast, trained up, and him become worse and worse, de mother sad and say, "All my labour in vain." But how blessed—how glad she when de child grow up in de grace of God. So with we. We must not stand still—we must go on—we must support our minister—and we must try and support other ministers, and thus remove the ignorance of others.

The word we have been hearing is not like de rain that fall and come again, when de clouds return after de rain. It must abide. The minister dat speak de word, him go away to de far country. We see his face no more. Him speak to we no more. Therefore we must keep de good rain which he has caused to fall on our hearts, that it may make we grow.[1]

This address gives a good idea of Mr. Anderson's fellow-elders and of the people among whom he and Mr. Cowan were labouring at Carron Hall.

There are no letters in existence from or to Mr. Anderson during this time. After the departure of Mr. Cowan for Scotland his time seems to have been very fully occupied. An interesting account of his and Mrs. Anderson's labours at this period is, however, supplied in a letter of reminiscences from Miss Mary Stuart, now of

[1] *Annual Report of the Scottish Missionary Society for* 1844, pp. 37–38.

South Haven, Mich., U.S.A., who was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. She writes :—

My acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Anderson began in July 1843. My father went to Carron Hall to do carpenter work on the new church, and took his family with him for the advantages of church and school. Mr. and Mrs. Cowan had gone to Scotland to take their two eldest children to school, and also for the benefit of Mr. Cowan's health, which had given way under his manifold labours, and needed recruiting. Mr. Anderson was left in charge of the *church* at Carron Hall in addition to the school, also the church at Rose Hill. He did not supply the pulpit at Carron Hall, but, with the exception of the preaching service on Sunday and marriages and baptisms, he attended to all the other work of the station in Mr. Cowan's absence—no light task, I assure you. As Mr. Anderson had to preach at Rose Hill every Sabbath, the other ministers took turns in preaching at Carron Hall.

The school was large at that time, and both Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were engaged in teaching every school-day. I wish I could take you back with me into that school for one day, and show you the eager, happy faces of the children, and the loving, cheerful, hope-inspiring faces of the teachers.

We were all in our places at 9 A.M. The school commenced with singing a hymn or psalm and with prayer. Then came our Bible lesson—to me always the best lesson of the day, though I loved the others also. The whole class stood up while we read, verse about, the lesson which we had studied beforehand. Then our Bibles were closed, and we had to answer questions on the lesson, and Mr. Anderson explained it to us. While this lesson was in progress, the rest of the scholars kept very quiet, either getting up their lessons or listening to our lesson. After this lesson we had recess for a few minutes. Then Mrs. Anderson came in, and both she and Mr. Anderson went on teaching the other classes, while we of the Bible class went on with our sums in arithmetic. And so the teaching went on till noon, every child in school receiving due attention, and every one knowing

that they were loved and cared for. In the afternoon we had geography and grammar, writing, spelling, etc., also reading in our school text-books. Friday was our day for letter-writing and other compositions.

Mrs. Anderson also taught the girls to sew and make their own clothes. We had an hour for sewing every afternoon, and very often Mrs. A. had the girls bring their work and finish it at her house on Saturday afternoon, while she showed them how. It has always been a mystery to me how Mrs. A. and a good many other ladies in the Mission could do so much work and teaching at the same time.

Besides his teaching at Carron Hall and preaching at Rose Hill, Mr. A. had to attend to all the week-day meetings at Carron Hall — the prayer meeting, the two catechumen classes—one for old and the other for young people; and also to visit the sick and the dying, who were never neglected. He had charge also of seeing to the collecting the subscriptions for the various funds for church matters. Of course there were elders, etc., to help, but he had to see that everything was done in time and in order.

The people agreed to keep the pastures clean from bushes, which grew very fast and needed cutting very often. He had to see that that was done. I remember a little incident in connection with pasture cleaning. It was getting near the time when "Minister" and Mrs. Cowan were expected home, and the people had been rather backward in paying up their subscriptions. Mr. Anderson had tried hard to have them do their duty, and at the same time had endeavoured to excuse them to Mr. Cowan as best he could; but the pastures were nearly all grown over with guava bushes and other brush. Now, the wood of the guava is very hard and tough, and I suppose they dreaded the job, so kept putting it off. But one day Mr. Anderson called a meeting and asked what he should write to their minister about it. He said: "I have made all the excuses about the money I can. I wrote 'Minister' that the times were hard and the prices for yams and plantains very small, so you had not much *money* to give. But what shall I say about clearing the pasture?

Shall I write that your *cutlasses* are all lost, or that your right arms are all broken?" Next day there was a big turnout of men, women, and some children, all ready to work, some at cutting bush, others at bringing water from the spring to the thirsty workers. About 3 P.M. they had one pasture cleared—that is, the bushes were all cut and on the ground; but there was still another pasture (about ten or twelve acres) covered very thickly with large guava bushes. The men were hot and tired, for it is hard work "billing bush," and they concluded that they would not begin on that pasture till some other day, when, to their surprise, they saw the bushes begin to tumble over as of their own accord. On looking nearer, they saw all the women (who had also been working all day), led by a little girl,[1] hacking away with their cutlasses with all their might, and bringing down the guava bushes at a great rate. In less than five minutes every man of them had forgotten his tiredness and was in line with the women. Before six o'clock every bush in that pasture was down except a few old guava trees left for the fruit. Next day they gathered the bushes in heaps to be burnt. Then they had their names written in the book kept for that purpose. Mr. Anderson praised the work very much, and congratulated them on having finished it so quickly. When Mr. Cowan came soon after, they were very happy to see that he was well pleased with them and their work.

When Mr. and Mrs. Cowan went home, they took three of their children with them, namely, the two eldest and the baby, and they left three at Carron Hall with their faithful nurse and *friend*, Miss Walker, who had taken care of all the children, and loved them very much. She was very good and kind to the children, and they loved her also. No one was like "Nana" (that was their pet name for nurse). While nurse had charge of the children, she knew full well that Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were ever ready to help her when she needed it. It was arranged before Mr. and Mrs. C. left that the two families were to unite in family worship both night and morning. Mr. Anderson and household always went to Mr. Cowan's

[1] Was this little girl Miss Mary Stuart herself?

house and had evening worship with the family, and the nurse and the children went over to Mr. A.'s house in the morning. It was very beautiful to see the three little girls go up to Mr. Anderson with such loving confidence to repeat their verse or say their Catechism in the morning. They always went up first, and always knew their lessons. Their nurse saw to that. How she did love those dear children! and so did Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. Their parents found them well and happy when they returned.

On the 3rd of September 1843 my father died, leaving my mother a widow among strangers (for we had been there only two months), with five fatherless little girls. It was in our time of deep affliction that my dear father Anderson came to our rescue. Father was sick only one short week, and we never thought of his leaving us so soon. Mr. Anderson was very kind to us. He visited my father as often as he could, praying with him, and comforting mother and us as best he could. The last night father was alive he stayed with us till near midnight, expecting every moment to be the last. Then he went home to get some rest, and came again in the morning. Father went home in the morning, leaving us, as he said himself with his last breath, to a good God. We will always remember the tender kindness of Mrs. and Mr. A. at that time. He took charge of everything, and helped mother in many ways. After father's death we joined the morning and evening devotions in Mr. Anderson's house, and derived very much comfort as well as instruction from them.

1844.—In Feb. 1844, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Goldie were licensed to preach by the Jamaica Missionary Presbytery, having completed their theological studies under the Rev. Wm. Jameson of Goshen. Mr. Goldie gives the following account of their "Hall" studies. He says:—

Mr. Jameson was well qualified for superintending their studies, as he had himself enjoyed the opportunity of receiving a thorough education, and had evidently well improved it. At the time of the vacation of our schools we went up for a month to Goshen, and were domiciled with

him. While he and we did our best to improve our short session, the studies to which we chiefly gave our attention were New Testament Greek, Hebrew, and Divinity. In this last he did not prepare any lectures, so as to give a system of his own, but adopted Dr. Dick's work as a text-book, and taught by examination. I do not recollect that there were ever more than six in the class, so that he was able to give all necessary attention to each of his students; and he and we had full opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other, and with the subjects to which our attention was directed. Some of the parts of Horne's *Introduction* were also regularly brought under review; and short essays and discourses were prepared on topics and texts named by Mr. Jameson. He was in the custom also of giving to each of us a somewhat extensive subject, on which an essay was to be prepared and brought up next year.

Mr. Anderson describes how a day during the Hall season was passed:—

We meet at 6 A.M. to read Greek, and dismiss at half-past 8. Then we have worship and breakfast. We meet again at 10, read Hebrew, are examined on a portion of Dick's *Lectures*, and one of us reads an essay. This occupies till 3 P.M. We then dismiss for dinner, and have the afternoon for study. At both meetings we receive a great deal of instruction from Mr. Jameson.[1]

That Messrs. Goldie and Anderson profited from their studies under that able, devoted, and saintly missionary, their subsequent careers amply testified.

On 5th April 1844, Mr. Anderson was unanimously "called" by the Rose Hill congregation to be their minister. In a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Clohan, of date Saturday, 6th April, he announces the fact:—

Mr. Simpson and Mr. Jameson were both there. Mr. Simpson preached from Ps. ii. 6, and moderated the call.

[1] *Jameson's Memoir*, pp. 157–158.

I was unanimously chosen. The meeting was a fine, very fine one. In the evening the Presbyterial Committee appointed me subjects of trial for ordination. I will not deliver these trials till the beginning of the year (1845). My dear friends, I am not *proud* of having got a *call*. I am rather ready to shrink from the responsibilities and obligations of the sacred office of the ministry in a land like this.

In a letter to the Rev. And. Elliot, of date 20th August, 1844, Mr. Anderson refers to his call and his attachment to Rose Hill in these terms:—

You will have already heard of my being licensed as a preacher, and of my subsequent call to Rose Hill. From the connection which has so long existed between Rose Hill and me, nothing but the strongest conviction of duty could lead me to go anywhere else. I do feel, however, that there are more necessitous districts in Jamaica, and places where a much larger congregation could be gathered in a short time, so that I resolve in this matter what I resolved many years ago, just to follow where Providence leads.

When I began to go to Rose Hill, in Feb. 1840, my congregation numbered, I think, from 70 to 90. Of these, however, a number were connected with other churches, and came merely for a week or two to hear the new teacher. I formed my first class of catechumens in May 1840. Twelve individuals joined on that day. Just now there are 70 communicants and nearly 60 catechumens, and the congregation generally numbers, I think, about 180. We (Presbyterians) have a name among the people for being very strict, and this prevents many from casting in their lot with us. I do not suppose that we are stricter than the Bible warrants. Purity of communion is surely enforced in its sacred pages. But many people—and not those in Jamaica alone—seem to be determined to get to heaven as easily as possible. The inquiry seems to be—not, "How shall I get *safely* to glory?" but, "How shall I *most easily* attain it?"

In an earlier portion of the same letter Mr. Anderson says:—

During last year and what part of this year is gone, I have examined upwards of 100 candidates for the Lord's table. Whenever I meet with a timid young man or woman, I am reminded of my own timidity eleven years ago. The people have an opinion that we Presbyterians are too strict. That is my character in Rose Hill quarter. It frightens many away; but I can't help that. Strict I am determined to be. I do not so much wish for a numerous church as a *holy* church. For this I labour in visiting, catechising, teaching, praying, study, and preaching. May I have grace given me to be faithful!

He mentions the subjects of his "Trials" for ordination, which it may be interesting to note:—

My Ordination Trials (to be delivered in Feb. 1845) are: 1. Latin—Cæsar and Virgil; 2. Greek—New Testament, *ad aper. lib.*; 3. Hebrew—Genesis; 4. Crit. Exercise——Heb. vi. 4–6; 5. Lecture—Heb. iv. 11–13; 6. Sermon—1 John v. 4, last clause; 7. Church History—From Reformation till the present time; 8. Theology in all its departments.

These, in addition to his absorbing and exhausting work as teacher and preacher, were sufficiently manifold "trials" to undergo for ordination in a mission field like Jamaica. "Theology in all its branches" seems rather formidable in its present-day aspect; but the term as used by Mr. Anderson must be understood in the sense of Professor Dick's four volumes of *Lectures on Theology*, which, however, deserve to be spoken of with respect as representing the best theological thought in Scotland at the time of their publication in 1834. In this connection it may be worthy of note that Dr. Dick, in a sermon on the qualifications and the call of missionaries, preached in 1801 before the Edinburgh Missionary Society, animadverted upon some existing faults, and maintained various positions respect-

ing church order, with a view to check whatever tendency might exist to the error of committing the office of the holy ministry to unqualified aspirants, and the exercise of its duties by persons not clothed with the office.[1] It cannot be said that the Jamaica Missionary Presbytery leaned to laxity in this matter, but, on the other hand, endeavoured to give the best theological and classical training to the teachers and catechists who aspired to the ministry in the mission field, and who by their character and labours proved themselves worthy of being advanced to the higher office.

In the letter of 6th April to the Clohans there is reference to the death of his aunt, Mrs. Potts, and also of a daughter of the Clohans, who had been named after Mrs. Anderson. He writes:—

MY EVER DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—On Monday morning I received a letter from Mr. Chisholm, Dalkeith, announcing the death of good old *auntie*. The news filled me with deep sorrow. Yesterday morning (Good Friday—an idle day with us, and we frequently improve it by holding public meetings, etc.) when I reached Rose Hill Church your letter was awaiting me. It had been delayed by being mis-sent to a neighbouring post-office, else I would have got it on Monday, and would have sent a letter by the packet which sails to-day. When I saw your letter, with its black seal, I thought that it must be a bearer of the same melancholy tidings which I had already received. But lo! it was like one of Job's messengers—its intelligence was heavier than that of its predecessor. I hardly believed my eyes when I read of your little Louisa being no more. *My* Louisa was with me. I handed your note to her, and again her heart also was filled with sorrow. We have frequently expressed a hope that we might see you and all your little ones even in this world, and, in this case, we intended to lay claim

[1] Memoir prefixed to vol. i. of Dick's *Lectures*, p. xxiv.

to *your* Louisa on account of the name she bore. But ah! her lock of lovely hair—a thousand thanks to you for sending it—is all that we shall ever see of her in this world. He who had a higher claim to her than we had—who had a higher claim to her than you yourselves had—He has seen it right to take her away, and what can *we* say?—what can *you* say in regard to the dispensation save this: "Good is the will of the Lord. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be His name"?

But my heart bleeds for you, my brother, and especially for you, my sister—my sister! At thought of you, dear sister, my mind goes back to Ford—back to Gorebridge to our beloved father's dwelling. We were children together around one parent knee. He has long gone. Our good aunt—for on looking back on our connection with her, I daresay you as well as I see that she was good to us, nothing but good—she too has entered her rest. You must have felt her death to be a heavy trial, coming, as the stroke did, unexpectedly, and while you were watching with a mother's anxiety by the couch of your dying child. God has made "breach upon breach." In (nearly) one day have we been deprived of two of our very few relations. But He had a full right to take them, and He has a full right to take us when it pleases Him.

I employed the former part of this day in preparing a funeral sermon for aunt and Louisa, on 1 Cor. xv. 26, the correct reading of which seems to be, "Death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed."

Six weeks to-morrow since our aunt died. At the very time she was dying I was preaching here from Mark xv. 31: "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." . . .

I trust and pray that God will sanctify to you the afflictive dispensations of His providence. Parents' hearts are in danger of being too much set on their children. You perhaps remember, sister, of our aunt telling us once what our father said when our little sister Elizabeth died: he said that he saw that God would allow no idols to remain in his house. And thus God often deals with His people—He takes away their idols that they may love Him with their whole heart. Oh yes, brother and sister, give God your whole heart, and let no idol usurp His

throne. While you mourn as parents, endure as Christians; show to the world around you that you have meat to eat of which it knows nothing, that you have consolations of which it is ignorant. I think you ought both to regard it as a high honour that you have a child in heaven. . . .

In his letter to Mr. Elliot of 20th August, Mr. Anderson refers to his aunt's death, and thanks Mr. Elliot for having taken his place at the funeral:—

I felt gratified indeed to hear that you laid her head in its last resting-place. It almost reconciles one to the thought of death, and of *dying* too, to reflect that we are going home to many of our kindred and to many of our early friends. When I came to Jamaica I never expected to live five years, but lo! here I am still, while Scottish friends have passed away.

CHAPTER VI

Pastor at Rose Hill, 1845

THE year 1845 witnessed Mr. Anderson's ordination to the office of the ministry, and his and Mrs. Anderson's removal from Carron Hall to Rose Hill.

Before Mr. Anderson's ordination at Rose Hill took place, an examination of Carron Hall school was held, and the following report[1] was drawn up and published in the *Jamaica Guardian* newspaper. It speaks of Mr. Anderson as "the able and indefatigable teacher," and says:—

It is pleasing to record, at the expiry of his labours as a teacher, the highly satisfactory manner in which he has acquitted himself in that capacity. This appeared from the complete state of discipline to which he has brought the school under his charge, the workmanlike style in which the business of the school was carried on, and the consequent proficiency of the scholars in the different branches taught, namely, reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, and geography.

The earnestness of the scholars in the business of the school, and their eagerness to perform the tasks assigned them, were very apparent, and formed a pleasing counterpart to the animation and enthusiasm of their teacher, reminding us of the proceedings of such a day in some well-conducted school in a more favoured land.[2] . . .

Mr. Cowan, in a letter[3] dated 1st Aug., added his

[1] *Scottish Missionary Register*, Nov. 1845, pp. 162–3.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 162.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 162.

testimony to Mr. Anderson's "valuable and successful labours":—

If the Directors had been present, they would have been greatly delighted and encouraged, and would have felt that even now they had a joyful recompense for the many hours they have spent in attending to the interests of the Mission here. The regular scholars present were 134. All the classes acquitted themselves exceedingly well. The most striking feature in the school was the *intellectual* progress of the children. They are not only acquainted with the facts mentioned in the Bible, but Mr. Anderson had instructed them in several important points in Biblical literature, in which chronology and some knowledge of astronomy are necessary, and they understood them perfectly.

Mr. Anderson, in a letter[1] dated Aug. 2nd, gives his retrospect of and farewell to the work in Carron Hall school:—

Since the beinning of the year the average attendance has been from 90 to 100. Latterly it has been greater. The District Committee of Presbytery examined the school on the 3rd ult. The progress of the scholars was considered satisfactory. A feeling of sadness comes over me when I reflect that my busy and happy days in Carron Hall school are now numbered with the past. It adds to my regret that I know of no one to supply my place. In coming to this place, and in leaving it, I have just followed the leadings of Providence; and with respect to the school, while my heart aches at the thought of leaving it shepherdless, yet I feel satisfied that it is God who is sending me to Rose Hill, and I have confidence that "the Lord will provide" for carrying on His work at Carron Hall school. Mr. Cowan has so much other work on hand that it would be impossible for him to teach constantly. May the Great Shepherd send him speedy aid, and sanctify to him the present trial of his faith! Since I came here in January 1840, five and a half years

[1] *Scottish Missionary Register*, Nov. 1845, p. 163.

ago, there have been at school, in all, 480 children. Of these, eleven are now married, and six are dead. Farewell, my beloved scholars (as such) at Carron Hall! We shall meet again, when the toils of life are over. Oh, may it be with joy! I humbly trust that "the day will declare" that my efforts for your present and eternal well-being have not been in vain.

In a letter[1] to Dr. Wm. Brown, dated Aug. 2nd, and in letters to Mr. Elliot and to the Clohans, dated Oct. 3rd, Mr. Anderson refers to the ordination and induction services. As the letters supplement one another, they will be pieced together:—

I was ordained pastor of the congregation of Rose Hill, by the Jamaica Missionary Presbytery, on Friday, 11th July. Mr. Hogg delivered a sweet discourse from the text, "I have fought a good fight," etc. On the following Sabbath, Mr. Jameson, our theological tutor, introduced[2] me to my charge. He preached an excellent and suitable discourse from Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. In the afternoon I began my ministry by preaching from the very solemn question, 2 Cor. ii. 16: "Who is sufficient for these things?" I felt completely overpowered by a sense of my utter insufficiency to discharge the duties, overcome the difficulties, and meet the responsibilities connected with the ministerial office. When I had closed, Mr. Jameson took the pulpit, and answered the question of my text, by giving some affectionate and encouraging exhortations both to the congregation and myself from chap. xii. 9: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Mr. Cowan, in a letter dated Aug. 1st, says:—

Mr. Anderson was ordained as the minister of the Rose Hill church on the 11th of July, and he intends to leave this place in the beginning of next week. His

[1] *Scottish Missionary Register*, Nov. 1845, p. 163.

[2] In the private letters it is written thus, "*introduced* (!)," the idea of introduction to the congregation he had gathered together amusing him.

ordination among this people, and his introduction to them on the following Sabbath, were occasions of deep and solemn interest—delightful to us all; and the prospects of the church there, from their having so faithful and zealous a minister placed among them, are very cheering and encouraging. *All* good must come from the one great Shepherd, but much depends on those who are shepherds under Him. Mr. Blyth, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Jameson, Mr. Aird, Mr. Hogg, and Mr. Beardslie, one of our American brethren, were present and took part in the ordination.

The day following Mr. Anderson's ordination, the new church at Carron Hall was dedicated, so that it was a season of rejoicing at Carron Hall as well as at Rose Hill.

The first celebration of the 1st of August at Rose Hill under Mr. Anderson's ministry was a memorable one to the congregation. Mr. Anderson wrote:—

After service, we held a congregational meeting, James Nayler, Esq. (a communicant) in the chair, at which I presented to the congregation a very handsome gift, sent to them by the scholars attending the United Secession and Relief Church Sabbath schools in Dalkeith and Ford. The present consisted of a complete Communion service—two bread platters, two flagons, four cups, and 200 tokens—and a very beautiful baptismal font. The congregation were delighted with the present.[1] In presenting the gift, the remembrance of other days, and other scenes, and other countenances than those before me, was too vivid to allow me to say much. Our chairman said that he felt so happy that he could not get a word to say. Many, many,

[1] In his letter of Oct. 3rd to Mr. Elliot, Mr. Anderson says: "I cannot tell you how much we are obliged to the Sabbath scholars for their present of a Communion service. I trust they have got Mr. Nayler's letter of acknowledgment. I wondered why the people seemed so *dumfoundered* at the sight of the gift on Aug. 1st. The reason, I lately discovered, was that they all imagined the whole service—cups, flagons, plates, and baptismal font—to be *solid silver*! Now they have been told that they are not, they consider them quite as good as if they were silver."

many thanks were given to the youthful donors for their valuable, beautiful, and suitable gift; and many a blessing was craved (what though in *bad English* when in *good Christian* language?) from heaven on their behalf. The chairman was requested to write a letter to my beloved young friends in Dalkeith and Ford, which he engaged to do. The usual congregation is about 200.

On Monday, Aug. 4th, Mr. Anderson to Dr. Wm. Brown wrote:—

We removed from Carron Hall to Rose Hill. The people here were exceedingly kind. Upwards of sixty of them were at Carron Hall at an early hour, several of them with mules and asses, to carry over our furniture, books, etc., all of which got a safe and speedy transport to Rose Hill. Nothing was broken, injured, or missing. The people all seemed grateful for the prospect of the stated supply of the gospel and its ordinances, and for the provision made by God for the instruction of their children.[1]

With reference to the school at Rose Hill, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

I cannot say much just now about the school. Miss Northover left it at the end of the year. Since that time the children have been under the care of one of my oldest Carron Hall scholars. The parents were justly afraid that if their children were allowed to run wild till such time as I could come to them, they would forget what they had already learned. With my concurrence, they entered into an arrangement with the young man referred to. He was not recognised as a teacher; and what was expected chiefly of him was that he would keep the children in remembrance of what they had been taught. He has done more than this. From 50 to 60 have attended him.

At a later date, Jan. 2nd, 1846, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

[1] *Scottish Missionary Register*, Oct. 1846.

Mrs. A. and I began school on Monday, Aug. 11th. I believe that she was the first teacher at this place. While teacher at Carron Hall, she kept school here for a time on Friday and Saturday. Since August we have had at school 56 boys and 45 girls—in all, 101. Rose Hill estate being a coffee property, and the latter months of the year being the season of coffee crop, many of the oldest scholars have frequently had to exchange the school for the field. Most of those who have been reading in the Bible were taught by Miss Northover, and it is but justice to her to say that she has taught them well. Some of her oldest scholars have left school, so that we do not see all the good effects of her labours here.

Present State of Rose Hill Congregation.

In full communion . . .	92
Under suspension . . .	2
Catechumens	44
Total adults .	138
Baptized children . . .	100
	238

Two ordained elders, two assistant elders, eight managers, and four prayer meetings.

This was the condition of the congregation when, on the first Sabbath of September, Mr. Anderson dispensed the sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the first time. In his letters to the Clohans and to Mr. Elliot he referred to the interesting occasion:—

Mr. Beardslie, a sterling man of God, a Congregationalist from America, preached a preparatory discourse on the Friday evening. Mr. Cowan and I being teachers during the week, made the Saturday a *Sabbath*—a day of rest and of preparation for the morrow. Mr C. preached the (action ?) sermon, and delivered the closing address in the evening; I dispensed the ordinance and delivered the Communion addresses. I addressed from words which

formed the basis of one of your [Mr. Elliot's] table services some ten years ago—"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

To the Clohans he said:—

It was a delightful day to me, and I trust to many. We had a delightful season of holy fellowship with one another, and also, I trust, with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ.

To Mr. Elliot he continued as follows:—

On the day of the Lord's Supper I had the pleasure of admitting fourteen individuals to the fellowship of the Church. We prefer admitting members before the whole congregation to the practice which prevails at home, of making admissions in presence of the elders and a few who may happen to stay. We do so—at least, *I* do so—for the following reasons:—1. It is, I conceive, one of the most solemn and interesting parts of a minister's work to admit, as representative of church or session, those who were lately servants of Satan, into the outward fellowship and to the privileges of friends of Jesus and children of God. 2. A public admission is more likely to have a solemnising effect on the candidate's mind than a comparatively private one. 3. The congregation have the best possible opportunity of seeing who are received as communicants. 4. The admission of new members furnishes a first-rate opportunity for throwing in counsels, cautions, reproofs, etc., to old members, stating the duties and privileges of church members; and (what is much required here) an exhibition of the scriptural grounds and practical working of our form of church government, etc. etc.

Mr. Anderson's visitation of the people in his neighbourhood brought him into contact with those belonging to other denominations, in which laxer ideas regarding church membership and discipline and the dispensing of ordinances prevailed. The need for the

strictness of the Presbyterian missionaries generally, and of Mr. Anderson in his own district especially, is sufficiently proved by the facts stated in his letter to Mr. Elliot:—

I have visited the most of the people in the neighbourhood, including Church of England people and Native Baptists, of whom we have great abundance. All the careless people in the neighbourhood plead that they belong to the Church of England. This is the sum-total of the religion of many around me: they were confirmed by the Bishop; they go now and then to the parish church; when they have children (no matter whether they be married or unmarried), "parson christen dem"; they take the sacrament once or twice a year; and they bow and curtsey when they hear pronounced the word *Jesus*. On such a flimsy foundation as this are hundreds and thousands in Jamaica building their hopes for eternity.

Here I may mention a difficulty which has sometimes occurred to my mind. The great majority—perhaps nine-tenths of the present population of Jamaica—were born while their parents were living in fornication; but all have been *christened*, as they call it—*i.e.* the priest came occasionally to the buckra's (overseer's) house, when all the unbaptized were assembled on the barbeques, or, in some cases, in the house, and, without further ceremony, the water was sprinkled upon them, sometimes individually at 2s. 6d. a head for blacks, and at 3s. or 4s. for free people's children, and sometimes collectively, parson pronouncing the words of institution.

Would you count this baptism? I have difficulties on the subject. When parties were married and made some profession of religion, I feel satisfied as to the validity of the ordinance; but where no profession of religion was made at all, and where parents were living in open transgression, I question very much if the application of water, even by an episcopally ordained functionary, and though professedly done in the name of the Sacred Three-One, ought to be regarded as Christian baptism. I shall be glad of your advice on this point. Had you still occupied the editorial throne, I should have requested you to draw attention to the subject in the *Secession Magazine*. Per-

haps you can direct me to some book where some similar point is discussed.

Perhaps you may see something occasionally about the Native Baptists of this island. There are three—indeed four—of their churches in my immediate neighbourhood. Who are their ministers? Leaders who have quarrelled with their ministers, and gone off with a number of adherents, and who have, without education or training, or examination or ordination of any kind (except, in days of slavery, *license* from a magistrate), taken upon them to preach and dispense the ordinances of religion. They cannot teach the people, yet it is amazing how they blindfold them and retain them under their influence. Two young men, once scholars at this school, now members of neighbouring Native Baptist churches, have within these few days declared to me that they learn nothing at their churches—that any little knowledge of religion which they have was received by them in Rose Hill church and at Rose Hill school. I have occasionally put a few questions to *communicants* of both the Established and the Native Baptist churches, and I must say that, with the exception of those who have been more or less under Presbyterian instruction, the great mass of the people around me are utterly ignorant of the very first principles of Christian knowledge. I have a great work to do here, and the work is just so much the more difficult that the mass of the people are nominally Church members. I have been repeatedly assured that if I would only be somewhat less strict, I would soon have an immense congregation. Of that I am quite certain; but God forbid that, in order to gain popularity, an immense congregation, and perhaps an immense income to boot, I should ever lower by a single hair's breadth the standard of intelligence and purity to which we have already attained.

With reference to the same subject, Mr. Anderson wrote to Dr. Wm. Brown on Jan. 2nd, 1846:—

Rose Hill, you are already aware, is in the parish of Metcalfe—so called in honour of our last Governor—in the county of Surrey. It is the only station connected

with the Scottish Missionary Society, or with the Jamaica Presbytery, in the county. It is well surrounded by churches, or houses and companies of people called churches. Within a range of seven miles there are no fewer than twelve churches, not including Cedar Valley station, which is at present in connection with Rose Hill. But, alas! with all its churches, I cannot imagine that there is in the island any district where pure gospel doctrine and pure gospel church discipline are more needed than in this. Many of the so-called *churches* in Jamaica do no good—they do much harm. A very small amount of religious attainment amply satisfies the slothful carnal mind; and it is a task of immense difficulty to get the grossly ignorant to become learners, and the irreligious to repent and change their mode of life, when they call themselves *members* of a church. We have got some most *accommodating* churches—*churches* which, if not at this moment, yet the other day, would give baptism to an adult for a good dram and half a dollar; *churches* which, at this hour, administer the ordinance of baptism to the children of parents not only grossly ignorant, but living in open fornication; *churches* which sell the Lord's Supper for a shilling a head! It is, I should think, less difficult to bring the truths of the gospel to bear on the minds of downright heathens than to obtain an entrance for it into the minds of those who have embraced a mere perversion of Christianity—who, being partakers of the external symbols of Christianity, and apparently resting on these for salvation, have it in their power to say in reply to faithful warning and exhortation, "I am a member of —— church." . . . Of the twelve churches referred to as being within seven miles of Rose Hill, nine may be struck off the list as being lamentably defective either in affording instruction or in administering discipline, or in both. The other three stations referred to are—Carron Hall, seven miles N.W.; Elliot, six miles N.E.; Brainerd, six or seven miles S.E.; and I may perhaps add Cedar Valley, six miles S.W.

In regard to his own and Mrs. Anderson's labours he wrote:—

My partner and I have abundance of labour here. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, we have a school of about ninety children. Wednesday evening I go to any neighbouring settlement and preach or catechise. Friday forenoon I visit. On Friday afternoon we have an adult school and singing meeting. On Saturday A.M. I prepare for Sabbath. Saturday P.M. I meet candidates for Communion. Saturday evening and Sabbath morning I prepare for public worship.

To his sister he wrote: "I have not much time, you perceive, for writing discourses;" and, continuing on a Saturday evening, after the labours of the day were over, he described what the "anxious toil" of the following day would be:—

To-morrow is to you a day of rest—to your distant brother it is a day of anxious toil. I rise at six, run over my discourses in church; family worship and breakfast from half-past eight to a quarter past nine. At ten Mrs. A. has Sabbath school in church of about seventy children, and I have an advanced class in the house. From eleven till half-past twelve public worship. From one till about three public worship, and after this a Sabbath school of the whole congregation. By this time I am sufficiently tired, though sometimes able to preach an evening sermon at any neighbouring place. The mere labour I do not feel oppressive, but the thought that my message is to every hearer either "a savour of life unto life, or a savour of death unto death," is a source of anxiety which I cannot describe. Another source of uneasiness is, that when I begin to catechise the sons and daughters of Africa on the message which they have heard, I often find that they have not understood "massa's buckra" at all.

With reference to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson's life and work at Rose Hill, Miss Mary Stuart says:—

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were very much beloved by the people; and they loved their people, and gave themselves wholly to them and to Christ's work among them.

Soon after they were settled at Rose Hill I was taken into the family as a daughter, and became Mr. Anderson's assistant in school,[1] for Mr. Anderson continued to teach school as long as he remained there. Mrs. Anderson had a great many duties to attend to. She had several girls in training in the house, but always assisted with the sewing in school, and took Mr. Anderson's place in school whenever he was called away by other duties. Besides, she had all the cares and the many, many things a missionary's wife has to do. One who has not been in the mission field and seen for oneself can scarcely conceive of it. How they ever did so much was always a mystery to me.

Besides the school teaching and all the other meetings, at all of which there was *teaching*, there were several advanced scholars who had left school to work, but who came to Mr. Anderson once or twice a week to recite their lessons in preparation for the Academy.[2] Mrs. Anderson assisted him in all these duties. In addition, she had meetings with the women and girls, assisting them and teaching them.

There were many calls on their hospitality. Travellers stopped for a night's rest and refreshment. Sometimes they entertained "angels unawares." A missionary from India stayed two days with us, and gave us a glimpse of the work in India. Those were busy, happy days at Rose Hill, but they passed all too quickly.

In 1845, Mr. and Mrs. Clohan were evidently thinking of emigrating to America, which they afterwards did; for in a letter to them, of date Oct. 3rd, Mr. Anderson asked:—

What of Maryland? I cannot engage to go there, even were you there, lest I should be lynched; but you could come to Jamaica and return for about £10 sterling.

[1] In 1851 Miss Mary Stuart was placed in charge of the school at Friendship.

[2] The Montego Bay Academy.

Mr. Anderson lived to visit the United States, on more than one occasion, when all danger of lynching was over.

In the same letter Mr. Anderson referred to his first illness in Jamaica:—

I had a smart attack of fever a few weeks ago, which kept me in bed on Sabbath, and left me for two Sabbaths unable for more than half the usual amount of my labours. I must try, however, to do full duty to-morrow. Late—so, Good-night.

Monday, Oct. 5.—Got through yesterday's labours, but not without difficulty. Have a sore throat this morning. On the day I got better from my late fever, Mrs. A. was knocked down by a similar attack. She also is getting better. But we are both very feeble. I was in bed exactly eight days—lay down on Wednesday evening, 9th Sept., could not get up till the evening of Wednesday, 16th. It was the first fever worth speaking of that I have ever had, and oh, how gently did our Heavenly Father deal with me!

In reviewing a year of peculiar interest to him and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Anderson wrote to Dr. Brown, on Jan. 2nd, 1846:—

The past year has been to me one of deep interest. During its course I have been led by Providence from one field of labour, and have been introduced to another, there to discharge the high but awfully solemn duties of the gospel ministry. When my mind reverts to the past, I find much occasion for deep humility and ardent gratitude: when I contemplate the future, I feel that I ought to labour more for God—to depend more on Him—and to expect more from Him than I have ever yet done.

My labours here, since August, have been divided between the church and the school. Latterly, I have had to attend also to Cedar Valley people.

The Sabbath congregation increases slowly but steadily. There has been but one death in the congregation during the year. It was that of Mr. Greenwood, a much-respected elderly English gentleman. . . . He gave good evidence that, being justified by faith, he had obtained peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. He died on Saturday, August 9th. On the Sabbath evening I preached at his funeral (Sabbath funerals are often works of necessity in this climate) concerning the "judgment to come," to a large and attentive audience. The deceased had been admitted to full communion with the Church in the month of April. He is the first communicant belonging to Rose Hill church who has gone to give in his account, and, I hope I may add, gone to the enjoyment of heavenly bliss.

The congregation have raised during the year, including school fees, about £80 in money. For the new dwelling-house which they intend to erect they have given 320 days' labour, the value of which amounts to about £24.

Since Mr. Preston left Cedar Valley the people have been like sheep without a shepherd, sometimes going to Carron Hall, sometimes coming here, and most frequently remaining at home and attending a meeting held by the teacher. By Mr. Cowan's advice, they have connected themselves with the church here, as this is nearer to them than Carron Hall. I consider their connection with this church merely as a temporary arrangement. Whenever a catechist arrives among them—and I trust that God will soon provide one for them—they will, of course, cease to come here. The strong are well able to attend here in good weather, but it is too far for the old and the weak.

Cedar Valley people have raised during the year, £40, 10s. 10½d. There are belonging to that station—

In full communion	57
Catechumens (I suppose about) . . .	20
At school, about	60
	137

These, added to the 276 at Rose Hill, will make 413, more or less, connected at present with the church here.

Since the adhesion of Cedar Valley people (indeed, it took place only last month) the weather has been wet, and the roads very bad. For a few weeks back the Sabbath congregation has ranged between 200 and 300.

The people are not working this week, and I am embracing the opportunity of visiting all in the district, and talking with them in their own dwellings.

CHAPTER VII

Appointment to Old Calabar, 1846—Transference of the Agents of the Scottish Missionary Society to Board of Missions of United Presbyterian Church, 1847—Call to succeed late Rev. W. Jameson—Departure from Rose Hill, 1848

In a letter of date 29th January 1846, the Rev. A. Elliot refers to the new mission to Old Calabar, Western Africa, of which the Rev. Hope Masterton Waddell, of Mount Zion, Jamaica, was the pioneer:—

The African Mission is taking prodigiously. It approves itself to every friend of the gospel, and has excited the utmost enthusiasm. Who is to be sent to join Mr. Waddell? Whoever it is, let us hear by him of your doings and welfare, and of Mrs. Anderson's.

The next letter from Mr. Anderson, dated 19th November 1846, informs Mr. Elliot that the former has been appointed to join Mr. Waddell:—

About this time you will probably be hearing that I have been appointed by the Missionary Board in this island to follow Messrs. Waddell and Jameson to Africa. I feel as if you had a *right* to all the information I can give on this subject; but as I have not time to write to you at length, I take the liberty of enclosing a letter for Mr. Somerville,[1] which I beg you to forward *immediately*, that he may by all means (if requisite) write to Mr. Blyth[2] or me on the subject by the first Jamaica packet. You

[1] Rev. Andrew Somerville, Mission Secretary of the United Secession, shortly after (May 1847) the United Presbyterian Church.

[2] The Rev. George Blyth of Hampden, Jamaica.

will gather from that letter—which peruse and please seal—all that I can at present say on the subject. I wish earnestly that all uncertainty were removed from the matter, and that the Master would say speedily either "Go" or "Stay." But we must let patience have her perfect work. (The "personal objection" referred to in Mr. S.'s letter is, what you are aware of, my dental defects.) Mr. Blyth thinks that all objections will be overruled, and that no obstacle lies in the way of my going "far hence." He thinks I should leave Dr. Brown and the Scottish Missionary Society *nolens volens*. I have written him that I do not at all like the *nolens*. You may know, sooner than I perhaps, from Dr. Brown or Mr. Somerville whether the Directors have consented to my removal or not. If they have, and if intimation of it be on the way, then you may henceforth look on me as a *Ford missionary to Africa*. I am so selfish that I half regret, in the prospect of leaving Rose Hill, that I did not retain the Communion service, etc., sent me by Ford and Dalkeith Sabbath scholars, as personal property, that I might have them to take to Africa; but I feel consoled by the thought that your young people will surely renew their liberality should I require such articles in Africa.

We had, with you, I presume, our Communion Sabbath on Sabbath the 1st inst. I concluded the table services from the words—"I will not henceforth drink of the fruit of the vine," etc. I felt that it might be my last Communion Sabbath in this place. When I look forward to the dark future—to my last Sabbath among my little flock, the farewell sermon, etc. etc.—I feel oppressed. I doubt not but this note will lead you to sympathy and prayer with me in the present crisis.

Mr. Waddell has written for me to join him in Africa. I may state that Mr. Blyth's letter to me conveying notice of my nomination to Africa was a surprise to me. I had no more thought of being sent to Africa than of being sent to the moon. I never considered myself as the man for such high and important work. The treasure being in such a weak, frail earthen vessel as I, O may the excellence of the power be of God, that He may be glorified by me in life or in death, in America or Africa! . . .

We are moving on here the old way. Good school—church increasing slowly. Now 150 communicants here, and about 70 at Cedar Valley. I dispense the Communion at Cedar Valley always that day four weeks after the Communion here.

Mrs. Anderson fights nobly by my side, but is never very strong. She injured herself by over-exertion before I came here. She taught Carron Hall school on Sabbath, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and here on Friday and Saturday. This was far too much for any person to do. I know of no one who does nearly so much in Jamaica. She narrowly escaped consumption the year before I came here. If we go to Africa, we hope that the voyage will benefit us both. I felt very poorly a month or two ago, but feel quite vigorous again.

If you ascertain from Dr. Brown or Mr. Somerville that we shall not go to Africa, at least for the present, will you be kind enough to instruct James Tod to forward the articles I sent for some time ago, as speedily as possible?

I hardly expect that Mrs. Watson (of Lucea) will be alive when you receive this. How is George Hall getting on? I asked him to come out to Cedar Valley; I wish you would back me. But we don't like to let *good* members leave our congregations here—you, no doubt, feel as we do.

The Board propose to send Mr. Caldwell or Mr. Gregory here in my place.

Mr. Waddell arrived at Port Maria in the *Warree* on 24th December 1846, after his pioneer expedition to Old Calabar, and was cordially welcomed by his brother-in-law, the Rev. John Simpson, and the brethren in the north-eastern part of the island. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson would probably have accompanied Mr. Waddell on his return to Calabar, but for the circumstance mentioned in the letter quoted below. The *Warree* set sail from Lucea harbour on the 15th of March 1847, taking with her, i

addition to Mr. Waddell, the Rev. Hugh Goldie, who, after six years' labours as a teacher and catechist at Stirling and Negril, had been ordained for the African Mission by the Falmouth Presbytery on July 17, 1846, and Mrs. Goldie, Mr. H. B. and Mrs. Newhall, Mr. Henry Hamilton, a brown man, mission carpenter, and Mary Brown, who afterwards became his wife—parents of the Rev. H. Hope Hamilton, Jamaica—and Samuel Duncan and his wife, and Sarah Brown, a black girl, and two assistant carpenters.

Mr. Anderson writes to Mr. Chisholm, Dalkeith, under date 4th Oct. 1847:—

I do not know what to say about my going to Africa. I referred it to the Committees at home to decide on the matter. You are aware that in the end the Directors of the Scottish Missionary Society agreed to transfer me to the (Secession) Synod's Board of Missions. Intelligence of this reached Jamaica only a day or two before the *Warree* sailed for Africa. I wrote Mr. Somerville afterwards on the subject, expressing my willingness to go to Africa or wherever the hand of Providence may lead me. He replied, giving me to understand that the Synod's Committee look on me as their pledged agent for Africa,—that they regard favourably my request to be sent to Africa *via Scotland*, if at all,—but that they do not judge it advisable to order me home immediately, till they hear from Africa, and be able to send a reinforcement to Jamaica. Thus the matter stands. I know not the day or the hour when I may be called on to leave this sphere and proceed to the distant land.

One thing I may say about the matter. It is this. My consenting to go to Africa at all has been purely out of deference to the opinions of others and the will of Providence as indicated by those opinions. I know that some who have gone to Africa have felt as if their day of usefulness in this land were over, and that others would carry on their work here better. Now, my feeling is that

I am just in my proper sphere—that I cannot be more useful anywhere than where I am at present. However, I shall consider the will of the Church as an indication of the will of the Master; and if the Committee here and the Committee at home persist in saying to me, "Thou art the man for Africa," I must, of course, submit to their decision. One thing, however, I feel that I ought not to do—leave this station till a successor be on the spot. Were I to consult my own wishes and feelings, and, I believe, those of all this neighbourhood, the conclusion would be—"*Here* let me live, labour, die, and be buried." But I trust I have learned to say from the heart, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

The origin of the movement that led to the formation of a Synod of the Presbyterian Mission Churches in Jamaica is described in this letter:[1]—

At a late meeting of the Eastern District Committee of Presbytery (consisting of Messrs. Cowan, Simpson, Campbell, and Anderson), it was agreed to overture the Presbytery at its meeting in January to form itself into a Synod, and to give the four District Committees Presbyterial powers—*i.e.* to constitute them Presbyteries. It is impossible for all the ministers to attend each meeting of Presbytery at present. Presbytery generally meets at Montego Bay. I am the farthest from that town, and to go there costs me about £2 sterling, and to return, as much, besides being completely knocked up for a week after I get home. In the event of the division of Presbytery, we propose that Synod shall meet annually at Falmouth or Montego Bay one year, in Kingston or Spanish Town the next, etc. This would require from none of the brethren more than one long journey in two years.

We of the Eastern Committee have been very anxious to commence a station in Kingston. The United Presbyterian Church has no station in any of the principal sea-

[1] In January 1848 it was agreed to form the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Jamaica, and the first meeting was held at Falmouth on 9th January 1848.—See M'Kerrow's *Foreign Missions*, p. 321.

port towns of Jamaica. These are Kingston, Montego Bay, and Falmouth. At the latter two places the Free Church has stations. While we were planning about commencing operations in Kingston, Mr. Goldie of the Scottish Establishment there died. The session applied to one of the Presbytery's preachers, Mr. Callender, to supply their church with sermon. A *pro re nata* meeting of Presbytery was held at Montego Bay, at which Mr. Callender was ordained. He immediately proceeded to Kingston, and is now labouring there with much acceptance. We have thus been enabled to begin work in that city in a very providential way. Kingston Kirk is, I believe, or was, under the Established Presbytery of Edinburgh. Should said Presbytery send out another minister, I believe there will be a split in the congregation. Ninety-nine-hundredths of the people will follow Mr. Callender. Should no minister be sent out, the Kingston congregation will quietly put themselves under our Presbytery. There is abundant room for other three or four ministers in Kingston.[1]

I am one of a Committee to meet with the American Congregational brethren on this day week to have a conference with a view to their union with the Presbytery. They are five in number, and are of the excellent ones of the earth. Their accession would make a strong Eastern Presbytery. . . . Perhaps you have heard from Mr. Jas. Tod that our beloved sister, Mrs. Beardslie (of the American Mission), left this world for a better at the beginning of August. Since that time her husband's health has been rather delicate. He spent last Friday with us here. He is now superintendent of the Mico Institution, Kingston. It is a sort of Normal Seminary. . . .

I would not grudge 1s. 6d. postage for *The Lambs of the Flock*, by Mr. Brown. I have been much helped by his *Dwellings of Jacob*, a copy of which Mr. Tod sent to Mrs. A. I see that Mr. Brown is one of the Mission Board.—With affectionate regards to Mrs. Chisholm and the young folks, in which Mrs. A. joins, I am, my very dear friend, ever yours, WM. ANDERSON.

[1] Cf. account in *U.P. Missionary Record*, February 1848; and M'Kerrow's *Foreign Missions*, p. 328 ff.

"After the union took place between the United Secession and the Relief Churches in May 1847, an arrangement was made," says Dr. M'Kerrow,[1] "by means of which the missionaries in Jamaica that were connected with the Scottish Missionary Society were placed under the superintendence of the Board of Missions connected with the United Presbyterian Church. This arrangement was accomplished in a most amicable manner, and gave great satisfaction to all parties concerned." Intimation of the transference of the Jamaica Mission of the Scottish Missionary Society, and of the Kaffrarian Mission of the Glasgow Missionary Society, to the care and the support of the United Presbyterian Church, was made in the *Missionary Record* for October 1847. The missionaries themselves cordially agreed to the transfer of their services to the Board of Missions of the United Presbyterian Church, and the Report of the Scottish Missionary Society for 1848 contains excerpts from letters received by the Secretary, Dr. Wm. Brown, from the missionaries. Mr. Anderson wrote as follows:—

I regret that matters have come to the present pass, in regard to the Society. The intelligence is not, however, wholly unexpected. Before I left home, it was the opinion of several of the Secession ministers with whom I conversed, that in a short time the agents in Jamaica of the Scottish Missionary Society would become the Synod's. Looking at the aspect of affairs in Scotland, contrasting things now with what they must have been when the Scottish Missionary Society was formed (1796)—considering the numerous demands made, especially in a year like the present, on the liberality of the Scottish public, and seeing how strenuously each section of the Church labours to support and extend its own particular mission or missions—however much we regret, we can

[1] *Foreign Missions*, p. 319.

hardly wonder that a catholic Society like the Scottish Missionary should be overlooked by the mass. I think the arrangement proposed, namely, that of transferring us and our stations to the Synod's Board of Missions, is the very best that could be made. In so far as I am concerned, I cordially concur in it, though I feel deeply grieved that it should be necessary. Some of my earliest recollections are interestingly associated with the Society. In the days of my boyhood it was long the only Missionary Society of which I ever heard; its monthly Registers and Quarterly Papers were the only periodicals that, so far back as I remember, ever entered my father's dwelling. But perhaps the purposes of God with the Society have been accomplished; it has finished the work for which He designed it, and He is now calling on it to leave the field to others. If such be the case, it becomes us humbly to say, "Not our will, O Father, but Thine be done." Yet, when the announcement goes forth to the public that the Scottish Missionary Society has given up its Jamaica Missions, there will be sadness in the souls of those who have been its faithful and constant supporters; and I should think, too, that there are many, many to whom the announcement will cause a pang of deep regret, because they have not done what they could for its support.

In the *Missionary Record* for August 1848 appeared the following statement regarding the choice of Mr. Anderson to supply the place of the late Rev. William Jameson at Old Calabar:—

The Rev. William Anderson, who for eight years has been labouring very assiduously and successfully at Rose Hill, was chosen by the brethren in Jamaica as one of the agents that were last year to accompany Mr. Waddell to Africa; but circumstances occurred which, to his great disappointment, prevented him from going at that time. The Mission Board, cordially approving of his appointment, intimated that they would look to him as the next brother that would be called upon, when a proper opportunity should present itself, to join the devoted band at

Old Calabar. This opportunity was afforded by the lamented death of the Rev. William Jameson (at Creek Town on Aug. 5th, 1847). The following extract from a letter of Mr. Anderson, written when he received tidings of Mr. Jameson's death, shows that he is a person of kindred spirit, and that he is well fitted to succeed that most excellent and beloved servant of God :—

"On reaching home, I found a letter lying for me from Mr. Goldie. After mentioning the sore bereavement, Mr. G. asks me, 'Are you ready to come out and fill his place? We surely cannot consent to lose the favourable footing we have gained in this land; and of all the brethren in Jamaica, I know of none who can so conveniently come as yourself.' I know that to go to Africa, and '*to fill his place*,' are very different things. But should the Mission Board wish it, I stand ready to do the one and to attempt the other. I suppose it is not needful that I say more on the subject than I have said to you in my former letters. I look on myself as not my own, as the property of God, and, in some respects, of the Church; and my wish is just to be what and to be where He wills. I regard the decision of such a body of men as your Mission Board as a broad intimation of what He would have me to do. To the difficulties and the dangers connected with the mission to Old Calabar I cannot shut my eyes; but if the Board wish another agent from Jamaica to proceed thither, 'here am I, send me.' In view of toil, dangers, difficulties, disease, and early death, I think I can say, 'None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.'"

These are the words of a man who lived, as the subsequent extract proves, in the affections of his flock, and who occupied a station, in reference to which he says in the same letter, "for the encouragement of anyone, either in Scotland or in Jamaica, who may *at any time* wish to come to Rose Hill, you can assure him that *there is not a prettier nor a healthier locality in Jamaica than this*"; and yet he is prepared to give up all his comforts,

and to expose himself to the perils of Central Africa, in obedience to the call of duty, and for the sake of the perishing heathen at Old Calabar. Surely this is the spirit that ought to animate the missionary of the Cross!

A letter inviting him home was on its way across the Atlantic at the very time when Mr. Anderson was penning the words which we have quoted. He at once complied with the request which it contained; and the following very interesting communication, dated Montego Bay, 25th May 1848, describes the intense sorrow which his leaving caused to his attached people:—

"In compliance with the directions of the Mission Board, transmitted to us through you, we have bidden farewell to our lovely mountain home, and are thus far on our way to dark Africa. On the morning of the 18th, with heavy hearts, and amidst the tears and lamentations of many, we tore ourselves away from the scenes of many laborious, many happy, some sad, and also, we trust, some useful days. The people amongst whom we had laboured, more or less, for upwards of eight years, showed us all possible kindness. They plentifully supplied us with ground provisions and fowls for the voyage, and carried them and our luggage to Port Maria, a distance of fourteen miles. A goodly number of both old and young accompanied us during our journey. When we reached Port Maria, the boat which was to carry us to this place had not arrived. It did not reach Port Maria till Friday evening the 19th. We embarked about 9 A.M. of Saturday. Upwards of twenty of those who had come with us on the Thursday had remained till that time, to guard our provisions, and 'to see the last of us.' With them we had a sorrowful parting at the wharf. The Lord reward their kindness to us, His unworthy servants.

"I had a laborious, painful, and exciting season for a week or two before we left Rose Hill. I may look over my Journal for the last few weeks:—

"'*Sabbath, April* 16.—A solemn day. Preached, as I suppose, my last sermon to the young here (Rose Hill), from Joseph's words to Benjamin, "God be gracious unto thee, my son."

"'*Monday*, 17.—At Kingston looking after a ship.

"'*Tuesday*, 18.—On board several ships. Did not get a passage. Reached home about midnight.

"'*Friday*, 21.—Fast Day. Good congregation. Preached from Isa. lviii. 1.

"'*Tuesday*, 25.—Attended a juvenile missionary meeting at Carron Hall A.M. Attended meeting of Presbytery P.M. Demitted charge of Rose Hill congregation to Presbytery.

"'*Monday*, *May* 1.—Visiting families at Facey for the last time. Oh, how sad were many!

"'*Friday*, 5.—Fast Day at Carron Hall. Preached there for the last time to a large congregation.

"'*Saturday*, 6.—A day of tranquillity. Preparing for to-morrow.

"'*Sabbath*, 7.—A deeply interesting day. My last Communion at Rose Hill. Much weeping among many. Mr. Cowan came P.M. to deliver the closing address. A number of Carron Hall people were over. About 200 sat around the table of the Lord. A day much to be remembered.

"'*Monday*, 8.—Visiting a number of families for the last time. Good meeting in the evening.

"'*Tuesday*, 9.—Visiting more families. Preached and baptized at Braemar. Went to Carron Hall in the evening.

"'*Wednesday*, 10.—Addressed and took farewell of Goshen congregation. They are deeply interested in Old Calabar, where their late pastor's mortal remains repose, and seem interested in me as his successor.

"'*Friday*, 12.—Visiting from house to house all day. Good meeting in the evening. Session meeting till midnight.

"'*Saturday*, 13.—Worn out. Under medicine—unable to study. What for the morrow, it being my last Sabbath here?

> "What time my heart is overwhelmed, and in perplexity,
> Do Thou me lead unto the Rock that higher is than I."

"'*Sabbath*, 14.—A trying, solemn, and deeply interesting day. My last Sabbath where I have spent almost every Sabbath for eight years and three months! The Lord sent to my aid, somewhat unexpectedly, Mr. J. Rodgers, teacher, Port Maria. He delivered an excellent discourse

in the forenoon from 1 Pet. i. 13. I read in the afternoon, and founded my farewell discourse (which I regret I have been unable to study) on Paul's farewell address to the elders of Ephesus. Gave to each one in my Sabbath morning class, and to each of the Sabbath-school teachers, a copy of Rev. Dr. William Brown's *Selection of Passages of Scripture*, and to each one present who could read, one of Rev. Joseph Brown's *Lambs of the Flock*.

"'*Monday*, 15.—Good meeting in the evening.

"'*Tuesday*, 16.—Putting things in order. An evening meeting, at which I delivered my last address at Rose Hill, from Heb. xii. 2: "Looking unto Jesus."

"'*Wednesday*, 17.—Rev. Messrs. Cowan, Simpson, Campbell, Day, and Teal met with the congregation and delivered suitable and excellent addresses. Held our last sessional prayer meeting in the evening. It was a long, interesting, and refreshing one. I never heard men pour out their whole souls to God more fervently. We wept and prayed, yet rejoiced and praised together. The elders prayed in rotation. They made supplication with strong crying and tears for the bereaved congregation, my partner, and myself.

"'*Thursday*, 18.—A day never to be forgotten by us. But to this day I have referred at the beginning of my letter, and the remembrance of it is so overpowering that I cannot enlarge in regard to it.

"'*Friday*, 19.—At Port Maria. Took farewell of the congregation there in the evening. A good number of *my own* people were present. The *Copse's* boat came for us in the afternoon.

"'*Saturday*, 20.—The breeze springing up about 9 A.M., we embarked in the boat. We were out all day, and quite sea-sick. We reached this place (Montego Bay) in safety, and had just stepped on board the *Copse* when the town-clock struck twelve—the midnight hour.

"'*Sabbath*, 21.—Before I got up, an elder of the church here was on board to get me to preach—no supply having been provided by the Presbytery for this day. I was enabled to go through the services of the day with comfort to myself, and fondly trust that they were not altogether unprofitable to others.'"

The Cornwall *Chronicle* stated that Mr. Anderson preached in Montego Bay also on the last Sabbath of May, and after the evening service "delivered an interesting account of how he came to be selected as one of the Society's agents for that Mission. From the sincerity and simplicity of manner in which Mr. Anderson gave utterance to his thoughts and feelings, the attentive congregation seemed deeply affected. We commend him and his esteemed partner to the care of Him who rules the winds and waves, and trust that they may be made instruments of mercy to many of the benighted inhabitants of long-degraded, long-neglected Africa."

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson arrived safely at Leith on the 17th July 1848.

The Rev. John Cowan, in a letter of 5th June, when adverting to the sorrow which the removal of Mr. Anderson has caused to the people of Rose Hill congregation, mentions the following beautiful incident:—

> I was at Philipsburg last week. There are some very good people there. We had a good meeting. Early next morning, I heard four of the families who reside there engaged in singing their morning song of praise. One of them was so near, that on going to the window during the time of prayer, I could hear with some distinctness. I heard the husband pray for Mr. Anderson and the African Mission, which he did with fulness, fervour, and intelligence.

The Rev. George Blyth, in his *Reminiscences of Missionary Life* (1851), writing of Rose Hill, says: "The removal of Mr. Anderson to Calabar has been very injurious to this congregation. The Rev. James Caldwell of Mount Horeb, who had been appointed Mr. Ander-

son's successor, died suddenly of yellow fever on 27th September 1848, before he had been able to remove to Rose Hill." The Rev. Archibald Muir, formerly of Largo, who had gone out to Jamaica for the benefit of his health, took charge of Rose Hill for nine months during 1849–50, but the progress of his disease compelled him to abandon work in which he had become deeply interested and which had endeared him to the people, and return to Scotland, where he died on 9th December 1850. Before leaving Jamaica, he sent home on behalf of Rose Hill a fervent appeal, which was published in the *Missionary Record* for July 1850. In it he said: "I do trust and pray that this needful, healthful, and extensive field of usefulness shall not be lost sight of by the Mission Board, and that some true-hearted, healthy, earnest man will speedily again be set apart to cultivate it." But both church and school remained vacant for a considerable time. In July 1851 the Rev. John Campbell of Goshen wrote, that in Mr. Anderson's time the school was a very flourishing one, but that after he left there was no proper teacher for it, and there having been no minister at the station since he left, with the exception of the brief term of Mr. Muir's occupancy, both church and school had fallen far behind. A teacher trained at the Mico Institution had, however, been located there for twelve months, and under him, wrote Mr. Campbell, the school had considerably revived; but he added, "we greatly require a minister for Rose Hill, and the Mission Board is under peculiar obligations to send one." At length, in November 1851, the Rev. Wm. S. Heddle, previously of City Road Church, Brechin, took temporary charge of Rose Hill. In the *Record* for July 1852 he wrote regarding the injury which a state of

vacancy does to a Jamaica congregation, and in the *Record* for February 1853 he described the reorganisation of the church, which was necessary owing to the lapsed condition into which the congregation had fallen during the prolonged vacancy. But, unfortunately, Mr. Heddle had to leave Rose Hill in May 1854. The Rev. Alexander Robb of Goshen wrote that his labours were a priceless blessing to the people. Mr. Heddle returned to Scotland, and, at the request of Dr. Somerville, the Foreign Mission Secretary, wrote a plea for a missionary for Rose Hill, which was published in the *Record* for November 1855. It was not, however, till 19th May 1857 that the Rev. Thomas Boyd, who had volunteered for Jamaica, was inducted to the pastoral charge of Rose Hill congregation. Nine years thus elapsed from the time Mr. and Mrs. Anderson left Rose Hill before a permanent pastor was obtained for the infant congregation. Mr. Anderson's worst forebodings regarding the future of the station, if he had to leave it before his successor was on the spot, were unfortunately realised, and he was entirely right in his feeling that he ought not to quit the station until he could leave it in the hands of another agent. However, his judgment in this matter was overruled, and, while Duke Town gained by his accession to the staff of the Calabar Mission, Rose Hill suffered severely by his removal from Jamaica. Much of the results of his labours at Rose Hill were lost, and many of the converts and members who had hardly been set free from legal and moral slavery lapsed into bondage to sin and superstition for want of their faithful, sympathetic spiritual guides, who had been prematurely taken from them.

PART III

OLD CALABAR PERIOD, 1849–1889, *AND CLOSING YEARS*, 1889–1895

MISSION MAP OF OLD CALABAR

Edinburgh Geographical Institute
John Bartholomew & Co

INTRODUCTION

MR. AND MRS. ANDERSON spent only a few months in Scotland before leaving for Old Calabar. Mr. Anderson was busily employed along with Mr. Waddell in pleading the claims of the African Mission, and had very little time to spend with his old friends, or to revisit the scenes of his youth.

He and Mrs. Anderson were now about to enter on the most important period of their career. Mrs. Anderson was spared to labour for thirty-three years in connection with the Calabar Mission. Though known as "the silent woman," her recorded deeds are eloquent of self-sacrifice on behalf of native and European without distinction, and, like the ointment of spikenard poured forth, their sweet odour reveals their character to all. But the best portion of a good woman's as of a good man's life are "the little nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love" done so that the left hand knows not what the right has done. The records of her work are scanty and fragmentary, but there remains enough to show the manner of woman she was.

Mr. Anderson for forty years did yeoman service in Calabar. The following pages tell the story almost wholly in his own words, and reveal his character and describe his labours better than any other pen could do. Further introduction is needless.

CHAPTER I

Voyage and Arrival at Old Calabar

MR. AND MRS. ANDERSON left Liverpool for Old Calabar in the *Elizabeth Bibby*, on Thursday the 23rd November 1848. Messrs. Wilson & Dawson, the owners of the vessel, kindly granted them a free passage.

The following letter, dated 17th February 1849, describes the voyage and the arrival:—

After a passage of eighty-one days from Liverpool, we reached Duke Town on Monday the 12th inst. During the early part of our voyage the weather was very stormy. We were tossed up and down for about three weeks, at no great distance from the south-west coast of Ireland. I may give you a few items from my Journal while on the deep. . . .

"*Monday*, 25.—This being Christmas Day, was kept as a sort of holiday on board. Between two and three o'clock visited a sick cooper in the forecastle. Prayed with him, and talked to him about eternal things. About four o'clock the surgeon of the ship tapped at our berth door, and intimated that the sick man had just died. About five o'clock we were called on to witness what we have often heard described as a most melancholy affair—'a funeral at sea.' The body having been sewed up in a sort of bag made of canvas, with some heavy shot at the heels, was laid on a board, the end of which was placed so as to project a little over the bulwarks. I read a few

passages of Scripture, gave a few words of exhortation, and prayed. At the close of prayer, the inner end of the plank was elevated, and the corpse dropped into the passing billow.

> 'There was one dull splash, and all was o'er;
> The sea rolled on as it rolled before.'

"*Sabbath*, 31.— . . . We began the year at our much-loved Rose Hill, and we have been much there in spirit to-day.

"*Monday, Jan.* 1, 1849.—In so far as externals are concerned, this has been to us a comfortless day. We have had strong head winds and head sea since Saturday. We have been out thirty-eight days, and are only twelve or fourteen days' usual sail from England. Surely our friends at home are forgetting us in their intercessions!

"*Sabbath*, 7.—We are once more in the torrid zone. In lat. N. 22° at noon. Glad to be at *my work* to-day for a little. Preached and distributed tracts.

"*Monday*, 22.—Had a touch of a squall, or rather a tornado, about midnight. The scene was grand, but had a mixture of the terrific. At one moment the heavens seemed to be wrapt in impenetrable darkness, in the next they seemed to be on fire, while, far as the eye could reach, every billow of the ocean was crested with flame. Loud thunders rolled, and the winds raged all around. The good ship groaned and quivered at every joint; but all sail having been in in good time, she sustained no injury. In an hour all was calm.

"*Saturday*, 27.—Off Baddu (in Liberia) this morning. This is the first land we have seen since we sailed. A number of fishermen came off in their canoes. They bartered their newly-caught fish for biscuit, tobacco, and rum. Towards evening we approached Grand Sesters, from which place from fifty to sixty Krumen came off for the purpose of offering themselves to go with our captain to Old Calabar. All the palm-oil ships employ a number of these men to do the heavy work, which the white seamen cannot do in such a climate. Many of them had numerous recommendations from captains whom they

had previously served, and others had large ivory rings on their arms, bearing sundry inscriptions. I was introduced to them as one of the 'God-men.' They appeared deeply interested in Mrs. Anderson; and one of them declared his readiness to give me 'plenty bullock' for her if I would dispose of her to him. Several of them were much offended by the captain calling them in jest 'niggers.' They stated that they had been 'always free—never slaves; then why call we *niggers*?' About twenty of them were retained for the ship, the rest returned to their homes.

"*Sabbath*, 28.—After the usual service and tract distribution, had a conversation with some of the Krumen, who understand English a little. One man said he 'know there be one God who make all things; also he know that white people say that good people when them dead go up to God, and that bad people when them dead go down to the devil; but his countrymen no believe all this. They believe that when man buried him done.' According to this man's representations, his tribe of Krumen have a king, a black man called Charlie, and their laws are of a very simple kind. I asked what they do with a man who steals. 'They make him pay back.' 'But suppose he cannot pay back?' 'Then say, "Oh, he be but a poor fellow," and just let him go.' 'If one man kill another?' 'They send him out of the country a far way.' They seem to know little, and to believe less, of the doctrines of the Christian religion. They are strong, hardy, industrious fellows, and are frequently denominated the Scotchmen of Africa.

"*Monday*, 29.—Off Cape Palmas during the night. This evening the Krumen amused themselves and others by practising their wild-looking native dances.

"*Tuesday*, *Feb.* 6.—In lat. N. 3°, long. E. 6° 3′, just opposite the principal estuary of the Niger. We are about a hundred miles from land, and sailing on water quite discoloured by the flow from the above-named river. We fully expect to sight Fernando Po to-morrow.

"*Wednesday*, 7.—We have not got on so quickly as we expected. Are now (noon) sixty miles from Fernando Po, and there is hardly a breath of wind.

"*Thursday*, 8.—Quite near Fernando Po this morning. Fully expected to get ashore to leave letters, and obtain yams, fowls, etc.; but just as we approached the island the wind came from its shores with considerable strength, so that we had to face about and move towards Old Calabar.

"*Friday*, 9.—Cast anchor near the bar of the Old Calabar River, in six fathoms water, this morning, at half-past five o'clock. The *Windermere*, which left Liverpool the day before we sailed, was lying a mile or two distant. Her boat had been sent for a pilot, so we could do nothing but lie till he should arrive.

"*Saturday*, 10.—The pilot came to-day—was glad to hear that my brethren, Messrs. Goldie and Edgerley, are well. Were informed by the pilot that all the gentlemen of Duke Town had gone to the country to settle a palaver about palm oil. Was surprised to hear, too, that a few days ago the aspect of affairs had been rather threatening between Duke Town and Creek Town. (Learned after coming here that some false report had been circulated in Duke Town about King Eyö being about to claim some degree of sovereignty over that town. The people turned out armed, and brought their cannons down to the beach to prevent the suspected usurpation.)

"Weighed anchor about four o'clock, and proceeded onwards a few miles.

"*Sabbath*, 11.—Weighed anchor this morning about five o'clock. Kept sounding all day. Seldom above six fathoms water. Entered Old Calabar River in the afternoon. The day was so misty that we could not see land plainly. Anchored between seven and eight evening, betwixt Parrot Island and James's Island.

"*Monday*, 12.—Weighed anchor about five A.M., but had not proceeded far when the ship got aground on James's flat. The *Windermere* was also aground, but not being so deep in the water, she got more easily off. As the tide was ebbing, there was no hope of getting off for ten or twelve hours. The captain, accompanied by Mrs. Anderson and myself, came up to Duke Town in a boat. Without intimation of any kind being given beforehand, we went direct to the mission-house. We were glad to find

Mr. Goldie there. He and Mr. Edgerley were quite well, but Mrs. Edgerley had been, and was, very poorly. After eleven and a half weeks of sea life, we were grateful to our kind Father in heaven for permitting us to set foot on dry land once more."

CHAPTER II

First Impressions and Beginning of Work

In the letter which gives an account of the voyage and the arrival at Old Calabar, Mr. Anderson records his first impressions. He and Mrs. Anderson arrived at Duke Town in time to accompany Messrs. Goldie and Edgerley to Creek Town to be present at King Eyö II.'s weekly dinner on a specially interesting occasion, and they spent their first night in Calabar at the latter place:—

King Eyo had, for the first time, postponed his Sunday in deference to the Lord's Day, and Messrs. Goldie and Edgerley felt anxious to countenance him by being present on such an occasion. In the circumstances, Mrs. A. and myself, though somewhat fatigued by our journey in the boat from the ship, resolved to go to the royal table with them.

In going up the river we passed Old Town (Mr. E.'s station), which looks exceedingly well from the river. On coming to Creek Town beach, the first thing that met the eye and the ear was a stake stuck in the sand at the water's edge, and on the stake a poor little puppy, a few days old, lashed with its head downwards, struggling and whining most pitifully. In walking up the town we saw indications of mourning. One of the king's aunts died last week, and over the door of her house stands a beautiful umbrella, and before the door a table well furnished with costly and beautiful dishes, all more or less injured, according to Calabar fashion. In token of mourning for this old lady, the king's attendants and slaves have their brows blackened with a mixture of

charcoal and oil. We proceeded to the palace, and, having passed through two squares of houses, reached the principal door. In approaching it, I noticed a good-looking fat man—naked, as usual, with the exception of a piece of blue striped cloth round the loins, and a reddish handkerchief thrown over the right shoulder. Mr. Goldie immediately addressed him as *king*. This was Eyo. He seemed quite pleased to see Mrs. Anderson and myself. I presented a letter of introduction from the Chairman and Secretary of the Mission Board. He looked over it, then showed it to one of the captains, but said nothing. Saw young Eyo, and handed him a letter from Mr. Waddell. He said, "I wait for you too long; we look for you a long year." About four o'clock we sat down to dinner, Mrs. A. being on the king's right hand. We had the curious mixture of yam, fish, flesh, palm oil, pepper, etc. etc., called, I believe, emphatically, *Calabar chop*; the pepper pot, the fufu, and its accompanying hot soup. All was so hot with pepper that I could swallow nothing. The only drink used was min Efik, which, to a palate burning with pepper, is very grateful.

After dinner, we left the palace, the king saying to Mrs. A., as well as to the rest of us, "Good-night, *sir*."

On our way up to the mission-house we stopped for a little at the grave of the beloved Jameson. Undisturbed is his rest beneath a palm tree. His grave is protected by a good fence from being trampled on by cattle. Many interesting recollections of far distant scenes rushed on my mind as I gazed on his sepulchre.

Tuesday, 13.—Remained at Creek Town all night. Visited this morning, accompanied by Mr. Goldie, several of the nobles of Creek Town—Tom Eyo, George Eyo, King Cameroons, etc. Went also to see the market. Went to Duke Town in the afternoon. Received a number of packages from the *Elizabeth Bibby*. She got afloat to-day, and reached Duke Town in the evening. There are now ten ships lying at anchor there.

About eight o'clock this evening the Duke Town gentlemen returned from their palaver up the country.

Wednesday, 14.—Looked into school—only fourteen present. Went with Mr. Edgerley to visit some of the

chiefs of the town. Was surprised to see so many of the houses in such a dilapidated condition. Called on Archibong Duke, Adam Duke, Mr. Young, etc. etc. I delivered to Mr. Young the message with which I was entrusted by Rev. Dr. Young of Perth, viz.—"That there never was a man of the name of *Young* in Scotland who at all prospered unless he lived according to the word of God." Mr. Young soon saw the import of the message—laughed heartily, and then declared that "if any man no do as God word tell him to do, he be very bad."

Went to the noisy market, but saw little business going on. Visited Eyamba's iron house; both the house and its splendid furniture are going fast to wreck.

In a letter to Miss and Miss Eliza Watson, dated Duke Town, 16th April 1849, Mrs. Anderson gives her first impressions of Calabar:—

The first Sabbath after our arrival I cannot tell you how uncomfortable I felt, seeing people going to market and doing all manner of work. Poor things, they know no better. I was at Creek Town the first Sabbath we spent in Africa. In the evening young Eyo came to the mission-house with a broken thumb, saying it was because he broke the Sabbath that he broke his thumb. He said his father sent him to hammer something. He told his father it was God's Sunday. His father said, "Go, do it," and, said he, "At the first stroke I broke my nail." His father did not allow him to remain long with us. He soon sent for him to finish his job.

You would be amused while you pity the gentlemen's wives and daughters, with their brass anklets; the poor creatures can scarcely move with them, and yet, because they are looked upon as the most costly ornaments, or perhaps marks of dignity, they will endure them, and, worst of all, the brass and the weight together make their ankles very sore. I should think the weight of each anklet would be 8 or 10 lbs. What will our sex not endure for the sake of beauty and dress! But I think the man that invented those anklets meant them to keep the women within doors, and of course, like many other

things in other countries, they became fashionable. You may perhaps hear some day of me getting on a pair, so Mr. Anderson sometimes threatens; or how would you like to see me with them?

I have seen some of the females with their cheeks quite sore, ornamented with curious figures, and others the arms, indeed the whole body. Can you imagine how this is done? By rolling a bit of cloth small, dipping it in oil, lighting it, and while it is burning applying it to the place, or by cutting the skin with a razor. Even the little girls endure all these tortures patiently, and sometimes do it themselves.

This is truly a people sitting in the grossest darkness. They have not the slightest idea of either a future state of happiness or misery, and, worst of all, they have no desire to learn. A few Sabbaths ago some women came to see me, as they do almost every day. I got our washerwoman's daughter to interpret for me, and I spoke to them of the happiness of heaven and the misery of hell, and of Christ as the only way to heaven. They scarcely had patience to hear, and afterwards said, "That be for *makara* (white person), no for Calabar women."

Our school is increasing a little. There were very few at school when we came. I have been in it when there were only 12. Now there are between 30 and 40 daily, but nearly all boys. All that we can do we cannot get the girls to attend. I once had a decent class of girls sewing, and now only two. They attend for a few days till they get frocks, and then come no more. The parents do not care about the girls learning to read. At present all they care about even the boys learning is for the purpose of trade. Still, we are glad that they are sent, whatever be their motive for sending them. They are all exceedingly anxious to get clothes. As we have more boys than girls, I had some trouble getting shirts enough, and we have in some cases to suit out a boy in a girl's frock, as there are more girls' than boys' dresses sent. How proud they are of them!—they do not know the difference.

Mr. Anderson has been doing all he could to get meetings with the people in this town. He goes out at

nine o'clock on the Sabbath mornings and holds meetings in the gentlemen's yards (those who are willing that he should), and gets someone who understands English to interpret. I assure you this is a most trying mode of proceeding (yet at present there is no alternative); we cannot speak to them in their own language, and sometimes the interpreter will only tell as much as he thinks proper. They do not wish the slaves to know much, and there are generally a great many slaves present. The gentlemen do not allow their wives to come out to these meetings. Mr. Anderson told Mr. Young yesterday that he should let his wives come out to hear God's word, and said, "The Bible make women good wives." Mr. Young went away, I thought to call them, but they never came. Perhaps it was only a pretence on his part. The other day, after speaking to Henny Cobham about allowing his women to hear God's word, he said, "That book no be for woman," and was quite surprised when he heard that white women could read and write. That man already had six wives, and was married to the seventh a week ago. We can do very little for them till we acquire the language, and that I find a great difficulty.

Pray for us, dear young friends, that God would keep and bless us in this dark land, and make us useful to these poor heathens. . . .

Our little dog died on the passage. It was a great pet—a most affectionate creature it was. It could not endure the heat of this climate.

In a very interesting letter to the Rev. A. Elliot, dated April 18, 1849, Mr. Anderson describes his new sphere of work, and characterises the six principal men of Duke Town:—

Here we are in long-neglected Africa—and in a portion of it, too, which in regard to European life has been pronounced the most deadly of all its deadly spots. In so far as our health is concerned, my partner and I have as yet had no reason to complain. Our health is still excellent. There is one thing we feel not a little,

however, viz. the want of rest during the night. There is something in the atmosphere inimical to sleep. I have a good sleep only every second or third night. Yet I am stouter than when at home. When there, my Jamaica clothes were rather small for me — now my Scottish clothes are rather too tight for me. This is reckoned a very healthy season. There have been only two deaths among the shipping since our arrival. . . . There are about 280 whites in the ships in the river. A very few years ago, when the same number were here, there were deaths almost daily. We took a walk to Henshaw Town the other evening. It is about a mile from this. Many hundred white men have their last resting-place there. Speaking of graves, I may remark that from our house here we can see the white fence which has been erected around good Mr. Jameson's at Creek Town.

Since our arrival the weather has been very hot, the therm. being at 90° during the day, and about 80° during the night. We have been visited by several tornadoes. They have all come from the east, and have beat on our house, as everywhere else, with great violence. They do not continue long, and it is well they do not, for while they last the house trembles as if seized with ague.

Mr. Waddell has so well described[1] the river, its banks, and the habitations of the people, that I need not take up time and room by any attempt on my part to describe them. In regard to persons, I think Eyo II. (of Creek Town) has been rather more than sufficiently magnified, and *that* sometimes at the expense of others. From all I can learn here, Eyamba [late king of Duke Town, who died in May 1847] had many very amiable and excellent traits of character. His generosity was bounded only by his means; and those who know most of both persons declare Eyamba to have been vastly kinder to his slaves than King Eyo.

It may interest you and my friends in your quarter—may I not say *my own* quarter?—to hear something of the chief men of Duke Town. They are all, in fact, so many petty princes—each a sovereign in his own house and over his own slaves. Each must have several hundred slaves,

[1] *Missionary Record*, Sept. and Oct. 1846.

but they all profess to be ignorant of the exact number they have. They are bound together by Egbo law, but are somewhat jealous of each other. I may say a few words about each of the six principal men.

1. *Mr. Young* [brother of late King Eyamba].—Those who like him least acknowledge him to be a sharp, clever fellow. This he undoubtedly is. Mr. Goldie [who was stationed at Duke Town from June 1847 till May 1848] thinks much more favourably of him than he once did. He has learned that during the last slaughter here (on occasion of the death of King Calabar[1] [in 1847]), Mr. Y. exerted himself to the utmost to put a stop to the murders. As yet he is very friendly to me, and acts as my interpreter on Sabbath at the meeting held in his yard.

2. *Archibong Duke.*—He is one of the strongest-looking fellows I have ever seen. He is friendly, and attends our Sabbath meeting in Mr. Young's yard. On my first visit he *dashed* (gave) me a good fat goat. He has not Mr. Y.'s vigour of mind.

3. *Duke Ephraim.*—A descendant of the great Duke Ephraim [ruler of Duke Town at beginning of the century, died 1834]. But for his love of drink he might have been King of Duke Town and of Old Calabar. He professes himself friendly to us, but will attend no meeting in Mr. Young's yard, and sends none of his many children to school. He allows me to hold a meeting in his yard on Sabbath, is naturally amiable and good-tempered, but drink threatens to be his ruin. He is very poor, but has great influence in the town.

4. *Henny Cobham.*—A shrewd, active business man, and I may say my next-door neighbour. He is sometimes called King of Cobham Town—that portion of Duke Town nearest to the mission-house. He has four boys constantly at school. They are my best scholars. He seemed lost in astonishment one day when I proposed to him to call his wives to hear God's word as well as himself. He

[1] The person who had charge of the Ndem Efik, or Great Calabar Juju. The title "king" was a misnomer, and by 1847 the office had fallen into disrepute, and lapsed with the death of the individual referred to by Mr. Anderson.—See Waddell's *Twenty-Nine Years*, p. 214, and *Record*, Dec. 1848, p. 200.

would not believe that the Bible is for women as well as men, but insisted that "Book no good for woman, and woman no fit to saby (understand) book."

5. *Antika Cobham.*—He is very friendly, and has a few children frequently at school. He is somewhat lame—cannot go out to any meeting, but is always glad to have meeting in his yard. He is the only man in Duke Town—indeed, in the country—who allows his wives to come to hear *ikö Abasi*—word of God. They are the only ladies with whom I have had the honour of shaking hands. They do not seem to be accustomed to such an operation. They seize my hand between both of theirs, and hold it for an instant as carefully and gently as if it were a piece of glass. To each of these nobles I have given, from Dalkeith and Nicolson Street (Edinburgh), mission-boxes entrusted to my care, a dressing-gown and a cap.

6. *Bassy Offiong.*—He does not seem a bright genius at all—keeps a Sunday—and attends meetings in Mr. Young's yard.

I might mention *Iron Bar*, a man of considerable wealth, though a slave and unable to purchase the privileges of the Egbo institution. He has many slaves of his own.

There is another man of considerable influence—Adam Duke. I have not yet seen him, he being at his plantation.

Captain Lewis of the *Princess Royal*—a warm friend of the Mission, and likely to be admitted to fellowship with us at our coming Communion *on the 1st Sabbath of May*—gave to each station a beautiful Bethel flag, which is hoisted each Sabbath morning at daybreak. I am here reminded that one old bond of union with Ford will still be maintained. According to arrangements made before I came here, the Lord's Supper is dispensed at Duke Town on the 1st Sabbaths of May, Aug., Nov., and Feb. I shall remember you much, if spared, on the 1st Sabbath of August. Pray for us on that sweet day. May it be a great day at Duke Town and at Ford!

I fear that matters will not thrive here till we get a place of worship to which all may come without appearing to acknowledge any other as a superior; for to go to any gentleman's yard on any business whatever, even to hear

God's word, is considered as a sort of homage paid to that gentleman.

Sabbath work.—I have generally two or three meetings in the town—the first about 9 o'clock in Mr. Young's yard. . . . After meeting at Mr. Young's, I have generally a second at Duke Ephraim's, a short one at Iron Bar's, at A. Cobham's, at H. Cobham's. Such is the jealousy among the gentlemen, that they will not all meet in one yard. I did not expect that Archibong would have been so humble as to go to Mr. Young's yard, but think more highly of him because he does so. At 3 P.M. I have Sabbath school, and at 4 a service in English in the mission-house, which is attended by two or three friends from the ships. I invited all the captains and surgeons belonging to the ships by circular to this service, but very few attend. In addition to this, I preached a few Sabbaths on board one of the ships, but, though grieved to give it up, I found it too exhausting to continue it.

School.—The attendance is improving. At first it was from 12 to 16; it is now 38. Of these 38 only 4 are girls. . . . Boys only are considered worthy of education here. Parents use no means to constrain the attendance of their children at school. Hence we have in a manner to pay them for attending. We have to give them books, shirts, frocks, pictures, and occasionally food. The poor things are not cared for at home, and frequently come to school famishing, calling for chop.

In a letter to Mrs. Elliot, also of date April 18th, there is a graphic description of what a Sabbath was like in Old Calabar in these early days of the Mission :—

We get up at 6 A.M. Our Bethel flag is hoisted to show that we honour the day, the language of flags being well understood here. There is a stillness compared with other mornings—but not in the town, or among the people. It is simply because the carpenters and coopers on board the ships are enjoying bodily rest. At half-past 7 we have family worship, in which we are always joined by Captain Lewis, who takes a part in the exercise by reading the lesson for the morning in a work given me by

your father,[1] Jay's *Morning and Evening Exercises*. At 8, breakfast. Immediately afterwards I go, leaving Mrs. A. to follow, to Mr. Young's, to hold a meeting. I see people thronging to market as usual. I have generally to wait an hour at Mr. Young's before I can begin service. And that is the most wearisome hour I spend in the week. He is transacting business—giving out cloth and coppers for market, measuring out rum, holding palaver with his slaves, and giving them orders, etc. He has sent to let Archibong and others know that I have come "to hold palaver for God's word." My scholars by this time meet in Mr. Y.'s yard also. When a few gentlemen—seldom more than two or three—with their attendants have come, we go on with the meeting. While I read out the 100th Psalm, all who do not understand English smile and whisper to each other, and think it very funny. When we begin to sing, some laugh outright. Louder than laugh or song, Mr. Young reproves the laughers, and they hang their heads, turn their backs, or run out of the yard. Many laugh in prayer, too; and the first time that the children repeated their Calabar prayer, Mr. Y. and all the rest laughed outright. The laugh was at first very provoking—a missionary had need to be a Job; but I now see that it is often merely the expression of wonder, and sometimes of admiration—not always of contempt. When I begin to preach, and Mr. Young to explain, if the subject be mere history or incident, all are attentive; if doctrinal, the fat ones soon begin to nod, and Mr. Y. soon wearies.

One Sabbath my subject was the Flood. All listened most attentively to the account of the falling rains and rising rivers and cries of drowning men. They attended to the description of Noah's *big ship*, and could remember something of its dimensions. At the close, however, I referred to the destruction which awaits our world by fire, and spoke of that awful day when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, etc., and the dead, small and great, must stand before God. When I uttered the words, "The world and all that is in it shall be burned up," they could bear it no longer. Mr. Y. exclaimed, "It will be long time before that"; and the other gentlemen begged him

[1] Mr. John Gray, sen., Dalkeith.

to say to me, "We've got plenty to-day—it be time for stop."

After meeting in Mr. Young's, I go in pursuit of others. Passing from his house to Duke Ephraim's, I go through the marketplace — a large square in the middle of the town. Oh, what a splendid congregation here!—splendid not in dress, for they have none, but in numbers. What would I not do had I the strength of voice of Rowland Hill (able to speak to people a mile distant), and were master of the Calabar tongue! But, alas! I can do nothing but look on and pass away, and breathe the silent prayer. Here are, I should suppose, fifteen or eighteen hundred immortal beings, ignorant as the beasts that perish of the great end and realities of their existence. Market is held every day. All sorts of things are sold and bartered, and on week-days I look on the scene with great interest. Some of the articles of traffic are combs, beads, lead bars, padlocks, hinges, hammers, saws, cloth, rum, wine, cordials, yams, plantains, conkies (a species of cocoa), fish, fowls, ducks, goats, dried monkeys, firewood, etc. etc. etc. But we pass all to-day, and go to Duke Ephraim's. After a trying delay of half an hour, during which female slaves are working beside us plastering a wall, about half a dozen of men come in who have been sent for by the Duke. We have then a little meeting.

I have generally as yet kept to the moral law, for I see more and more that Christ is not valued where there is no conviction of sin, and this cannot be felt where the law is unknown. I always close, however, with preaching Christ and Him crucified.

I hold, perhaps, other two meetings in the same way. You will say, "Why not appoint an hour of meeting and keep it?" The natives know nothing of hours, and nothing of the value of time—*our* time. I could easily hold six meetings a day were there anything like punctuality among the people. . . .

At 8 A.M., when eight bells are struck on board the ships, their flags are hoisted; but what are the captains about? They do not now, generally speaking, come on shore on Sabbath mornings to transact business, but only on two ships of the nine in the river is anything like public worship

observed. On six Sabbaths running (out of eight) the Sundays of the native gentlemen are observed by the most of the surgeons and captains in the river. Some of them were exasperated because King Eyo has given up keeping his Sunday when it falls on the Sabbath. I have spoken to the five gentlemen here who keep a Sunday about the Fourth Commandment, and advised them to follow King Eyo's example. Several are ready to do so, but state that the captains say that what I teach about the Sabbath be "fool thing." The Lord have mercy on them, for they know not what they do. O for faith and patience! It is comforting and strengthening to reflect that so many of God's people in Scotland pray for us and the benighted souls in Old Calabar.

CHAPTER III

Early Labours—Election of King Archibong I.—1849

When Mr. Anderson reached Duke Town, he found matters in rather an unsatisfactory state. The chief power was shared by three persons—Mr. Young, Archibong Duke, and Duke Ephraim. They were all claimants to the kingship. Owing to the conflicting claims, Mr. Anderson, as we have already seen, found it rather difficult to excite interest in the cause of the Mission. But by repeatedly calling on the leading men, and holding meetings in their yards, he conciliated their regard, and got them to aid him in his work. Mr. Goldie, who was watching with keen interest the work of his brother missionary at the station he himself had formerly occupied, writes in his Journal, under date May 9th, regarding the better prospects at Duke Town: "Mr. Anderson is succeeding much better than I anticipated with his Sabbath meetings at Duke Town, and Mr. Young gives his aid to the work much more than I thought he would. May He whose message we bring to this people make that message successful, opening the blind eyes, unstopping the deaf ears, breaking the hard hearts." And at his own station, Creek Town, an increased interest was being shown in divine things. There was at that time a severe dearth, arising from the failure of the yam crop, and it had the effect of reducing the attendance of children at

school. The poorer classes, not having anything to eat in the towns, were obliged to take to the plantations to see what they could pick up there; and on that account Old Town was almost deserted for the time being.

The following extracts[1] from Mr. Anderson's Journal show the progress of the work. The setting apart of the late King Eyamba's palaver-house as a temporary place of worship, and the exclusive use of the Grand Egbo bell as a Sabbath bell, were hopeful signs. The election of the young[2] Archibong Duke as king, and of the capable and experienced Ekpenyong, or Mr. Young, as his prime minister, tended to do away with the friction existing between them, and indirectly made for the progress of the gospel:—

Sabbath, April 22.—Had meeting in Mr. Young's yard; well attended, and very attentive. Spoke from Matthew v. 7, 8, 9. About ten o'clock P.M., just after we had retired to rest, I found that, notwithstanding the doctrine of Matthew v. 7, some who heard it must still be classed among the unmerciful. At the time above mentioned we were alarmed by screams and calls of "Edem Ekpo! Edem Ekpo!" On rising and running out, we found two men who had fled to seek protection for their lives. Archibong had ordered both to be beheaded, but by some means they escaped. Our premises, by Egbo law, are sacred. I need hardly say that we afforded them an asylum.

How strangely constituted is the human mind! We were so distressed and horrified by the circumstance just related, that sleep forsook our eyes for the greater part of the night. On the following day I wondered at the coldness with which the affair was treated by those white gentlemen to whom I had an opportunity of relating it;

[1] *Record*, Jan. 1850.

[2] In the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* for October 1850, p. 229, his age is said to be about twenty-eight years, and his portrait is given "as he appeared on the quarterdeck of H.M. ss. *Rattler*, wearing his crown and state sword. His loins were covered with a rich silk, and round his neck and ankles he wore a quantity of coral beads."

it appeared to them as a mere matter of course. Now, when transcribing these occurrences (August), were half a dozen of men to flee to me for their lives, I would not do less for their protection ; but I would not feel a tithe of the painful excitement I endured in April. Oh! let it be one part of the prayers of the Church in behalf of its missionaries here, *that their "moral sense" may ever remain acute, however much their nervous sensibilities may be blunted.*

Monday, 23. — Heard the story of the fugitives. I shall not here transcribe it. Both were head slaves of the late King Eyamba. One of them "chopped nut" last night, drank off *four* of the deadly nuts, vomited them, and, according to Egbo law, should then have been dismissed. But instead of this, the order (as translated to me in English) was given, "Take both, and chop off heads one time," *i.e.* at this time—immediately. I learn, too, what I am glad to learn, that Mr. Young not only connived at their escape, but aided it, and gave them a hint where they would be safe. From all that I have seen and heard of Mr. Young since my arrival here, I see no reason for supposing him to be an *unmerciful* man.

Saturday, 28. — Attended Mr. Young's chop to-day. He proposed to come to the mission-house to-morrow morning at nine o'clock to hear God's word. This is a hint that he wishes no meeting in his yard to-morrow. Went to Archibong's. It is very plain that he and Mr. Young are at strife. That being the case, they will not meet to-morrow. Intimated to both Mr. Young and Archibong that the two men were in my house. Mr. Young's remark was, "Let them stand, but no say I tell you so." Archibong's was, "Them be tief."

Sabbath, 29.—Dull day. Heavy rain in the morning. No meeting of adults. Small Sabbath school. Went to one or two of the gentlemen of the town ; but no attention. In the evening felt quite downcast.

Wednesday, *May* 2. — As an encouragement to the school children to attend regularly and learn diligently, I have introduced a ticket-currency among them. I give them tickets for attendance and diligence, and have fixed the price of school-books, etc., at so many tickets. When I went into school this afternoon, I was amused by seeing

one of the bigger boys driving a small trade in boiled *pork*, which he was selling, and the others buying with all good will, for tickets. I never contemplated that my tickets should be used for such a purpose, and my first impression was to stop the traffic. Many of the poor things are so ill fed, however, that after a little consideration I thought better to say nothing. Indeed, I felt glad to see some of them thus able to procure a little *chop*.

Sabbath, 6.—Our Communion at Duke Town; my first in this land. We had a pleasant season. One of the captains at present lying in the river was, in the usual form, received into the fellowship of the Church.

Sabbath, 13. — A solemn and interesting day for Duke Town. O that it may be the commencement of better days than any that have yet been seen here! In consequence of the reluctance of many of the gentlemen of the town to attend meeting in Mr. Young's yard, I had repeatedly asked of him permission to hold meetings in an excellent palaver-house which belonged to the late King Eyamba. Last Sabbath he gave full consent to my proposal, and during the week our Krumen (kindly furnished for our work by Captain Lewis) cleared and levelled all around the house, and Mr. Chisholm made a table for the Bible to lie on, and put up a few seats. Having talked privately to all the native gentlemen about the business previously, we had a large attendance. Mr. Young, Archibong, and Duke Ephraim, and many others of very opposite views in *politics*, were present. For the first time in Old Calabar was a house set apart for the public worship of the Most High. We were favoured with the presence and aid of the Rev. Mr. Merrick of Bimbia, who, with Mrs. M., and other members of the Baptist Mission, came up in the *Dove* yesterday.

Wednesday, 16.—Nine communicants of the Baptist Mission being with us—some of whom are to leave us tomorrow— Messrs. Goldie and Edgerley also being present, we had, according to previous arrangement, an interesting valedictory Communion service in the schoolroom. Mr. Newbigin preached; Mr. Merrick, being senior brother present, dispensed the Communion; and Mr. Goldie concluded.

Sabbath, 20.—Delighted to be able to report that the sweet tones of a Sabbath bell have been heard by the dwellers of this dark spot. At the close of service last Sabbath, when publicly thanking Mr. Young for giving the palaver-house to be God's house, and stating how much I rejoiced to see so many gentlemen present, I added, that there was one thing more which I would like very much to obtain, provided they were all agreeable, and that it was not interfering too much with any of their own laws—namely, to have their fine big bell in the marketplace, whose tongue had been silent since my arrival, rung each Sabbath morning to call all men in town to come pray to God. Archibong immediately said, "I will, I will." I was informed that the bell was under his care; but, to make matters sure, and prevent opposition to him in time to come, I asked the gentlemen all round if they were agreeable to the proposal,—"O yes, O yes," was responded heartily by each. This morning, about seven o'clock, an Egbo drum was sent round the town, and due proclamation was made, that the grand Egbo bell is henceforth to be used only on God's Day to call all men to go to God's house to hear God's word. The bell—a very fine one, seven feet in diameter, made in Spain—was struck about eight o'clock, and by nine a good congregation had assembled. At the commencement, I gave to Mr. Young and Archibong two handsome pocket Bibles, sent by members of Rev. Mr. Johnstone's congregation, Nicolson Street. Both were delighted with the gifts. The meeting was addressed by Rev. Mr. Newbigin of the Baptist Mission.

Sabbath, 27.—A good meeting in the palaver-house. Good attendance also at Sabbath school. Our English service (held each Sabbath at four o'clock P.M.) was attended by two officers of H.M. steamer *Teaser*, which came up the river last night.

Monday 28.—Lieutenant Selwyn, commanding the *Teaser*, in compliance with his instructions, held a meeting with the missionaries and the masters of vessels in the river, to ascertain who is successor to the late King Eyamba.

After a good deal of talk and deliberation, it was con-

sidered that, from his superior wealth, extensive trade, and connection with the original royal family (Duke Ephraim's line), *Archibong Duke is the proper successor to Eyamba, and rightful king of Duke Town.* It was proposed by one or two of the captains that King Eyo should be consulted in the matter. This Lieutenant Selwyn instantly opposed, stating that the *British Government considered Duke Town and Creek Town as separate States, and the kings as entirely independent of each other.* All the shipmasters voted Archibong as king; Mr. Edgerley and I, the only missionaries present, did not vote at all. From Mr. Young's age, ability, and influence, it was agreed that he be recognised as *premier.* The meeting was held in our schoolroom; and Lieutenant Selwyn having got all the information he wanted, at his request I sent for Archibong and Mr. Young. Both came attended by large retinues. None were allowed to enter the schoolroom but the two chiefs. Being deprived of their armed men, they evidently thought some mischief was intended. They have an unspeakable dread of a man-of-war ship. It was with fear and trembling they took the seats provided for them. They felt much relieved when Lieut. Selwyn told his errand—that he had been sent by the Queen to find out who is king of this country, and to pay him one of the instalments of coppers promised in the treaty made with Eyamba for the suppression of the slave-trade in this river. After a little talk, Mr. Young gave up all claims to the kingship, and *accepted* the premiership. Archibong was then recognised by all present as king—renewed Eyamba's treaty about the slave-trade—and was told to send for the coppers mentioned in the treaty as soon as convenient. In the afternoon, his Majesty King Archibong I. visited the *Teaser*, and was received with a royal salute of twenty-one guns. There was, I understand, a sort of *coronation* in the evening, at which I was not present.

Commander Selwyn very warmly and strongly commended the missionaries and the cause of Christ to both Archibong and Mr. Young.

I send here copy of a letter from King Archibong to Lieut.-Commander Selwyn:—

DUKE TOWN, OLD CALABAR,
29th May 1849.

DEAR SIR, I thank Queen Victoria for her good present, and hope she and I be good friend, all same as she and King Eyamba.

I thank you very much for your kindness to me since you came here.

I no will allow any slave-trade; it be bad thing. I will to keep treaty King Eyamba make with Queen of England, and I sign yesterday.

I keep heed for what you say about the missionaries. Them and me be good friends. I give them place to hold meeting, and ring big bell in marketplace every God day to call all man to hear God's word.

I wish all good to attend you, and am, dear sir, your friend,

ARCHIBONG I., *King of Calabar.*

Com. Selwyn, of H.B.M.'s Ship *Teaser.*

Thursday, 31. — Called on Mr. Young. He seems scarcely satisfied with Monday's arrangement. He professes to be "king for all the black man, suppose Archibong be king for the white." Advised him to keep good friends with Archibong, and to continue, as he has always, to act as a father to him, and to give him always good advice. This he promised to do.

Walking with Dr. Taylor past our chapel, we saw two fellows fighting with big sticks. One broke the other's head. We took both to his Majesty to see how he would settle the palaver. The trial was very short. Only one party was heard—the complainant. Having heard the story, the king cut the matter short by giving his decision —not a solemn-like one, certainly—which was, translated into a kind of English,—"Him break your head? Why you no break his back again? Go!" The parties immediately went off, and the king assured us that "this be proper fashion for Calabar; when one man hurt another, other must hurt him back, and if another man make palaver (*i.e.* a third party interfere), shoot him." Dr. Taylor and I tried to give him some idea of his duty as a king to settle disputes, etc., but he seemed to think the old way the best.

On coming home, found a little girl at the mission-

house who had fled thither for protection. Her mistress, one of the late Eyamba's wives, died on Tuesday at the plantation. The corpse was brought to Duke Town for interment. The little girl declares that she saw one man killed and buried with the body. She, the little girl, was in chains, and was to be slaughtered in a day or two. The old woman who had charge of her having left her for a little, she took an old axe which was lying near her and broke the padlock by which the chain was fastened round her neck. She was in the bush the whole of yesterday, in the heavy rain, and all last night. She saw a man this morning who advised her to come here. She is the third individual who has saved her life by fleeing to the mission-house since I came here. Is it nothing to encourage the hearts of the members of the United Presbyterian Church that they have erected, and are maintaining, a "city of refuge" for the innocent in this land of blood?

Saturday, June 2.—Saw at "Big Adam Duke's," for the first time, an *abia-idiong* at work. He had four strings, with a number of seeds, bones, teeth, etc., attached to each at both ends. These he threw down first by one end, then by the other, occasionally looking very minutely at the position of seeds, bones, etc., and sometimes touching Adam with the same, accompanying every touch he gave the big man with the sharp sound of a whistle. Adam is sick, and he told me that by these manœuvres the abia-idiong could find out "what man make him sick." Tried to show him that "trouble springs not from the dust, nor sorrow from the ground."

Monday, 4.—There being a supernumerary large Bible in the mission-house—not a very handsome one, indeed—I presented it to his Majesty in the evening. I put on it the following inscription: "To King Archibong I., of Duke Town, Old Calabar, from the Scottish Missionaries residing there, 4th June 1849. Deut. xviii. 18, 19; Psa. ii.; Prov. xx. 28; Jer. xvii. 18-27; Rev. xix. 16." I read and explained shortly the passages marked. He seemed highly delighted with the gift. Felt sorry I had not a handsomely-bound Bible like Eyo's and Eyamba's to give him. I assured him it was the best I had.

Friday, 8.—A big gentleman—Henny Egbo—buried

to-night. Dr. Taylor and I went to see what was going on at the funeral, but were not allowed to approach within a stone-cast of the house. All the gentlemen deny that any slaves have been slaughtered, but we have heard from some of the slaves that thirteen persons have been killed for him. Whom are we to believe? The *gentlemen* have some inducement to conceal, but it is of no advantage to the *slaves*; indeed, it is dangerous for them to reveal anything about such murders; so that, from the power of old habit and the character of the people, I have every reason to receive the darker evidence as the true.

Sabbath, 10.—A good meeting in the palaver-house. Subject, "Life of Abraham." Spoke of Ishmael and the Arabs. All the gentlemen are well acquainted by report with such a people. They call them here Tibare. They deal largely in slaves in the interior. Mr. Young says: "Them be wild people, same as Bible say—fight with all man, all man fight with them. They wear trousers like white man. Plenty people here in palaver-house be bought from them people."

Sabbath, 24.—Was surprised, on going to the palaver-house to-day, to see King Archibong and all the gentlemen, with their armed attendants, already assembled. Found that they were deliberating respecting some of their own matters. Suddenly the king and chiefs got up, went away to one of Eyamba's yards. There they soon finished their business, and in the most orderly manner they returned, and sat down to hear God's word. My subjects were (from Heb. ix. 27) "Death and Judgment." Had the largest and most attentive audience I have seen in Calabar. In speaking of God's appointment of death, I mentioned that the time and circumstances of every man's death should be left to Him. Took the opportunity to speak of the evil of usurping God's place, and killing men, whether free or slave, for nothing, as they do here. I said: "Suppose King Archibong build a beautiful house, far better than Eyamba's palace—suppose he pay for it thousands, thousands of coppers—furnish it with best furniture, tables, sideboards, chairs, sofas, mirrors, etc.—and put in it to live some person he like very much—too much—and suppose some man come and break down

that house, smash all the fine furniture, and drive the king's friend who live in it to the bush, What would the king think? say? do? I think he vexed too much, and be ready to kill the man who do so." All assented, and showed that it would be even so. It was easy to apply the supposition. Each man's body is the house; God builds that house; God likes man's soul very much; He puts it into the finely fitted-up and furnished house—the body, to live there; the man who kills man breaks down the house, and drives its tenant into another world; God is angry with every man who spoils His work by killing his brother man." All seemed struck and impressed by the simile. Alas! alas! I well knew there was not a free man in that assembly to whom I might not have pointed and said, "Thou art the man!" However, as I wished not to provoke, but to instruct, I avoided *personalities*. Mr. Young interpreted with greater length than usual, and with seemingly greater interest.

Friday, July 20.[1]—While at breakfast I received a note from one of the ship-captains, intimating that the neck of one of Efiong Toby's wives was in danger. Went immediately, and had a long talk with him. He has sore eyes, and blames one of his women for having *freemason* for him. He understands English pretty well. The king and gentlemen had finished a palaver about the affair just as I went to him. Was happy to learn that the woman had escaped condemnation. Told Efiong of the true cause of all our troubles, but found him one of the self-righteous, who has done nothing against God or man all his days, though both have done plenty bad to him. Brought before him the doctrines of both law and gospel. After getting home, had an interesting conversation with Henshaw Duke. He came to tell me that his heart no stand good, and to entreat me to pray for him. His language was in effect that of the jailer: "What must I do to be saved?" I pointed him to the Lamb of God, and prayed with him.

Thursday, 26.—A sister of Mr. Young's died in Duke Town to-day.

Tuesday, 31.—Another of Mr. Young's sisters, by name

[1] *Record*, March 1850.

"Mary Young," having been suspected of killing the one who died on Thursday by freemason, was made to chop nut yesterday, and is now also *dead*. Oh, what a land of blood! Poor Mary is represented by the ship-captains who were acquainted with her as a most harmless creature. She was, I am told, the only Calabar woman who could speak English, and she used to traffic a little with the shipping in fowls, yams, etc.

Wednesday, August 1.—In the evening called on Mr. Young, and had a talk with him about Mary's chopping nut. His brother, Antaro Young, seems to have had the chief hand in the matter. Called on Antaro, and talked with him. He tells me that Mary has killed plenty men —that she make King Eyamba die—that she foretold the death of her sister who died last week, having told some person that she would die four days after her return from plantation, and that she die for true just four days after she come back, that she must have *freemason* for her, else she no saby that. And he added, "Suppose she say she no *chop nut*, I take my gun and shoot her dead at one time." I remonstrated and reasoned with him, and brought the matter to the bar of "the law and the testimony"; but he was determined not to give up his opinion that the fallacious ordeal of the nut "be good fashion for all black men."

Sabbath, 5.—Subject, "The giving of the law to Moses and Israel on Mount Sinai." When explaining the Second Commandment, observed more than usual interest. The gentlemen had a talk and a laugh about something, I did not know what, till Mr. Young rather archly said, "We think white men make all them things. We see plenty of them on ships." He referred to the figureheads of the vessels. I showed the difference between having such things as ornaments and having them as juju. It was evident Mr. Y. mentioned the thing in banter; but I am glad he did so, for I have no doubt that many less intelligent persons consider the figurehead of a ship as its deity.

On the 7th of August the mission ship—the *Jane*, better known, through the Rev. J. (afterwards Dr.)

Edmond's spirited lines, as *The Children's Calabar*,[1] as the money that provided it was raised by the children of the Church—arrived at Duke Town, and was received with the greatest joy and enthusiasm. The Mission party brought out by her consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Waddell and their little six-year-old daughter Jessie, Miss Euphemia Miller, afterwards and better known as Mrs. Sutherland, and Mr. (afterwards Rev. and Dr.) William Cooper Thomson. Mr. Waddell wrote regarding the welcome to Duke Town:—

While yet seven or eight miles off, when we rounded Seven Fathom Point, and got the ships in sight at their anchorage ground, we observed that one of them fired a gun, and immediately afterwards flags were hoisted both at Duke Town and Old Town mission-houses—signs of recognition and welcome which were truly gratifying. Soon boats were discerned coming off from the ships and down the river to meet us; and happy was I to see old acquaintances coming on board and filling the deck of our little vessel. . . . Our dear brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, were not among the last to arrive; and most happy and thankful was I to learn that all the members of the Mission family were in good health, and everything for the most part going on well at the different stations. Mr. Anderson had signalled our arrival to Mr. Goldie before leaving his house. . . . Soon after landing, Mr. Goldie and Mr. Edgerley came down the river to see us, and we all spent a blessed evening together.

Mr. Anderson wrote regarding the joyful event:—

The long-looked-for, prayed-for *Calabar* Mission ship arrived here to-day. About two P.M. she rounded the corner at Seven Fathom Point. When I saw her I exclaimed, "The *Calabar* at length!" but durst hardly credit my own words. Twice already had we been disappointed, and we were afraid we might be so again. Glad

[1] The poem is given in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* for June 1848.

were we to meet old friends and new friends, and glad, too, to have letters from distant friends.

Saturday, 11.—Took my usual turn among the gentlemen this evening, to remind them that to-morrow is God's day. Read portions of Mr. Goldie's selections to Archibong, and also to Ephraim Duke and four of his wives. Mr. Young was not sure if we can have a meeting to-morrow, as it is Grand Nyampe Day.[1] I mentioned the subject to Archibong, who immediately said, "You come, you come (*i.e.* come you). I no will let nothing stop meeting for God's day."

Sabbath, 12.—Archibong was as good as his word. At the usual time the large bell was rung, and we had a very good meeting. It has been the stillest Sabbath I have seen in Calabar.

Monday, 13.—Forty-seven at school to-day. The largest number I have yet had in school at one time since I came here. Indeed, we had fifty-seven in the afternoon, but ten of these were strangers, whom we may not see soon again.

Wednesday, 15.—This afternoon has been a painful one. Big Adam having found one of his slaves, a boy, guilty of stealing, he laid hold of him, fisted him till he was weary, chained him, then cut off his right ear, then kindled a fire of mats, etc., and put him into it; and because he would not be quiet in the fire, he sent for his loaded gun to shoot him. Before he could do this, however, Mr. Young had heard of what was going on; and no sooner did he hear of it, than he set off at full speed—which cannot be very great—bareheaded, through a heavy shower, and saved the boy. But for his interposition, the work of death had been accomplished. Went down immediately to the town, and called on both Mr. Young and Adam. Saw the fire still blazing which had been deprived of its victim.

Thursday, 16.—Saw the boy this morning at Mr. Young's. Both ears are cut, and his legs are considerably injured by the fire.

In sending the preceding extracts from his Journal, Mr. Anderson wrote on 22nd August:—

[1] Nyampe is one of the highest classes in the Egbo institution.

You will see from my Journal that we have now a king in Duke Town. Compared with Eyo (of Creek Town), he is young, inexperienced, and rash. I hope he will improve. Both he and Mr. Young are friendly. Whoever is absent from our Sabbath meetings, they are always there. The number attending our Sabbath meetings varies from 100 to 150. Though small, yet it is a beginning; and who may despise the day of small things? . . . The day-school is attended by sixty children; but of this number there are seldom above forty in actual attendance. Some of them are doing very well indeed. There are six or eight very fine boys among them, of whom two of the best are sons of the late King Eyamba. There are very few girls at school; still, there are a few, which affords some encouragement to hope that others will yet come out to enjoy the blessings of instruction.

Other extracts from Mr. Anderson's Journal were sent home at a later date, and appeared in the *Record* for November 1850:—

October 7.—Grand Nyampe Day. Egbo, having come from the bush, had called an assembly of the gentlemen, who were all with him in the town palaver-house when we went for public worship to the church palaver-house. Supernatural beings of Egbo's order do not, I suppose, relish the sound of the "church-going bell"; for no sooner were its first tones vibrating the circumambient fluid than he made a precipitate flight, and his assembly was dispersed. A goodly number of his friends came to our meeting, and appeared interested while I discoursed to them on the miracles of Christ.

Wednesday, 17.—Fifty-three at school to-day, of whom twelve were girls. At request of Captain Taylor, went to see a sick man (an Englishman) on board the *Jemima*. Visited him at midday and about eight in the evening. He was crying much to God for mercy. I spoke to him from 1 Tim. i. 15, and told him about "poor Joseph." The text and the story seemed to comfort him not a

little. I heard him saying at one time in a whisper, "Heaven's gates are open to receive me!" This demeanour reminded me of the question and the response, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Come and see." Why should not God magnify His mercy in constituting the humble and illiterate tenant of a ship's forecastle an heir of eternal glory?

Thursday, 18.—Went on board to see the sick man. While on board, between twelve and one, he died. Just before he breathed his last, I heard him praying earnestly that God would take him away. We buried him in the Mission ground in the evening.

Saturday, 27.—Visited Henshaw Town in the evening. Read the Ten Commandments in Calabar to (King) Jemmy Henshaw and his people. He promised to send all his children to school, and among the rest his daughter, a fine girl, ten or twelve years old, who is promised in marriage to King Eyo. Any objection to the match is of course met by the irrefragable argument, "It be Calabar fashion."

Monday, 29.—My visit to Henshaw Town on Saturday has produced thirteen new scholars.

Tuesday, 30.—Sixty-eight children at school to-day—the largest number we have yet had here. Gave them a little chop in the forenoon (sixty-four being present), which made them all very cheerful.

Sabbath, 18.—A perfect contrast to this day twelvemonth. This was my last Sabbath in my native country—to me an interesting, busy, solemn day. This morning the biennial purgation of the country, called Ndem Efik, or Great Calabar Juju, was performed. At "cock-speak"—*i.e.* cock-crow—this morning guns were fired, bells were rung, and all sorts of noises, imaginable and unimaginable, were made, to frighten the devils and ghosts out of the town. What with Egbo runners, men in masks, etc., there has been very little appearance of Sabbath here. There is one change in the aspect of the town, namely, the absence of the nábikim—grotesque figures of men, tigers, and alligators, which have for some weeks been posted as sentinels at the doors of the houses. They were all thrown into the river this morning.

Monday, 26.—Received, per special messenger, the following letter from one of my scholars:—

MR. ANDERSON,—I shall be glat to see you quick—my father want flock is slave.—I am your friend,

EYO HENNY COBHAM.

Hurried down to the father's on receipt of this, and found a slave strongly bound, and about to be thrown into the river, because his master had strong suspicions that he had broken into the store during last night's tornado and stolen a quantity of tobacco. With much difficulty I begged the poor fellow off. I believe he was flogged after I left.

Mr. Young told me yesterday of a trick he had lately played on an abia-idiong. He (Mr. Y.) hid something, and sent for an abia-idiong to discover it. This gentleman, having gone through his manœuvres, pitched on one of Mr. Young's slaves, and declared him to be the thief of the article. Mr. Young said nothing, but took the honest conjurer by the hand, led him to the spot where it was concealed, and acknowledged that he had himself been the thief.

Saturday, 29.—As I was taking my usual round to announce the approach of Sabbath, I witnessed a cruel, and to me a novel, operation going on in Henny Cobham's yard. It was an ordeal which six persons were undergoing for the purpose of proving their innocence or guilt of theft, of which crime they were under suspicion. The ceremony was thus performed:—The suspected party sat down on the ground; the abia-idiong then came forward with a number of small phials containing juices of plants or roots. He first opened the suspected's right eye and poured in a few drops of a green liquid, then a few drops of a pale liquid; then lifting the eyelid he slipped in a small crooked bone or horn, resembling a bird's claw, which Henny Cobham told me was a snake's tooth, and finished by adding a few drops of another liquid. The slave's master then pronounced some incantatory words, which were responded to by the mystic scream of the abia-idiong's whistle. The person under trial then rolled his eye and shook his head in every possible way in order to eject the torturing bone;

but in each of the cases which I witnessed the attempt was unsuccessful. If by motion of head or eye the tooth be emitted, the person is declared innocent; if not, he is guilty. I saw the operation performed in two cases. I might have seen other four; but my own eyes became painfully affected, and so did my heart. I felt quite sick, and was obliged to withdraw; which I did not do, however, till I had strongly protested against such an iniquitous system of trial. The want of sympathy among the whole body of the people is deplorable. Each failure to get rid of the tormenting bone was the signal for a hearty cheer and laugh from the 150 or 200 who were spectators. But such callousness is daily to be seen in this dark land.

Monday, 31.—Gave prizes this day to those scholars who have attended school best during the year. Gave each in the Bible class a copy of a work prepared by Rev. Mr. Goldie, and just issued from the Old Calabar Mission Press by Mr. Edgerley, entitled *Ikö nkpö oro emi ewetde ke Akani Testament*, an epitome of Old Testament history in the Efik tongue. I consider this book as quite an acquisition to our schools, as well as to Calabar literature.

Tuesday, January 22.—Felt quite overjoyed to-night in school on account of what thousands of good people would consider a trifle. Well, it is a good thing that a small matter can rejoice the heart when great matters are not attainable. My cause of rejoicing was simply this:—My scholars, hitherto to all appearance utterly indifferent to, and utterly incapable of, any attainment in the music line, actually sang the hymn beginning—

> "Great God, and wilt Thou condescend
> To be my Father and my Friend?"

to the good old tune called "Portugal," quite correctly and unaided. It is my earnest prayer that many of them—all of them—be trained for "nobler songs above."

Monday, February 4.—Had an interesting conversation to-day with my Bible class in reference to the Lord's Supper, which we observed here yesterday, and the great fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. These are well understood by three of them—namely, by James Carpenter, who was for some time at Creek Town school,

but who reads the Bible for himself, and is constantly asking me for the explanation of passages in the sacred volume. He tells me that he is all the same as two men. He is one man in my house and at school; but when he goes home, he is no sooner at Cobham Town than he becomes another man. When on the Mission ground he feels a new man; when he leaves it, he become the old man. This is his interesting account of himself. These doctrines are also well understood by Jane Archibong, who was for a time under the instructions of Mrs. Goldie and Mrs. Edgerley; and also by Sarah Eshan, who can now read her Bible very well, but who, when we came here, did not know the alphabet.

Mr. Anderson's letters to Mr. and Mrs. Elliot had been read at the annual missionary meeting of Ford congregation in August, and were listened to with deep attention and interest. The impression which Mr. Anderson's abundant and indefatigable labours made on those at home is described in a letter from the Rev. A. Elliot, dated 27th Sept. 1849, and contains a needed word of caution, similar to that given previously regarding Mr. Anderson's exertions in Jamaica:—

Do not *expose yourself* unnecessarily—do not *attempt* too much—do not *labour* over-much. This, I think, is the danger you have to guard against. And this is the opinion of all your friends in this country, and especially of the Missionary Committee, who are best acquainted with what you are doing and planning to do. Mr. Somerville has expressed to me, in the strongest terms, his fear in this respect, and his anxiety lest by over-taxing your strength you render your high and honourable career a short one, and soon disable yourself for the warfare. . . . Remember that your place will not be easily supplied. You are appointed to a great work, and you must consider, not how it may be *soonest* done, but how it may be *best* and most *effectually* done. "Thy God demands thy strength," and to Him you must be unflinchingly faithful; but He forbids

you to throw away your life, or needlessly expose it. But enough of this.

But a time of trial was coming, in which not only physical endurance and courage of heart were needed, but prompt decision regarding, and swift execution of, action to be taken at great personal risk and almost single-handed, if a great victory was to be achieved or a disastrous defeat sustained. If the work was to be done "effectually," it had in this case to be done promptly or not at all.

CHAPTER IV

The First Victory—"Society for the Suppression of Human Sacrifices in Old Calabar" formed, and Law Abolishing Sacrifice passed, 15th Feb. 1850.

THE ten days from 5th to 15th Feb. 1850 were crowded with energetic and arduous efforts to save twelve doomed men, and to secure the passing of an Egbo law which should for ever prohibit human sacrifice for the dead. Mr. Anderson was the principal agent and the initiator of the proceedings which led to the formation of the "Society for the Suppression of Human Sacrifices" and the passing of the Egbo law. The incidents are so fully described, and the significance of the victory achieved so clearly set forth, in the Journal of Mr. Anderson and the letters by him and Messrs. Edgerley and Waddell, that it is needless to say anything by way of introduction to what follows.

One remark will suffice. The practice of sacrificing human beings for the dead, although repugnant to our moral sense and appreciation of the sacredness of each individual life, is interwoven with the social customs[1] of savage tribes, and receives the sanction of the "Nature" religions. The passing of the law abolishing the sacrifices at Old Calabar was the result partly of the undermining, through intercourse with Europeans, of the old beliefs which sanctioned the sacrifices, and partly of the awakening of more humane feelings and of the introduction of new

[1] See King Eyo's account, *Record*, March 1849, p. 44.

ideas of human life and destiny, by the teaching and example of the missionaries and the remonstrances of British captains trading in the river and captains of war vessels sent by Government. The visits of the French[1] and British[2] cruisers in the preceding years undoubtedly helped to prepare the way. But the use of force, had it been employed, would not have been permanently influential in securing obedience to the law had it been passed at an earlier date. So far as the leading men in Creek Town were concerned, and in a less degree those of Duke Town, the passing of, and the adherence to, the law marked a moral advance—the *recognition* at least of a new moral idea—the sacredness of human life as such.

Tuesday, February 5, 1850.[3]—Two gentlemen died in town to-day, or, at all events, were brought to the town to be buried. Their names are Efiong Bassy and Edem Cuffey. Heard that seven of Efiong Bassy's slaves and one of his wives had been murdered, and buried along with him. Went down to inquire into the matter. Saw Mr. Young and told him what I had heard. He declared such a report to be wholly untrue. Having no evidence but that of flying report, I could not—though my suspicions were strong—persist in charging him, or anyone else, with perpetrating or permitting the eightfold murder. In the evening, a slave of Edem Cuffey, named Manam-owo (make man), fled to my house, and assured me that *nine* of his fellow-slaves had been strangled in the women's yard, for the purpose of being buried with their master, and that he was quite willing to show me where they were lying, and where they were to be buried, the interment not being over when he ran away. He also stated that as he was running off a gun was discharged after him. He escaped the shot, however, as well as the cord. As I was weighing the probabilities of his story, and felt dubious what course to

[1] See *Record*, Feb. 1848, and Waddell's *Twenty-Nine Years*, p. 350 f.

[2] See Waddell's *Twenty-Nine Years*, chaps. xix. and xx.

[3] *Record*, July 1850.

pursue, or whether I could do anything at all, I was sent for by one of the ship-captains then in the town. On meeting him, he told me that he had seen twelve or fourteen men, attached to a large chain, in Edem Cuffey's yard, and that he had fears that they were going to kill them. This confirmed the slave's story, and determined me to instant exertion.

I got a hint where I might see the men myself, by pushing aside a branch of a certain bamboo fence; but, as it was getting dark, I could not avail myself of it. Went immediately to King Archibong, and charged Ephraim Duke—brother of the deceased Edem Cuffey—with the murder of nine slaves. He heard me in silence. Supposing that he might be ignorant of the occurrence, I offered to take him, or to get him taken, to the spot, where he would see not only the nine corpses, but a dozen men in chains, ready to be slaughtered. Urged him with all the arguments and earnestness I could command to interpose and rescue those innocent men. I thought he seemed afraid to interfere; indeed, by Egbo law, he could not legally interfere in the matter, for the lives of the slaves are at the mercy of their owners. What then? I told him that all white men look to him as king for Duke Town; that no man should be killed if he objected to it; and that if he be afraid to do anything himself, all the white men and Krumen in the river were, I had not the slightest doubt, willing to help him—not to *fight*, or do anything bad, but to save innocent men from being murdered; but that nothing could be done if he were unwilling. I also gave him distinctly to understand that, being king of the town, all white men would consider him now responsible for the lives of these men, seeing that, according to their custom, if not their law, white men have the privilege of "begging off" slaves from punishment. He seemed thoughtful, and, after a pause, he told me that he would take in hand to stop any more killing this night, and that I would see all those now in chains alive to-morrow. I then went to Mr. Young and addressed him in the same manner in which I had spoken to Archibong; accused Ephraim Duke of the murder of nine, and entreated him to use his great influence to stop such atrocities. At first he either did not know,

or pretended ignorance of the whole affair. He sent one of his people to inquire about it. On the return of the messenger he told me that the slaves were in chains merely to prevent their running away. This, I assured him, was a mere pretence. I went on to remind him of much that the Bible says, which shows the value, the sacredness of human life. When I had reasoned a little, he stopped me, and declared, with vastly greater energy than I had ever before heard him exert in speaking, "If God spare me, two years don't pass before this bad fashion break off; but we can't do things all in a day." From Mr. Young's I went to the house of murder, and asked to see Ephraim Duke. My admission was out of the question. He came out quite excited, and walked down with me to his own house. When we came to it, I taxed him with the murders committed and intended. He became quite furious, and denied that any person had been killed, or even put in chains. I told him I had plenty of proof that he had strangled nine—perhaps many more—in his brother's women's yard. He seemed most anxious to know how I had got the information ; but I told him that *his* part of the business was to confess the wrong which he had done, and to give it up. As he was scarcely sober, I saw I could make little of him, and I left him on getting a promise that he would kill no more that night.

Wednesday, February 6.—Having said all I could think of to the natives last evening—as I have done in preaching and in conversation at former times—I took the round of the ships to-day, rehearsing to each captain the occurrences of yesterday, and closing with the question, "Can we do conjunctly nothing to prevent the recurrence of such deeds of blood?" I felt that a display of united moral force, on the part of all the white people in the neighbourhood, whether missionaries or traders, was fully warranted, if not imperatively called for, on behalf of insulted, injured, bleeding humanity ; and, on the broad basis of our common nature, I suggested a conference on the subject. I found all the captains of one mind in regard to the matter, and all agreed to meet at the mission-house to-morrow at 10 o'clock A.M.

Thursday, 7.—Ten captains, three surgeons, and two missionaries (Mr. Edgerley and myself) met this morning in Duke Town mission-house, at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of considering what steps should be taken for the prevention of human sacrifices on the deaths of persons of importance in Old Calabar. Mr. Waddell being with the mission-ship at Bonny, was, of necessity, absent from the meeting. At this meeting the slave who had escaped was examined; the captain who had seen the bound slaves repeated his statement; Messrs. Anderson and Edgerley delivered impressive addresses,—all felt that matters had reached a crisis, and that it became them to do what they could to save their fellow-men. After deliberation, it was accordingly resolved that all present go in a body to King Archibong and the gentlemen of Duke Town this evening, at five o'clock, to denounce the murders committed on Tuesday, and to protest against the recurrence of such barbarities. To save the trouble of going from house to house, a letter was sent to Archibong, requesting him to come, with all his gentlemen, to the church palaver-house, at five o'clock, to meet with the white gentlemen on very important business; and in order that the matter might be properly done, three persons were appointed to conduct the conference, and to represent to the chiefs the views and feelings of the white gentlemen.

At five o'clock, accordingly, there was a good muster at the palaver-house of both white and black gentlemen. There were present ten captains (one a Dutchman), seven surgeons, and two missionaries; and King Archibong and all the chief men of Duke Town. Captain Rieken was called to the chair. One of the captains spoke, pointing out the evils of the custom; after which Mr. Edgerley delivered a very fervid address, referring to facts which he knew, and showing the imperative necessity of putting an end to this most sinful practice. The black gentlemen seemed to be impressed, and had a talk among themselves in their own language. One of them said that the slaves ran to the mission-house with lying stories. Mr. Anderson instantly said, "Well, gentlemen, send to my house for that slave, and let him take all here, black gentlemen

and white, to Edem Cuffey's grave, and let us dig it up; if there be no dead man there but Edem Cuffey, then your slave be liar." This was a proposal that could not be objected to. Mr. Young was obliged to say, "We no deny what you say: it be true this time what slave say." Thus pressed, and seeing the combined and resolute bearing of the white men, indignation and horror painted on every countenance, the black gentlemen said that if Creek Town gentlemen would meet them, and were willing to make an Egbo law in order to put an end to this work for the future, they were quite willing to have such a law made. This was what the white gentlemen wanted; and, after stating that they would meet with King Eyo and his chiefs to-morrow, they shook hands with the black gentlemen and parted. That evening a letter was written to King Eyo, requesting him to call a meeting of his gentlemen to-morrow, at 12 o'clock.

The friends of humanity now saw the way clear before them, and they acted with most commendable energy. Hence Mr. Anderson says:—

Friday, 8.—According to agreement yesterday, the meeting of white gentlemen was resumed at Duke Town mission-house this morning at 7 o'clock,—Captain Rieken again in the chair. It was resolved—"That we form ourselves into a permanent Society for the suppression of human sacrifices in Old Calabar, or of the destruction of human life in any way, except as the penalty of crime."

The members of the Society then went up to Creek Town, and met with King Eyo and his gentlemen at twelve o'clock, in order to state to them what had occurred at Duke Town, and to urge upon them the propriety and necessity of joining with the Duke Town gentlemen in making an Egbo law, to put down, in all time coming, the practice of killing persons for the dead. Mr. Edgerley

says that the king's house was filled; and that Mr. Anderson delivered a thrilling speech, at which King Eyo's eyes sparkled with delight and approbation, and which he then faithfully interpreted to his gentlemen. One of the captains said that their feelings had been so shocked by these atrocities, that all friendly intercourse between them must cease, "unless within a month they passed an Egbo law for the suppression of these sacrifices,"—a statement to which all the white gentlemen loudly responded. King Eyo and his chiefs entered readily and cordially into the proposal, and agreed to meet the Duke Town gentlemen on board the *Celma*, the largest ship in the river, on Tuesday the 12th inst., to confer with them about the passing of an Egbo law—a thing which could be done only by the united influence of the two towns.

Tuesday, 12.—The anniversary of my arrival here. Could not have suggested a better observance of the day than it has had. The members of the Society for the Abolition of Human Sacrifices, King Eyo and the Creek Town gentlemen, and King Archibong and Duke Town gentlemen, all met on board the *Celma*; and, after a good deal of discourse on all sides, King Eyo and King Archibong, and twenty-six of the principal gentlemen connected with both towns, signed a document, in which they promise to allow no human being to be killed among their families or dependents, from this date, except for crime; and they pledge themselves to exert all their influence to have an Egbo law passed, within one month from this date, prohibiting the practice of killing slaves on the death of any person throughout the whole country of Old Calabar.

Friday, 15.—A good day for Calabar. This day will be memorable in the annals of this land. Grand Egbo came down the river in his state canoe; and the usual ceremonies having been gone through in the town

palaver-house, a most stringent Egbo law was enacted, and forthwith proclaimed in the marketplace with the customary formalities, forbidding any sacrifice of human life on the death of an individual, of whatever rank or station. Having performed their duties in Duke Town, the Egbo party, preceded by twelve Egbo runners, passed the mission-house, to repeat the proclamation at Henshaw Town. The party consisted of about twenty-five or thirty gentlemen, most of them from Creek Town—one of King Eyo's brothers carrying the mace—who moved on in a stately manner, as became an occasion of such importance. One of them came to me in school, to tell me that the law, which all "makara" beg them to make, now made; and them blowing it by Egbo. I told my informant that I was exceedingly glad to see them make this good law so quickly—that I would hoist my flag, and send word to the ships immediately. This was about 4 P.M. In a minute our flag was "floating on the breeze"; and in a quarter of an hour the ships' flags were all unfurled. At sunset, the most of the vessels fired a gun each, in honour of the day. One captain was absent, being up the river, so that his ship was silent. To compensate for delay, on coming down the river, about eight o'clock, he caused two guns to be fired. Went down to the town after school, to see how matters looked. All the gentlemen whom I saw had happy countenances.

Saturday, 16.—Grand Egbo, accompanied by Duke Town gentlemen, went up the river to-day to proclaim the new law at Creek Town. It was one of the arrangements made on Tuesday, that Creek Town gentlemen shall send Egbo to Duke Town should the law be broken here; and *vice versâ*, should the law be broken at Creek Town.

Asked Archibong what would be done to any gentleman who may break this law. He assured me that it is so strong a law that no man can break it. Wishing to know the penalty, I asked if Egbo would kill him? The reply was, "He will chop him down to nothing"; that is, he will forfeit to Egbo all that he possesses. I feel deeply grateful for what God has accomplished this week for poor Calabar. Some fear that the law will not be

carried fully out. I have no fears on that score. However, it will be a part of the business of the Society (of whites) for the Protection of Human Life, to keep a watchful eye on the natives, lest there should be any attempt to evade the law.

Tuesday, 19.—The Society met here to-day, and appointed a deputation to write and present a letter of thanks to the native gentlemen for so promptly fulfilling their engagement, by passing the Egbo law referred to above.

Tuesday, 26.—The Society met to-day on board the *Celma*, and resolved to adopt the name of "The Society for the Abolition of Inhuman and Superstitious Customs in Old Calabar, and for the Civilisation of the People of this Country."

Saturday, *March* 3.—Two slaves of Egbo Bassey, who have been at the plantation, and ignorant of the new law, came to the mission-house for safety, their master's brother being dead. Whenever they were informed by our watchman of the big palaver with white men and of the new law, they departed with cheerful countenances. Saw their master afterwards. He says that this is proper law; for, in past time, when gentleman die, all slaves run away, and they can't get one to dig grave; but that no one slave afraid, or run away (of those who know the law); but all stop, and do work as before. He says that the new law is very strong; that suppose the biggest gentleman in the country break it, Egbo take him to marketplace, and hang him at one time.

Mr. Anderson wrote:—

The ten days from February 5th to 15th were important days in the history of Calabar. In my Journal I have given you an outline, and only an outline, of the sayings and doings of that period. There are several things in which the finger of God may be traced very clearly. Besides the general preparation for the measure, which had been going on for a considerable time, by means of the representations and remonstrances of trading captains and commanders of war vessels, and instructions

communicated, both publicly and privately, by the missionaries, who have embraced every opportunity of proclaiming the sacredness of human life, there were four things without which, humanly speaking, the Egbo law for the protection of human life would not have been made at that particular time. These were, the escape of the slave who could testify to the murder of nine of his fellows; and in immediate conjunction with this, the discovery, by a white gentleman, of a dozen of slaves chained, and ready to be killed; the circumstance of the missionary being on the spot, and prepared to act on the information given; the fact that ten large vessels—a force not to be despised—were then in the river; and the unanimity of the white gentlemen, all acting in this important matter as if animated by one heart and soul. God smiled on our united efforts. His blessing rendered them effectual. To Him we ascribe the glory. O for the arrival of the time when we shall see, and you shall read, of "greater things than these"—even of men rising from a state of death to that of life; when men and women and children now "dead in trespasses and sins shall be quickened by the Spirit of the living God."

Mr. Edgerley, who took an active part in the proceedings, says:—

As Mr. Anderson was the principal agent in what I am going to relate, I perhaps need not allude to it; but my heart has been so filled with indignation, and now with such lively joy and gratitude, that I cannot refrain from commending his untiring zeal and successful efforts in the matter, and in which I endeavoured to sustain and help him in some humble measure. Yes, the cruel and bloody system of human sacrifices has at last aroused the indignation of every white man in Calabar, and they have risen in a compact body to deprecate and to sweep away from the land this awful and horrid custom; and, let us bless God, they have succeeded. That which could not be effected by men-of-war and remonstrances from our Government, has been accomplished by a humane band of captains, surgeons, and missionaries.

And Mr. Waddell,[1] who was at Bonny while those things were being done, says :—

The first news, and joyful news they were, which greeted me on my return from Bonny, were, that the horrid custom of making human sacrifices for the dead was at an end, abolished for ever in Old Calabar, by Egbo law formally made and publicly proclaimed in all its towns. The causes which more immediately led to this happy result were—the death of a chief man lately in Duke Town, the numerous sacrifices which were being made for him by the gentry there, with as much daring recklessness and barbarity as if no remonstrances had ever been made on one side, and no promises ever given on the other side, against the devilish system—the righteous indignation of your missionaries in the country, and of the white gentlemen trading to it, when they learned what was going forward—the formation of a Society by them and among themselves, for the Abolition of Human Sacrifices—the pointed and urgent dealings of that Society immediately with all the native gentlemen—the prompt and cordial concurrence of King Eyo Honesty with the white people, and for the object they sought—a general meeting of all the chiefs, black and white, on board the largest ship in the river, the *Celtna*, 900 tons, to consider the question—the unreserved submission of the old country party, who have hitherto defended the old country superstitions among themselves—and finally, the formal enactment of a strong and decisive law against the infernal system by Egbo authority, the highest and only general authority and source of law in this country to which kings and chiefs alike bow. The friends of humanity and religion will give thanks to God for this necessary and beneficial

[1] The account given in Mr. Waddell's book is even less adequate than the letter quoted above, and hardly does justice to Mr. Anderson's pluck in throwing himself into the breach, and by his persistency and determination securing the co-operation of others that was needful to secure the passing of the law. But Mr. Waddell's book is chiefly a personal record of his own work in Calabar. Dickie's admirable little *Story of the Mission in Old Calabar*, published 1894, does full justice to Mr. Anderson. See pp. 37–38.

measure. Long has it been sought on our part, and long evaded on theirs, but grace and truth have at length won the day. You will remember the formal protest, solemnly and authoritatively made by your brethren here, first in King Eyamba's time, on the death of John Duke (October 1846), and the year following, on the death of King Eyamba himself (May 1847), when these customary slaughters were so numerously perpetrated—a protest delivered to the principal men of the country in person, and renewed on every occasion of these barbarities. You will remember the benevolent appeals of some of the captains of our trading ships, and of the cruisers on the coast, to the natives, against the inhuman custom. You will remember also, that the efforts of both the former parties have latterly been vigorously supported by representations from the English Government by men-of-war officers; and that one of these, Captain Murray, of H.M.S. *Favourite*, two years ago (March 1848), obtained a written promise from King Eyo and other chiefs, that they would endeavour to put an end to these atrocities.[1] The last measure, I was convinced, was the fatal blow to the horrid system, which might linger a while even with convulsive efforts, but could never recover it. King Eyo took the same view of the question. He feared the visits of men-of-war every year to make palaver about it, as they had done about the slave-trade, and knew that they would never rest till they had gained their object. So he advised the chiefs of the country to yield the point, and please the white people, on whom they depended for their trade and everything. By many and various means does God work, and He is glorified in them all. And let His people rejoice and give Him praise, that their prayers and labours have not been in vain; and that so great an exercise of Satan's tyranny over hapless, ignorant heathens, so great cruelty to poor slaves, so great an obstruction to the

[1] See Waddell's *Twenty-Nine Years*, chap. xix. p. 374. In it he hardly attaches the same importance to the engagement entered into in 1848. So far as Duke Town was concerned, it was not "a fatal blow" to the system; and the conditions which made the passing of the law possible were doubtless brought about chiefly by the teaching of Goldie, Edgerley, and Anderson from 1848 to 1850.

welfare of the country, and to the reformation of the people, has been swept out of the way. Let us thank God and take courage, to see this breach made in the strongholds of darkness, sin, and death, and foresee numerous other breaches consequent thereon, till the whole fortress of the power of darkness be shaken and demolished in this region, and a free path be opened for the spread of gospel mercy, light, and love through all the countries and nations of degraded Africa.

CHAPTER V

Signs of Progress

After Mr. Waddell's return to Calabar in August 1849, Mr. Goldie took the opportunity of paying a visit to Scotland, for the purpose of taking Mrs. Goldie back to Calabar. In a letter to the children of the Jamaica Churches, dated Kilwinning, 4th Dec. 1849, he follows up a suggestion of the Rev. G. Blyth, that they might aid in erecting a church in Calabar, and says :—

In coming home at this time I wish to get a church for Duke Town. Some kind friends here gave Mr. Waddell, when he was in Scotland, a church for Creek Town, and I should like to get one for the other station too. For some time we could not get a regular meeting on Sabbath at Duke Town, but now we have a regular meeting ; but it is in a place which is not very suitable. It is an old palaver-house, which King Eyamba had commenced to build before his death, but which he never finished ; and not being our own, we cannot take it into our own hands and make it a proper place of meeting. It is but an open shed, without any seats to accommodate the people, and if we were to put seats into it they would soon disappear. Besides, it would be better if we had a house to meet in not in any way associated with the superstitions of the people.[1]

Mr. and Mrs. Goldie left Liverpool in the Mission ship on 13th July 1850, and arrived safely at Duke Town on the 29th of August, and were heartily welcomed by Mr. and

[1] *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, Jan. 1850.

Mrs. Anderson. Mr. Goldie, writing on 25th September about the improved state of Duke Town, says:[1]—

It rejoiced me to see Duke Town school well and regularly attended. The numbers, too, present in the Sabbath meetings, show a growing interest in the minds of the people. Besides the more public meetings in the palaver-house, Mr. Anderson has sometimes three, sometimes four other meetings in the yards of the chiefs. I think there will be 250 persons receiving divine instruction on the Lord's day, . . . exclusive of the English service in the schoolhouse. This shows a great change for the better on the state of things, compared with what it was when we first attempted to get a meeting for religious instruction in the town.

Mr. Anderson, writing on September 25th,[2] to acknowledge the receipt of mission-boxes and presents, says:—

We were favoured by the receipt of several boxes of books, clothing, etc., from several congregations and Sabbath schools, who thus kindly endeavoured to strengthen our hands and encourage our hearts, and who are entitled to our hearty thanks for the aid they have afforded us. We had a box from each of the following places: St. Margaret's, Dunfermline; St. Andrew's, Leith; Blackburn, Lancashire; Rose Street (Sabbath schools), Edinburgh; and several without any indication of their origin. In several boxes we found presents for King Archibong, Mr. Young, and others. I ought to mention particularly two dressing-gowns for our king and premier from the ladies of St. Margaret's congregation (Rev. Mr. Law), Dunfermline. Archibong's is very beautiful and rich, and it would have interested and amused the fair and kind donors had they seen how well he received it. Archibong is a very simple-minded man—there is perhaps not much

[1] In his *Calabar and its Mission*, p. 154, Mr. Goldie says: "I took part with Mr. Anderson in the work at Duke Town, at the same time taking Sabbath duty at Old Town and Abákpa, Mr. Edgerley having gone home on furlough."

[2] *Record*, Feb. 1851.

polish about him, but there is no pride, no affectation. For my own part, I liked to see the boyish glee which he manifested when he was fairly enrobed in the really beautiful and splendid vestment. Mr. Young and others of the gentlemen have been much gratified by the *dashes* which they have received.

For the last few months the aspect of affairs at this station has been much more promising than at any former period since my arrival here—perhaps I might say since the commencement of the Mission. Our public meeting in the palaver-house is in general well attended. The house itself is falling into decay, and the seats put up in it last year have either fallen to pieces or been stolen. Mr. Young does not interpret, so that I am left to my own resources for words to express to the auditors what I wish to say. I talk away as well as I can, sometimes in broken English and sometimes in my best Calabar [*i.e.* in Efik, the language of Calabar]. Mr. Goldie preached in Calabar two Sabbaths after his arrival. He knows the language much better than I do. The people were all astonished and delighted, and the general remark was, "He speaks all the same as Calabar man." For the two last Sabbaths Mr. Goldie has been to Old Town and Qua.

My chief work at present on Sabbath is catechising and conversation in the houses of the principal gentlemen. We have just, in fact, *an itinerating Sabbath school.* The body of my school children accompany me from house to house. Our first meeting is held in Henry Cobham's yard at 8 A.M. We have singing, reading, prayer, conversation, and catechising, all, as far as possible, in the native tongue. At 9 o'clock we have "church" in the palaver-house. From 10 to 12 we have generally three meetings in different yards, one in the king's, and others elsewhere. At these domestic meetings multitudes of women and girls and slaves hear the word of life who would not be permitted to hear it elsewhere. At 3 P.M. we have regular Sabbath school, and at 4 a short service in English. This work is somewhat onerous, but in this way several hundreds of the people of Duke Town hear each Sabbath the great doctrines of the gospel in a language which they can understand. To aid in these domestic services, I, some

time ago, assisted by some of our young men, translated into Calabar, Gall's *Catechism of Scripture Doctrine for Infants*. This translation and Mr. Goldie's little Efik Catechism are my present text-books.

I was much cheered the other Sabbath at one of our meetings in Antika Cobham's. I was speaking of the friendship of Jesus—Haddison interpreting—and brought in as an illustration an anecdote of a man who had three friends. It is well known, so that it would be out of place to take up room with it here. It is given in the seventh of Todd's *Lectures to Children*. At the conclusion, one of Antika's wives, who had been paying marked attention to what was said, declared openly, in her own language, that from that time she chose Jesus for her friend. I am assured that you join me in praying that she may keep her wise resolution.

My young friends in Dalkeith were kind enough to send me a hundred copies of a translation of the Book of Jonah. I believe I could make a better translation now than I was able to do in February last. But I am glad to see that it is quite intelligible to those who read it or hear it read. I made two of the scholars read chapters i., iii., and iv. to one of the native gentlemen the other Sabbath. He never had heard the story before. After the reading was done, I asked him a number of questions, and saw from his replies that he had clear and correct ideas respecting what had been read. And more than this, on some of his wives coming into the yard, he went over the story to them in Calabar.

Since the beginning of August our week-day school has been very well attended. For about a month past the attendance has been about 90 daily—96 has been a common number. This week we have upwards of 100 in attendance—130 on the list. A number who attend are grown-up young men, who will probably leave school in a few months to go to market. There is to all appearance a mental awakening among the youths of Duke Town. Oh that a spiritual awakening may ere long be produced among them! As I look round on my large company of scholars, and see grown-up men toiling away at the alphabet, longing to be able to read, thirsting for knowledge, I

sometimes say mentally, "Well, it is an interesting and affecting, yea, a glorious sight, to see those darkened minds welcoming the light, those enslaved souls struggling to be free!" One of my scholars is a brother of King Archibong, apparently thirty years of age. He is most humble, diligent, and anxious for instruction.

In a "circular" letter which he seems to have been in the habit of writing in turn to the Revs. Messrs. Sandy, Elliot, Cooper, and Joseph Brown, Dalkeith, and addressed on this occasion, under date September 25th, to the last-named, after detailing most of the facts contained in the preceding letter, Mr. Anderson goes on to refer to a step that had been taken in regard to the observance of the Sabbath, and writes as follows:—

The town Sabbath markets have been dismissed from the centres of the towns and banished to the suburbs. We have reason to hope that ere long they will be totally given up.... This is to us a subject of deep gratitude, though it may appear a matter of little importance to friends at home.

In December the Sabbath market was formally abolished at Creek Town, and in course of time Duke Town and Old Town followed the example of Creek Town.

Mr. Anderson wrote, in a letter dated 16th January 1851:[1]—

Things are moving on pretty much here as when I last wrote you—about the beginning of November. School is attended by about 60 children. Our Sabbath meetings are frequently well attended. Mr. Goldie preaches regularly in the native tongue. Mr. G. has, I understand, written you at some length, and must have communicated everything of importance connected with the station. We are now pretty frequently enveloped in the "smokes," but

[1] *Record*, July 1851.

enjoy as good health as ever we had anywhere. It is now nearly two years since Mrs. A. and I arrived here, and we have never needed to leave our abode for a single day in search of health. We have only been twice above seven miles from Duke Town—once up the river about 25 miles, and once down about 15. We have no boat of any kind at Duke Town, and that is one reason why we keep so closely at home. I shall look over my notebook, and see if I can fill up a page from it. I have no time to polish.

"*Friday, Nov.* 15.—A meeting of the Society for the Abolition of Inhuman and Superstitious Customs, etc., in Old Calabar, was held this day. His Excellency Governor Beecroft, of Fernando Po, now H.B.M.'s Consul for this region, was present, expressed his approval of the objects contemplated by the Society, and enrolled himself a member.

"*Wednesday*, 20.—Accompanied by the school children, went this evening to hold a meeting at Egbo Tom's village. It was well attended; and Mr. Goldie, in their own language, addressed those present on the things of God.

"*Sabbath*, 24.—Much to pain the heart to-day. Disgusted and distressed at the palaver-house meeting by two unseemly objects: first, a dead goat lying in the market-place, placed there as juju, polluting the whole atmosphere around us with its noisome effluvia; second, a poor half-dead cock, hung up by one foot at the end of the palaver-house. It was in view of the whole meeting, and repeatedly struggled convulsively during our service. The poor fellow was suffering a lingering death. Mr. Goldie and I took the opportunity at that and at the subsequent services of the day, to show the utter inefficiency of such sacrifices as an offering to God, yea, His abhorrence of them, and pointed our poor deluded hearers to the *One Great Sacrifice*, and what is said in reference to it in Heb. x. 7–18. We found Ps. l. 7–15 a very suitable subject of discourse to, and conversation with, our sable neighbours.

"*Thursday*, 28.—Mr. Goldie reported meeting held to-day as follows:—'Attended a meeting of the Calabar Society, to consider a case of murder by the ordeal of the nut; two women, wives of an individual named Ekong

Toby, having been destroyed by it on Sabbath last. Ekong has been blind of ophthalmia for more than a year past, and his affliction he attributed to the witchcraft of one of these women. It appeared that in beating one of them he had knocked out her eye ; and she, irritated by the severe injury inflicted, had said that he would soon lose the sight of his eyes. This she might easily predict, as the disease had then commenced ; but the words gave a direction to his suspicions ; and on Sabbath last the nut was administered to two of his wives in the presence of the chief men, and the result was that both died. The Society agreed to go in a body to the heads of the town and represent to them the folly and wickedness of this custom. On going down to the king, he promised to call the headmen in the evening, and it was agreed to meet with them then. In the evening the appointed meeting was held. They heard all that we had to say, some of them in no very good temper ; but refused to do anything to abolish the custom, their belief in witchcraft and faith in the ordeal being unshaken. King Archibong particularised the missionaries as giving them much annoyance by interfering with their customs.

"*Thursday, December* 19.—An alligator, or rather, I believe, a crocodile, carried off a woman (one of Antika Cobham's slaves) from the beach this evening. What with the monsters of the river and the devourers of the forest, and the ills inseparable from a state of bondage, the slave population of this land claim our deepest commiseration.

"*Friday*, 20.—Gave the children vacation for a fortnight. Few of them wished any 'Christmas holidays.'

"*January 6*, 1851.—Resumed school with about forty scholars. All hearty and cheerful, and diligent at their books. Most of them seem very anxious to get on."

Have employed myself during vacation chiefly in reading and studying the language of this country. On January 1st and 2nd visited all the gentlemen of the town, giving to each a small present—as a knife, or a nightcap, or a garment.

The old Duke (Ephraim) and I have not been on very cordial terms since the "big palaver" about killing people

in February last ; but a dressing-gown and a nightcap presented to him at the New Year brought him wonderfully round. He declared all "palaver" with him and the missionaries to be finally "set"; and in token of his resumed friendship he *dashed* me a snuff-box well packed with native-made snuff. On Sabbath he resumed his attendance at *church*, which had been broken off for many months.

Viewing matters as they are in this town, compared with what they were only eighteen months ago, we have every reason, at the commencement of a new year, to "thank God and take courage." Storms and tempests await us still, but our Father guides the helm. May He soon work wonders of mercy among the inhabitants of Old Calabar!

The following letter, dated 20th Feb. 1851, describes the negotiations which took place between the slaves in the Qua plantations and the chiefs of Duke Town, for the treatment of the former as *men*. The combination was, says Mr. Waddell,[1] the origin of the "blood society," which attained such strength as to rival and defy the Egbo association of the freemen. Mr. Anderson writes:[2]—

Since I last wrote you we have had a little stir in this quarter, occasioned by a dispute between the Duke Town gentlemen and the slaves who live at the plantations. The latter have become a body of considerable importance in the country, as the sequel will show. They resolved some time ago to adopt measures for their mutual protection against the capricious infliction of wrong by any of the freemen of the town. The most influential of them are slaves who have run from the town at different times, and especially on the death of their masters. They entered into a covenant by *chopping blood—i.e.* tasting each other's blood, which is considered among Africans as the strongest of bonds. The chief provision of their league seems to

[1] *Twenty-Nine Years*, p. 476.
[2] *Record*, Aug. 1851.

have been, that should any of their number be put to death, except for crime, the survivors should avenge it.

On Friday the 31st ult. a considerable number of the plantation people came into the town around. I could not make out the exact nature of their demands. The ship-captains were alarmed by the demonstration, met immediately, and sent off for a man-of-war vessel to come for the protection of British life and property. Of this proceeding we knew nothing at the mission-house till Sabbath evening, when we heard of it accidentally. On Wednesday the steamer *Archer* came up the river. She arrived in the evening, and next morning her commander, Captain Strange, visited us, and intimated that he had been instructed by his senior officer to call on us, and to offer us an asylum on board his ship if we considered ourselves at all in danger on shore. We thanked him for his offer, but declined acceptance of it, as we felt no alarm whatever. Whatever apprehension may have been felt by the gentlemen of the river on account of their lives and property, it was not shared in the slightest degree by any at the mission-house. On Friday the 7th inst. another war steamer came up the river, having on board Governor Beecroft of Fernando Po, now also Her Majesty's Consul for this part of the world. Several meetings were held at King Archibong's, at which were present the supercargoes of the ships in the river, the Duke Town gentlemen, and representatives from the plantations. Our presence not being specially required at the meetings, Mr. Goldie and I were not present at the settlement of the affair. An arrangement was come to last Saturday, when seven articles of agreement, or treaty, were signed by Duke Town gentlemen and about twenty of the plantation representatives.

Article 1st provides—That the ancient Egbo law of the country is to be respected and adhered to.

Article 2nd—That no more bodies of armed men are to come into Duke Town.

Article 3rd—That no slave who has a master alive shall *chop blood* with other slaves without his master's consent.

Article 4th—That should any slave belonging to any

person in town run away to the plantation, he is to be given up when demanded.

Article 5th—That any combination among slaves for interfering with the *correction* of any domestic servant by his or her master is to be considered illegal.

Article 6th—That the law (made a year ago) for the abolition of human sacrifices be confirmed, and that the said law is not to be interpreted so as to interfere with the criminal law of the country.

Article 7th—That should any article of the present treaty, or the law for abolishing human sacrifices, be infringed, the injured party is to apply for redress to Her Majesty's Consul through any British resident on the spot.

It will be seen from the above sketch of the agreement come to, that the plantation slaves are treated as *men*, not as chattels, nor even as outlaws, but as men forming an important portion of the inhabitants of the country.

Mr. Goldie, after giving a full account of the whole proceedings, writes as follows regarding the importance of the above treaty :—

That the plantation people have asserted their independence is so far good ; but they are themselves, many of them, extensive slave-holders, so that we cannot rejoice over the establishment of a free community. Still, it is a step in advance, and it is with truth the chiefs attribute these commotions to the measures forced on them by the whites. Thus it is that the measures taken by our Government for the suppression of the slave-trade are the first step towards the abolition of slavery in Africa itself ; and the gospel in those spots, few and far between, where it has been introduced, by rebuking the horrid cruelties by which the accursed system was applied, has rendered it now much more difficult of maintenance. Oh, may a spiritual emancipation, as well as a temporal freedom, bless this wretched land !

Mr. Anderson wrote on 1st November, but the *Hudders-*

field, which carried his letter, was never heard of. In a letter dated 15th May 1851, he says:—

During the rains which fell in the last week of September, our palaver-house, which had for some time given marked symptoms of decay, broke down altogether. On Sabbath, September 29th, we met in the town palaver-house. For the first time its precincts were on that day *profaned* by the feet of womankind. When Mr. Goldie and I, with the boys, entered it, the schoolgirls shrank back in alarm. They were afraid to enter, till King Archibong sent a messenger to assure them that they should not be killed for going into the *sanctorum* with us to pray to God. We met for a number of Sabbaths in that edifice; but we found that it did not answer well to look on it as our chapel. Women would not enter it if not compelled to do so; and, besides, it was so frequently taken up even on Sabbaths by the celebration of Egbo ceremonies, that we never knew when we would have the use of it, or when it was preoccupied, till the hour of public worship arrived. Our meetings now are held in the yards of the different gentlemen. They will not all meet together. We have excellent meetings in Archibong's yard; but the old gentlemen of the town, such as Mr. Young and his party, will not attend any meeting there.[1] They consider it beneath their dignity to go to the yard of any younger man for the trifling purpose of hearing the word of the living God.

A chapel of our own would be an immense acquisition to us. It would form, if placed on a neutral site, a place where all might assemble without any dereliction of dignity. I feel convinced that our operations here will be considerably crippled till we obtain a suitable place of worship. Creek Town has obtained a church, and our necessities are as great, if not greater, than those of Creek Town. Besides the native population, there are generally between 200 and 300 of our countrymen on board of the vessels in the river. Surely some, yea many, of these would attend the services of the sanctuary in this foreign land, had we a place of meeting worth the name. I have

[1] *Record*, Oct. 1851.

seen from time to time in the *Record* several small contributions "for a church at Duke Town." It would cheer our hearts, and, I doubt not, add to our usefulness, were these contributions to be multiplied a hundredfold.

For some time some of the more advanced scholars pressed me to draw out an anti-idolatry pledge, in imitation of the teetotal, which they might sign. On Sabbath, October 13th, I drew out a pledge of the kind. It was signed by three individuals—two boys and one girl. The pledge bound its subscribers thenceforth to abandon the "making prayers" to any image whatever. I sent you the pledge with its signatures per the *Huddersfield*, but fear that vessel is lost. On Monday the 14th—can you credit it?—the whole town was in a ferment. A meeting of chiefs was held. The two boys were summoned before them—were condemned—ordered to erase their names immediately—and were fined a thousand coppers and a goat each. The girl, being with us in the house, was freed from annoyance, but she was a good deal frightened. In the evening and next morning I went to the different gentlemen in their houses, defended the boys to the best of my power, and tried to show them the sin, folly, and danger of fighting against God. My belief is that, up till that time, the authorities here had never realised the idea of any change in their religion—or rather, any departure from their superstitions; that while they had, perhaps out of compliment to white men and to England, permitted and attended divine worship on the Lord's day, they have either imagined us to be wholly indifferent as to the reception of the truths we teach, or that all we could say would never produce any impression on the minds of the people. I have no doubt now that the persecution of the boys has been rather to the furtherance than the hindrance of our cause. Before that affair I was not aware that the young people of Calabar are compelled to pray or sacrifice daily to their household or country gods.

We have had several severe tornadoes, accompanied as usual by heavy thunder. The severest we have ever seen occurred last Friday. It came on very suddenly, and carried all before it. The *Jane* we saw sweeping down the river before the tempest, dragging her anchor. One

of the beautiful trees in our yard was much damaged, being deprived of three of its branches. A large, beautiful tree at the end of Adam Duke's palaver-house—it was an ornament to the town—was torn up by the roots. Notwithstanding its exposure, the mission-house weathered the blast. Within the last few weeks several of the ships have been struck and injured by the lightning. One Kruman was killed by it on board one of the vessels. Alligators, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, the crocodiles of the river, have been very daring of late. Scarcely a week passes in which some person is not seized on the beach by them. On Saturday last one of my schoolboys—and a most promising boy he was—was seized by one of the monsters, as he and several other boys were amusing themselves in the water, and was never seen again.

Mr. Anderson was compelled most reluctantly to come to this country in order to place himself in the hands of a dentist. His teeth gave way, and the consequence was that he was unable to speak so as to be understood by the people. In these circumstances, and while hesitating what to do, Captain Calvert, of the *Victoria*, kindly and generously offered to take him and Mrs. Anderson home to England and back again free of expense. Messrs. Waddell and Goldie approved of his going, and accordingly they left Duke Town on 15th May, and reached Liverpool near the middle of August. They were accompanied by the Calabar girl—who signed the anti-idolatry pledge—called Sarah Eshan or Anderson, twelve years of age, who was able to read the Bible very fluently; and by a fine little Calabar boy about two years old. This child they saved from destruction. His mother, a favourite slave of Henry Cobham, being very unwell, was sent to the mission-house to see if anything could be done for her recovery. There she died when the child was only a few months old; and when the child was sent for they refused

to give him up, as it was understood that the intention was to bury him along with the mother. At Calabar, when the mother dies while the child is upon the breast, both are put into the same grave; as there is none that will take the trouble of nursing the child. This little boy was thus rescued from death, and Mr. Anderson got from Henry Cobham a paper ensuring his freedom.[1] These children were objects of great interest during the short time Mr. and Mrs. Anderson remained at home. They sailed again with Captain Calvert on 14th Oct., 1851, for Old Calabar.

[1] *Record*, Oct. 1851.

CHAPTER VI

Return to Calabar—Death of King Archibong I.—1852

MR. ANDERSON'S return to Calabar was timely, for the death of the young King Archibong gave rise to great excitement, and murders were caused by the use of the poison bean. Messrs. Goldie and Anderson unitedly did their best to restore order and prevent the murders.

Writing on Feb. 12th, Mr. Anderson says:[1]—

After a very tedious voyage of nearly three months, we arrived here in safety on Friday, January 9th, 1852, the anniversary of my arrival in Jamaica twelve years before. Mrs. A. was very unwell during the first part of the voyage, but got quite well ere it terminated. The two Calabarese stood the voyage well. Poor little Andrew had so far forgot former scenes, that when, in the neighbourhood of Cape Palmas, our Krumen came on board, he was quite frightened by the sight of black men. On arrival here, we found all our brethren and sisters in the Mission well, with the exception of Mrs. Edgerley. She sank very low indeed, but is now recovering. We found the good work progressing. I found two new books in the Calabar tongue in circulation among the young—a small hymn-book by Mr. Goldie; and a translation of the ten chapters of Genesis which contain the history of Joseph, by Mr. Waddell. We found that death had been at work during our absence among our neighbours both in the river and in the town. We had to mourn the death of Captain Cookson of the *Tapley*, a very excellent young man. He was mate in the ship in which we came hither in 1848–9; and, during the night-watches, he and I had then

[1] *Record*, August 1852.

many pleasant and profitable conversations. He had an excellent education, and what was better, he had the fear of God before his eyes. He was a warm friend to the Mission. We were sorry to find that another friend, a native trader, by name *Ironbar*, had gone the way of all the earth. He was a most useful man. He was by birth a slave, and as such was excluded from Egbo privileges, but, notwithstanding this, he was, next to King Archibong himself, the most influential man in Duke Town. Indeed, he was Archibong's right-hand man. He was, as far as a heathen can be, *an honest man*. In the affair between the town gentlemen and the plantation people, a twelvemonth ago, it was chiefly owing to his mediation that matters were amicably arranged. I cannot help wishing that we had him among us now. On arriving here, we were very kindly received by King Archibong and all the gentlemen of the town. He seemed delighted to see the two children safely back. On two Sabbath mornings at our meetings in his yard for divine service, he took special notice of Andrew, and said to all around him, both in Calabar and English, "Suppose it no be them white people, that boy dead long time for true."

The following account by Mr. Anderson of the events that took place after the death of King Archibong includes two extracts from a letter of Mr. Goldie:—

Passing other matters, I shall come to the principal event which we have at present to record, namely, the death of King Archibong. He was very unwell a year ago, and I believe never fully recovered. When we arrived last month, he seemed pretty well, and in good spirits. On the evening of January 31st, when Mr. Goldie and I took our usual round to announce the approach of Sabbath, we found him very ill. He had had fever for three or four days. He said that he could not be at the meeting on the morrow, but that we must come down and hold it as usual. When we saw him the next morning (Sabbath), he was evidently worse. We then began to apprehend danger. His mother had arrived from the plantation, and was beside him. Her name is Obuma, but she is

frequently styled by the white people Mrs. Archibong. She is wholly devoted to the superstitions of her country. *Idiong*, or the carcases of sacrificed animals, were to be seen in all quarters. The atmosphere was quite polluted with their pestilential effluvia. Here was a goat's head, there one of its legs, yonder another of them; while within two yards of his sickbed was a putrefying fowl tied (probably while it was alive) to a stick. Mr. Goldie on that morning, as at our subsequent visits, spoke to him of the Saviour, and prayed with him and for him in the Calabar tongue. On the Monday, when Mr. Goldie was speaking to him of the folly of *idiong*, and urging him to commit himself to Christ, he called on one of the gentlemen, and, repeating what Mr. Goldie had just said about their own foolish confidences, he declared most seriously that they were "Ikemke," *i.e.* unfit to benefit, worthless. We called on the Tuesday, and found him sinking. About noon on Wednesday he died.

A work of slaughter forthwith commenced. His mother, Obuma, took four of the family connections—one man and three women—to Mr. Young, and charged them with having killed her son by means of *ifŏt*, otherwise called *freemason*; in Jamaica it is called *obeah*; *witchcraft* is, I suppose, the nearest approach we can make to the meaning of the word in English. They were subjected to the ordeal of the poison bean, *and all died*. Mr. Goldie and I having got a hint about the ordeal, took the round of the town to see how matters were looking. Mr. Young looked as innocent as an infant, and protested so strongly that no *esére* had been administered, that for my part I thought he was speaking the truth. We are certain now, however, that he was deceiving us. On the same night the king's mother caused several of the wives to take *esére*. The greater part of those who took the poison died under its influence. It is reported that Mrs. Archibong broke the Egbo law two years ago, by killing several slaves; but there are so many conflicting statements that we hardly know what to believe and what to disbelieve. If she has broken said law, I feel convinced that she has some powerful enemies among the Egbo gentlemen, who would rejoice to see her brought down, and that if they can con-

vict her of the crime laid to her charge by common report, she will not escape *Egbo's* vengeance.

On the day after Archibong's death, large bodies of armed men began to pour in from the plantations. They came with the avowed purpose of ascertaining who had killed Archibong. We have since learned that they came into the town on the invitation of the king's mother, who, it appears, offered them great rewards, provided they would procure the destruction of the Young family by denouncing its members as the murderers of Archibong by having *freemasoned* him, and by demanding that their guilt or innocence be manifested by their submitting to the ordeal of the nut. On the Friday a large meeting was held in the marketplace. All the gentlemen of the town were present with their retainers—there must have been from 1000 to 1200 armed men from the plantations, and there were 200 or 300 spectators, chiefly women. There could not be fewer than 1500 on the ground, probably a good many more. It was one of the most sorrow-inspiring spectacles I have ever seen. The professed purpose of the assemblage was to ascertain who had killed the king. Mr. Goldie and I went down twice to see what was going on. We could do nothing more than speak a few words to the gentlemen, and protest against more killing. We could not arrest the progress of events, but we felt it our duty to watch, and to show that we were watching, the proceedings of the day. We stopped both times as long as the scorching sun would allow us. We saw four poor women eat the fatal nut. Three of them seemed very indifferent about the matter. While chewing the poison, they were laughing and talking to those around them. The fourth—she was quite young—seemed very thoughtful. It would have afforded us no pleasure to see the approach of death's agonies—our hearts had a sufficient load to bear without that addition. We withdrew from the scene. It was not long ere we were informed that two of the victims were dead. The other two rejected the poison.

Seeing on Saturday that Duke Town was in a state of anarchy—the king dead—the premier fled—and no acknowledged head in the place, Mr. Goldie and I wrote to

King Eyo requesting him to interpose, and if possible, prevent the further destruction of life. He wrote us, in reply, that Duke Town people had not informed him of what was going on, but that he would send his brother, John Eyo, to stop any more chopping nut, and to make the plantation people go away. On the following day, Sabbath, John Eyo came down with the Creek Town insignia of official Egbo authority; and "Egbo" himself came down from Old Town. But neither the ordinary mortal, nor the mysterious personage from *the bush*, could quell or control the tumult. Both returned to their homes in the afternoon.

On Monday, King Eyo himself came down, and to our great joy succeeded in restoring order. On the Saturday when we wrote to him, we wrote also to Mr. Waddell and to Mr. Edgerley, proposing that they should join us here on the Monday morning in a special meeting for prayer on behalf of poor distracted Duke Town. They reached this place at nearly the same time with King Eyo. After he had taken his chair in the marketplace, all four of us went down to pay our respects to him, and Mr. Goldie and I thanked him for his attention to our request. We intimated that if he needed us in any way, we were at his service. We then left him to transact his business, and we came up to hold our meeting. I believe we helped him better by our prayers on his behalf, and on behalf of the country, than we could have done otherwise. After meeting, Mr. Waddell and I went down to see what was going on, and we found that King Eyo had managed the business of restoring peace and order, at least for the time being, that all parties were about to *chop doctor*—take oath—that there was to be no more nut chopping, and that the plantation people were to go to their homes. King Eyo must have performed his part of the business with great skill and prudence. Had he not done so, his presence in Duke Town would have increased rather than hushed the storm. Duke Town is again without a head, and I suppose that for a season every man will just do what is right in his own eyes. I earnestly wish, and have some small expectation, that the occurrences mentioned above will lead to the total abolition of the ordeal of the

poison nut. I have no doubt that many thousands of lives have been destroyed by it in this country. This is probably the first time that the headmen have themselves been required to make trial of it. If they be wise, it will be the last. The question has perhaps occurred to you, seeing that *women* are so much undervalued in Old Calabar, how has that old lady, Obuma, so much influence? There are some excellent remarks on the chief points involved in the question in Kitto's *Daily Bible Illustrations*, forty-fourth week, fifth day—article, "The Queen." Here, as in the lands of the Bible, the king's *wives* may be, and are, of little importance in the country, while his *mother* occupies a very high place. It is perhaps worthy of remark at present, that what we call murder by the poison nut is not considered to be such in this country. To administer it here is quite legal, so that no proceedings can be instituted against those who have at this time employed it. In so doing, they broke no Egbo law. I trust that an Egbo law will soon be passed prohibiting its use in all time coming.

We are again turned adrift as to our Sabbath-day meetings in Duke Town. We feel now, more than ever, the necessity of our having a place of meeting of our own, unconnected with any party or family in the country.

Various reports are in circulation respecting the numbers who have been destroyed by the *esére*. It is impossible to ascertain the truth on such a point. From what I have learned, I should suppose the number of victims to have been between twenty and twenty-five.

In a later letter, dated April 21st, Mr. Anderson stated that order had been restored, and that Duke Ephraim had been elected king.

Mr. Waddell had to leave Calabar on account of his health in August, and Mr. Goldie took his place at Creek Town, while Mr. Anderson remained at Duke Town. In a letter dated Aug. 9th, 1852, Mr. Anderson gives an account of the state of matters at that station:—

Matters have been going on in pretty much the same

way as when I last wrote you. Our Sabbath meetings have been rather falling off than improving. School has been attended pretty regularly by between forty and fifty children, many of whom are getting on as satisfactorily as can be expected.

I resume school to-day, after a fortnight's vacation. I have been very busy for some time revising for the press a translation of John's Gospel into Efik. Friends in Dalkeith kindly engaged to defray the expense of printing the translation, and Mr. Waddell takes it home to commit it to their care.

I think you have already received intimation of a deadly strife which has been going on for some time in the plantations. It originated shortly after King Archibong's death, in the first instance, I believe, about the division of the *coppers* paid by Archibong's mother to the plantation people for their services in coming into the town armed, and demanding that *chop nut* be administered to several parties whom she wished out of the way. A scuffle took place at the division of the coppers, and one man was killed in the affray. This party demanded satisfaction from the other party—*i.e.* that a person of equal standing be delivered to them to be put to death. This was refused. For some months lives were lost daily, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, and sometimes on both. I should have mentioned above that the slaves, that is, those who were the slaves of the late Henshaw Duke, headed by my very peaceable-looking friend, George Duke, Esq., and those who were the slaves of the late John Duke, headed by one Efiong, whose acquaintance I had the *honour* of making the other day, form two very powerful and mutually jealous parties on the plantations. These were the belligerent powers. The *war*, as it is called, did not interfere much with the affairs of the town, further than this, that it raised the price of provisions considerably. You will be glad to learn that peace has now been proclaimed. Mr. Goldie and I ofttimes urged the Duke Town gentlemen to interfere and stop the strife. They always expressed their anxiety to do so, and really made some attempts at mediation, but failed. By the end of last month, the warriors being quite wearied of their

inglorious contention, agreed to a truce. I was glad one day at the end of July, to receive from the redoubtable chieftain of the Henshaw Duke division the following note, in reply, I suppose, to a letter I had written him a month before, entreating him to lay aside the gun, and resume the book and the pen. The note, as well as many I have had from him formerly, shows that he can wield the pen:—

DEAR FRIEND MR. ANDERSON,—I let you know now I bring them palaver for town, and it will be settled. No more war live for plantations. I done. I want all man to hear what them slave been do we first. GEORGE DUKE, ESQ.

July 28th, 1852.

It is but due to my friend G. D. to say that the father of one of his wives was one of the first slain by the other party, and as the *lex talionis* is in full vigour here, George was thus constrained to assume the war cap and the musket.

After a good deal of negotiation, all parties met in the marketplace here on Friday last, the Duke Town gentlemen as mediators; the chiefs of the war parties and their respective armies mustering, I should suppose from the appearance of the host from our verandah, from three thousand to four thousand armed men. The meeting was held from 11 A.M. till after 5 P.M., at which hour all parties *chopped doctor* (took oath) that they would fight no more. On Saturday morning, Jemmy Henshaw brought Efiong, the chief of the John Duke party, to the mission-house. He was attended by a bodyguard of upwards of sixty armed men. We gave him some food, for which he seemed to have considerable relish, made him a small present, and I proposed to visit him in the plantation, and speak God's word to him and all his people. He said it was too far for me to go. I assured him that distance would not hinder me. He did not then appear to like the idea of my visiting him; but I saw him in town in the evening, when he appeared quite glad at the prospect of a white man going to see him.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldie left us on Friday for Creek Town, so that we are again *alone*. Mr. Goldie and I have held seven meetings between us for some time, including the

Sabbath school. I feel grieved at the thought of giving up any of the meetings; but, after conducting four in the town yesterday morning, I felt that I had not strength of either body or mind for a fifth, which should have been held at Henshaw Town. We have Sabbath school at 3 P.M. and English service at 4 P.M. I find that to hold six or seven meetings on Sabbath, and teach school on the other six days of the week, is too much for one individual. Neither the one class of duties nor the other can be satisfactorily performed. There ought to be some of the Academy students of Jamaica nearly ready for service here by this time. I earnestly wish we had one. Here is a splendid field for him.

Duke Town requires the full labours of both a missionary and a well-trained schoolmaster, as much as, perhaps more than, Creek Town. On the score of health I do not see that anyone need be afraid to come to our aid direct from Scotland. Haddison does pretty well in school when under the eye and backed by the influence of a superior. But the bigger boys will not be ruled by him, and his literary attainments are very limited. I state as my solemn, deep-grounded conviction, that additional aid is essential to the prosperity of this station.

Since Archibong's death, matters have not been in a good state in the town. One could scarcely have supposed that the death of one man, such as he, would have changed the whole aspect of affairs in Duke Town. His successor, King Duke, is little regarded by either blacks or whites. I believe Archibong's *devil-making*, or last funeral obsequies, will be observed during the ensuing period of full moon. I trust that affairs will become more settled then.

CHAPTER VII

Mr. Anderson's First Severe Illness

THE dry season, or "smokes," of December 1852 to February 1853 was one of the periodically specially unhealthy seasons which seem to occur every seven or eight years with fatal effects. Mr. Goldie, writing on 14th December, said:—

This seems to be the year of the visit of the periodical sickness, which occasionally cuts off many in the river, and gives to the climate its bad name. Almost all the Europeans in the river are sick. With one exception, the crews of all the ships are almost entirely laid down by sickness. I trust there will not be a mortality as there was in the year previous to the establishment of the Mission, but the greater part of the smoke season is yet to be passed through. I earnestly hope that no breaches will be made in our Mission band.

It was during this unhealthy season that Mr. Anderson's first great illness took place. The following "touching and instructive letter," as it was called in the *Record*, dated 17th January 1853, gives particulars of his illness and recovery, of a visit to Creek Town, and resumption of work at Duke Town:—

When I was at Old Town a few days ago, I requested Mr. Edgerley, who was then writing to you, to state to you that I was keeping better, but felt unequal to the task of writing. As I see the *Petrel* still reposing at the foot

of our hill, however, and as I feel strength fast returning, I embrace the opportunity of sending you a few lines.[1]

By last opportunity (in December), the brethren, Messrs. Goldie and Edgerley, informed you that I was then confined to the bed of affliction. I have been sick indeed, nigh unto death. For several days I lay expecting every hour, and frequently expecting every minute, to be the last. God has dealt very graciously during my past pilgrimage in regard to bodily health. My late illness has been the first *serious* sickness which I have been called on to endure since January 1823, exactly thirty years ago, when I was left a little orphan boy.

Perhaps a few particulars respecting my sickness, though from my own pen, may not be unacceptable to you. I was exceedingly worn out by the services of Sabbath, December 5th. While preaching on board the *Tapley*, about 11 o'clock A.M. of that day—it was my fourth sermon that forenoon—my voice failed me for a little, and I felt for a short time as if all my mental powers were going away. The surgeon of the vessel ordered a boy to hand me a glass of water, which somewhat refreshed me, and I was able to conclude as usual. At the remaining meetings of the day I spoke very shortly. During the week I did not feel altogether well, and took a little medicine; but I was able to be in school as usual both A.M. and P.M., and on the afternoon of the Saturday, December 11, took my usual rounds through the town to announce the Sabbath. In the evening I felt quite delighted at being much better prepared than usual for the approaching Sabbath. I felt *all ready* for two services in English (one on board ship), and four or five in Efik, as opportunity might be presented. Shortly after eight o'clock I went to bed. No sooner had I laid myself down than I was seized with a cold shivering; hot fever soon followed, and, with the exception of a few hours' respite on the following Saturday, December 18, it raged and boiled till the morning of Wednesday, December 22—that is, for upwards of ten days. During a considerable portion of that time I was insensible. For some days all my consciousness of life consisted in my perception of a

[1] *Record*, May 1853.

dim light when I opened my eyes, and in feeling a throb at the heart. That throb sometimes became a feeble flutter, and, as already stated, I frequently felt as if the last beat were near. After being confined to bed for two full weeks, it was pleasant to be able once more to set foot on the floor. I was not allowed to set foot on "the green sward" till New Year's Day, and then—

> "How sweet the first breath of the breeze
> Around my temples played!"

A few days after I began to move about a little, I happened to look into a mirror. At the first glance I was almost paralysed—I looked so corpse-like. My head had been completely shaved, my eyes seemed so sunk, my cheeks so thin, and the whole countenance so changed and pallid, that I could not help ejaculating, "Well, I have seen less deathlike faces in coffins."

I have great reason to bless God for the affliction—for support under it—for deliverance from it.

I have just been thinking that I resemble a child, whom his indulgent father permits to have much of his own will and way for a long period, till he becomes so wayward that his kind parent is reluctantly compelled to inflict on him some severe chastisement. God has given me a long period of bodily health, but, having seen some "need be" for the dispensation, He brought me down almost to the dust of death. Oh, it is comforting to an afflicted one to reflect that his Heavenly Father is treating him as a son, and not as a bastard!

I need not say that all the brethren here—Messrs. Goldie, Edgerley, and Thomson—showed the utmost kindness to Mrs. A. and myself during the season of our affliction. I know that each of them has watched by me during the whole night, that Mrs. A. might get a little repose; but I do not know how many nights one or other of them watched beside me. Dr. Hutchinson was most indefatigable in his attentions, coming as cheerfully when sent for at midnight, as was the case once or twice, as at midday. We are also much indebted to Dr. Morgan, who was residing with us during the first week of my sickness. He spent about four weeks with us, during which time he

had a severe attack of yellow fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. All the captains in the river were exceedingly kind and attentive. We had almost daily visits, and kind inquiries from all. The Lord repay captains, surgeons, and brethren for all the kindness they have shown to us in our dark and gloomy day—we cannot. Mr. Thomson kindly conducted the meetings at Duke Town two of the Sabbaths on which I was "off duty"—or rather, on a very different kind of duty from that of preaching; and Mr. Haddison, my assistant in school, conducted them on the other three Sabbaths. I am glad to learn that there was no falling off in the attendance.

On Thursday, the 6th inst., Mrs. A and I went up to Creek Town to spend a few days. Captain Baak, a Dutch gentleman, kindly placed his boat at our disposal, so that we might have it whenever and wherever we wanted it. On the Sabbath I attended the meetings held in King Eyo's yard and Young Eyo's house. Was much delighted by seeing so many people at both. Spoke a few words in Young Eyo's, as a man brought back from the brink of the grave and the very gates of the eternal world, to assure all who heard me that nothing is of any avail to a man when he comes to die, except the word of God and an interest in the Saviour of sinners. Young Eyo interpreted fully and faithfully, and enlarged on some points which I did not touch at all. One such point was, the folly of people when any big man dies, as if the murdered persons could do any good to a dead gentleman in another world. Was much delighted with an extemporary prayer offered by Young Eyo at the commencement of the meeting. It was in Efik, and the assemblage repeated it after him. I could not help feeling that the spirit of grace and of supplication was at work in that young man's heart. Was much pleased to see the deep interest shown by King Eyo and others in Mr. Goldie's discourse. Mr. G. preaches to them in Efik. It was also pleasant to see that whenever Mr. G. announced the hymn to be sung, King Eyo got on his spectacles and sought out the hymn, just as I have seen some worthy elders in Jamaica do. He seemed to find it

pretty readily, and I understand that he also sings as well as he is able. He also stands up reverentially during prayer. In the evening we observed the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Mrs. Edgerley's illness prevented Mr. E. from being with us. Mr. G. both preached and dispensed, and afterwards Mr. Thomson addressed the large number of young people present in their own tongue, explaining to them what we meant by this service. Some of the Duke Town gentlemen say that Mr. T. knows their language better than they do themselves.

On Thursday evening we returned to Duke Town. I felt much strengthened and refreshed in spirit by the change. Mrs. A. also felt much benefited thereby. She was very much worn out. She had a good deal of extra labour, first by Captain Rieken's sickness, then by Dr. Morgan's, and then by mine. She is now quite revived. We have great reason to sing of the mercies of the Lord.

Since I last wrote you, school has been pretty well attended. Mr. Haddison has had it under his exclusive management since I became sick. I scarcely expect to be able for its duties for some weeks to come.

After five *silent*, or all but silent, Sabbaths, I felt anxious to do a little yesterday and attended two meetings—those at Henry Cobham's, and in the palaver-house. Mr. Haddison conducted the devotional exercises, and I read a Calabar discourse (which occupied just about half an hour) at each. My hour's work fatigued me exceedingly. Felt drowsy and giddy all day afterwards, and quite unable to go over to school to say a few words in English at four o'clock, as I had purposed to do.

For a considerable time after Archibong's devil-making was over, I had the utmost difficulty in getting any of the gentlemen to attend the palaver-house meetings. I could not conjecture what was the matter, till I received the following letter. I interline a few words to make it intelligible:—

DEAR FRIEND MR. ANDERSON,—I am let you know how all Calabar gentlemen. The(y) send this word to you, and let you know what the all Calabar gentlemen been stop all time of God day,

because (they are) vex(ed) with you. What the Creek Town God man (*i.e.* missionary) make any Creek Town gentleman have good dress for any God day, then that make we say, suppose you give we fine dress, then we be glad to come for palaver-house of God day; then we say, if you cannot doing so, we done palaver of God; then God no (say) we been do bad thing to Him, because we like very good of God; then we thank you to do so for we; then suppose we have any dress of God day, (we) glad to God,—I am your friend,

John Archibong, Esq.

The substance of it is this—That if I give them all fine dresses, as Mr. Waddell gave to Creek Town gentlemen, then they would attend the meeting to hear God's word; but if I would not give them fine dresses, they would not attend, but as they say, "We done palaver for God."

I wrote a long reply, contrasting the difference of the reception given to God's word by Creek Town people and Duke Town people, the number of children sent to school in both towns, etc. etc. I stated that all the missionaries who had been at Creek Town had been able to send home "plenty good news" from Creek Town, such as the stopping of Sabbath-day's market, etc.; and that, when friends at home read this good news they felt glad, and some sent dashes to Creek Town gentlemen, but that very little good news could be sent home about Duke Town gentlemen. I promised that if they all attended meeting to hear God's word—send plenty children to school—abolished market on God's day, etc.—I should not fail to report their good deeds to friends at home; and should anyone send them presents—dressing-gowns and caps are what they chiefly wish—I should faithfully deliver them. I reminded them, moreover, of the fine dresses sent to Archibong and Mr. Young some years ago. I also protested that a begging letter like theirs was not fit for any gentleman to write. I could add to the professed writer of the letter—the real writer was my friend George Duke—John Archibong, Esq., now chief of the Archibong family, that his late brother, King Archibong, though very glad when he got any *dash*, never yet begged me for a single thing. I cannot remember all particulars; but the result was, that on the following Sabbath, as almost on every Sabbath since, the whole band of those represented

in the letter have attended meeting on Sabbath. Indeed, the palaver-house has frequently been quite filled. It is but due to the late Captain Rieken to say that, from the time of his arrival here, he took a deep interest in our work. Being an old and much-esteemed trader, his influence with the native gentlemen was very great. He spoke very sharply to King Duke, Mr. Young, and others, on account of their carelessness in regard to the word of God.

Feeling wearied with the exertion of writing, I must stop.

In a letter dated 14th April 1853, referring to Mr. Anderson's illness, the Rev. A. Elliot says:—

It appears from what you say that it has been a very unhealthy season at Calabar. . . . At the same time, I cannot but have a deep impression that you have been overworking yourself, and consequently that you have been somewhat instrumental in bringing upon yourself, or at least rendering yourself more liable to, the fearful disease which has nearly cost you your life. I am well aware that the absence of Mr. Waddell, and the whole care and labour of the station devolving upon you, would render it very difficult not to task yourself above your strength, and that with so many calls to labour you would scarcely feel at liberty, or have it in your power, to spare yourself. Still, you ought to have remembered that you had not two lives, nor two men's strength, and that you were required to act only according to what you had, and not according to what you had not. I trust that among other good things the fever will have taught you, this will be one—to husband your energies—to be careful of yourself, and not to be too ambitious of a martyr's grave. We should be studious not only of living as much, but as long to the Lord as we can; and to consider life, as well as everything else, as a talent committed to us, which we are to occupy for the advancement of His glory, neither uselessly hiding it, nor thoughtlessly and imprudently spending it. . . .

CHAPTER VIII

Renewed Labours—Difficulties and Discouragements

MR. ANDERSON'S restoration to health was the signal for renewed effort to meet the difficulties and discouragements of the work. At the outset he was cheered by the arrival of the first mail steamer. Extracts from his Journal carry on the story of his work:—

Tuesday, February 1.—This was the day for the meeting of Committee at Old Town. As Mr. Thomson and I were on our way thither from Creek Town, we met Captain Baak going up the river, who thus agreeably saluted us: "You have half an hour to write for England,—the *Forerunner* is waiting."

"Any letters for us?" "Yes." On our turning the corner at the bend of the river right opposite Old Town, we saw the *Forerunner* lying at anchor. She is the first of the mail packets which has visited this river. Though anxious to get on board the steamer, yet, as the tide was against us, and our rowers none of the strongest, we judged it best to stop at Old Town, where Messrs. Goldie and Edgerley were awaiting us. A few minutes after arriving there, we were gladdened by the receipt of letters, *Records*, and newspapers, brought to us by the mail. We were thankful to learn that Mr. Waddell and his fellow-voyagers had reached home in safety, and that the voyage had so much improved his health. Came to Duke Town in the evening, much benefited in health by the change of air and scene.

Saturday, 12.—We had the first tornado for the season between two and four o'clock this morning. All

nature seems refreshed with the rain. There were three deaths among the townspeople to-day. One of them was that of Mr. Young's chief wife. On visiting him to-night, I asked him if he knew what was meant by these words, "life and immortality brought to light by the gospel." He rather prides himself on his knowledge of English, but confessed that he did not know the meaning of these words. He listened very attentively while I endeavoured to explain them, and to point out the different aspects in which death presents itself to an idol worshipper and to a Christian worshipper, to a believer and to an unbeliever. For some weeks past Mr. Y. has read a good deal in the New Testament, and he has generally some passage marked, of which he asks the explanation. The last *knotty* subject he fell in with was Peter's denial of the Saviour. He could not understand that at all till it was explained to him.

Tuesday, 15.—Was engaged the greater part of the forenoon in interceding with the town gentlemen on behalf of three men from Fernando Po, who have been detained here as prisoners for about three weeks, because detected aiding a slave to make his escape to Fernando Po in a boat in which they were acting as seamen. The three men are all originally from Princes Island, but now resident in Fernando Po. The slave whom they endeavoured to take away belongs to Princes Island. He was, I believe, a fisherman, and one day, while either plying his vocation or purposing to visit Fernando Po, he was drifted to the neighbourhood of Tom Shotts' Point at the mouth of the Old Calabar River, and there seized by some of Tom Shotts' men, who sold him as a slave to one of the Duke Town gentlemen. This was about two months ago. About a month ago, a boat with yams came over from Fernando Po: one of the boatmen discovered in the new arrival from Princes Island an old acquaintance. All the three Princes men joined in the attempt to conceal their countryman in the boat and carry him over to a land of freedom. They were detected, and are detained here as prisoners till they be ransomed by a payment of 15,000 coppers, 5000 for each man. I urged the town gentlemen

to remit the above-named fine or ransom, and to give the prisoners liberty to return to their own homes by the first opportunity. I stated that they had done nothing but what every man should do; that I was sure that every white man in Old Calabar, or on board the ships, would do the same thing a thousand times over if he had opportunity; that I had no doubt but that, were any of themselves to go to a foreign country, and to find any of their friends there, unjustly made slaves, they would try to bring them home. I told them to reflect on what they were doing, and to consider what would be the result were anyone to write to the governor of Princes Island, or to the commander of any Portuguese ship of war, giving information that they were holding Portuguese subjects as slaves. They would not comply with my request, however. The Duke (Ephraim) got quite angry, and said, "It was your ship (he meant the *Warree*) begin that bad fashion to take we people to Fernando Po."

I stated that I was not here when the occurrence he referred to took place, and had nothing to do with it. He expressed his determination not to let the men go till the fine should be paid.

There is an agreement between the governor of Fernando Po and the authorities here, by which it is made an offence in anyone connected with Fernando Po to aid in carrying away any slave from Old Calabar; but feeling assured that Governor Beecroft is not the man who will allow the common feelings of humanity to be trampled upon in his name by Calabar men, or any other men, I have resolved to lay before his Excellency, per first conveyance to Fernando Po, the true state of the case, and to recommend the prisoners to his favourable consideration.

Friday, February 18.—Second tornado this morning. A very severe one, but so much the better for driving the smokes away. Cold this morning, sitting in room with doors and windows shut, thermometer down to 73. It is very seldom below 76. Its common range is from 80 to 90, though I have seen it at 70, and I have seen it at 98.

Sabbath, 20.—When in palaver-house this morning about to begin public worship, several of Bassey Ofiong's people came with a goat, and a fowl, and an egg, and a small quantity of rum, to the sacred stone which lies at the entrance of the palaver-house. Bassey had been suddenly attacked by illness during the night, and I suppose these were to propitiate the *Idem* which had caused the illness. The animals were devoted on the sacrificial stone by a long prayer to, I do not know whom or what, but were not killed there, owing, I believe, to our being in the palaver-house at the time. The egg was broken, and part of the rum poured out on the stone, the remainder being sent over the throat of the officiating functionary, who appeared to consider that the most satisfactory part of the ceremony. The goat and the fowl were to be carried off, perchance to be killed at once near the patient, but perchance to die a lingering death, the fowl hung up by one foot, the goat lashed to a stake. O for a place of worship of our own, where there would be no appearance of fellowship between the service of God and things sacrificed to devils!

Sabbath, 27.—Spoke to-day in palaver-house from 1 Cor. x. 19–22. The passage afforded ample opportunity, which I endeavoured to embrace, of showing the worthlessness of *Idems* and *Iböks*, and all the other objects of superstitious regard which abound here—the worthlessness and wickedness of giving things in sacrifice to idols—the incompatibility of God's service with that of devils, demons, or Egbo—the folly and danger of fighting against God. A goodly number of gentlemen and others were present, and listened to what was said on these four points with great attention.

Tuesday, *March* 1.—At Creek Town at monthly meeting of Committee. On return home, learned that on the death of a freeman about three weeks ago, in one of the Efut villages not far from Henshaw Town, one man and two women had been murdered. The headman of another village was here to-day, and admitted the murders, but stated that the village in question belonged to Qua, and was not under Duke Town Egbo. This statement I find to be correct. The Qua people have a

good many towns and villages scattered here and there between the strip of land belonging to Old Calabar on the margin of the Calabar River, and the Qua River four or five miles eastward. In all these towns and villages, though the people speak a totally different language, and have many customs differing from those of Calabar, they practise the barbarous custom of murdering slaves and women on the death of free persons, as was the custom here. I immediately reported the matter to the President and Secretary of the Society for the Abolition of Inhuman Customs, etc., and I suppose they will call a meeting soon, that we may have a palaver with the Qua gentlemen, or with Queen Qua, on the matter.

Wednesday, 2.—Market prevented, and the peace of the town disturbed, on account of a squabble between Henshaw Duke (from whom better things might have been expected) and his people on the one side, and Adam Archibong and his people on the other. There was a pitched battle, which was carried on in the public market-place with sticks and staves. Several heads were broken, but no lives lost. A band of Henshaw's men from the plantation passed the mission-house in the afternoon to the scene of conflict. I counted between fifty and sixty, all armed with bludgeons. I understand that Egbo was sent out to stop the battle, but that the belligerents set him at defiance. They told him they would pay what fine he might inflict, but that they must have their fight out.

Thursday, 3.—Heard Egbo's voice in town early this morning, and about seven o'clock saw Creek Town Egbo coming down the river. A stop has been put to the war between the Henshaw and Archibong families, and both parties have been bound over to keep the peace. I hear that a fine was inflicted for yesterday's contumacy.

In a letter dated 4th July 1853, accompanying the following extracts from his Journal, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

You will observe from the extracts from my Journal that the Sabbath work for a long time has been anything but encouraging. Feeling that we *must* have a place of

meeting of our own, I am just now bargaining with Mr. Hogan, the pilot here, to build us a native house, 50 feet long and 30 wide, on a very excellent site, granted us by Mr. Young, in the centre of the town. The bargain is not yet concluded; but I suppose the edifice will cost from 2000 to 2400 coppers, or from £20 to £24. The gentlemen will not meet in each other's houses.

There are above forty children at present at school, and several of them are making very satisfactory progress. Five or six of the Bible class are nearly through the Shorter Catechism. A manly little fellow, a son of the late King Eyamba, is half through the Shorter Catechism with Proofs. Sarah, whom you have seen, is now learning Brown's *Explication of the Shorter Catechism*. Little Andrew, whom you also saw, is constantly at school. He is nearly through Lennie's First Reading Book. The Gospel by John, in Efik, seems to be highly valued by those who can read it. I believe that there are now about seventy copies in circulation among our Calabar readers.

"*Sabbath, March 6.*[1]—Enjoyed a comfortable Communion season this afternoon. Three members of the Baptist Church at Clarence, who are here just now on business, commemorated along with us the death of Jesus. It was a time of refreshing to us all.

"*Tuesday*, 8.—A violent thunderstorm and tornado. The lightning killed one man on the beach. The wind nearly capsized one of the ships lying in the river. The tornado commenced in the twinkling of an eye, without a moment's warning.

"*Friday*, 25.—Oh, the deeds of blood which are perpetrated in this land! *Jemmy George*, an old scholar at the Mission school here, has a very good wife, as Calabar wives go, who was delivered of twins during the night. The infants have disappeared, and the poor mother, well known to us as a woman superior in intelligence and energy to hundreds of her neighbours, was compelled to walk several miles towards the plantations immediately after her delivery.

"*Tuesday, April* 12.—A young man of the Young family had been sick for a few days. This morning he charged

[1] *Record*, November 1853.

his old mother with having *ifot, freemason,* for him. The poor old woman was taken into Mr. Young's yard and compelled to eat the fatal nut. An hour after and she was dead. In a few hours afterwards her son followed her to the eternal world. I have had sharp words with Mr. Young about the business. I told him, among other things, that of all the people in Calabar, he and his family should have no more to do with the poison nut after what took place in February last year.

"*Sabbath, March* 1.—*Egbo* in palaver-house. Held a short meeting in the marketplace.

"Communion at Old Town in the afternoon. I preached. Mr. Edgerley dispensed the Lord's Supper, and Mr. Goldie concluded the service. Even in this desert land we are privileged to 'draw water with joy from the wells of salvation.'

"*Wednesday*, 11.—An Egbo runner flogged a schoolgirl to-day when coming through Cobham Town. Went down to Cobham Town at once to protest to Henny Cobham and others against flogging children on their way to school. Was referred to Mr. Young for redress by Henny. As I am not visiting Mr. Young at present, on account of the murder of the old woman in his yard, I wrote him a pretty sharp note on the subject. I enclose his reply, which I considered wonderfully satisfactory. It is as follows:—

REV. W. ANDERSON.

SIR,—I recd. your letter by the Bearer and am sorry about that. I will mak plenty palaver about it you Boy see what I tock (talk) with them, you no see Juch (such) thing done any more when I be here for this Town your Boy can tell you what I say to them.

"*Thursday*, 12.[1]—Were favoured to-night with a visit from the Rev. Mr. Jones, of the Church Mission, Sierra Leone. He will sojourn with us till the arrival of the next mail steamer.

"Mr. Jones' chief object in coming here is to see our friend Mr. Thomson, whom Mr. Jones accompanied home

[1] For account of Mr. Jones' visit to Calabar, see *C. M. Intelligencer*, Nov. 1853, reprinted in *United Presbyterian Record*, March 1854.

a number of years ago, after his (Mr. T.'s) father's death.

"*Sabbath*, 15.—Mr. Jones accompanied us to town and spoke at all the meetings. He has been labouring at Sierra Leone for twenty-three years, so that he can tell much that is interesting about that locality. He preached for me in English in the afternoon. The schoolhouse was filled to overflowing. Mr. E. had printed and I had circulated a number of handbills, which brought out a good many hearers.

"*Tuesday*, 24.—Gladdened to-day by the arrival of a box from Dalkeith, containing upwards of 220 copies of the Gospel according to John in Efik. The mail steamer *Hope* arrived here in the afternoon, so we had to bid farewell to our excellent brother, Mr. Jones.

"*Sabbath*, 29.—Devil-making in three or four houses to-day. *Egbo* in palaver-house. Of course *we* were shut out. It is a miserable state of matters this. Some of *Egbo's* attendants gave Mrs. Lee a good deal of abuse when on her way to church this afternoon. Mrs. Lee is a widow, who came from America some years ago, and now makes her living by washing for the shipping.

"*Tuesday*, 31.—Wrote to Mr. Young about Mrs. Lee's affair, claiming protection for her when on her way to or from my house at any time, and especially when on her way to or from worship on the Lord's day. Mr. Young's reply—a verbal one—was not satisfactory; so that I wrote a note to each ship-captain, invoking the influence of each in Mrs. Lee's behalf.

"*Wednesday, June* 1.—The captains took up Mrs. Lee's case with commendable zeal. She will not be troubled again while on her way to divine service, at least for a long time to come.

"*Sabbath*, 5.—One of the saddest Sabbaths I have ever spent. All Duke Town gentlemen busy with a *palaver* brought in to them from the plantations. No time to attend to the word of God. Seeing that *Egbo* has been so frequently in the palaver-house of late on the Lord's day, and that we have been excluded, and fearing lest evil impressions may be produced on the minds of some by our holding meetings in the palaver-house only on such

Sabbaths as *Egbo* may be pleased to permit us, I have resolved to hold no meetings in the palaver-house again. Should no man receive me into his house, I shall proclaim the word of God in the public marketplace each Sabbath to the few who may accompany or gather around me.

"*Saturday*, 11.—Requested Mr. Haddison to walk round among the gentlemen to ascertain where they will be willing to meet to-morrow to hear God's word, but on the understanding that I cannot return to the palaver-house. Mr. H. reports that Mr. Young's house will be the best place for meeting to-morrow.

"*Sabbath*, 12.—An excellent meeting in Mr. Young's to-day. Very reviving after last Sabbath's depression. Mr. Y. wished me to preach in English, which, he says, "he likes best, and *all* (?) understand." I went on as usual with my Calabar discourse. It was on the Creation and Fall of Man.

"*Tuesday*, 21.—Have been very unwell and off work for a week. Have not been in school since last Tuesday, but was able to resume work there this afternoon.

"*Wednesday*, 22.—Commenced this evening a weekly prayer meeting in the mission-house, to which I specially invited the boys in the highest class in the school. Our hall was filled. After devotional exercises, conducted by Mr. Haddison and myself, and a short examination of the young people on the first three questions of the Shorter Catechism, I stated that if any of the young people wished to ask me more fully about the things taught us in the Bible and the way of salvation, I should like them to come into my room. Six of them followed me, and I had a long and interesting conversation with them on the great truths of the gospel. All the six declared that it was their strong desire to leave off all their bad country fashions, and 'follow God's fashion,' but that they dare not, else their lives would be sacrificed. I have been repeatedly implored by some of the young men to request Consul Beecroft to demand from Calabar gentlemen protection for all who are willing to become members of the Church. One of the boys prayed in English at the conclusion of our conversation, and to me it was a refreshing prayer.

"*Thursday*, 23.—Heard this forenoon that there was to be a substitutionary execution in town to-day. Went down to town at once to lift up my voice against such an enormity. Learned from Mr. Young and others that there would be no killing *to-day*; but I have every reason to fear that ere long one or two slaves will be slaughtered because their master has broken *Egbo* law.

"*Wednesday*, 29.—A boy brought us a young leopard on Monday last, which led to a considerable stir in town yesterday. One of the young men in town had shot its mother, and brought the carcase, as in duty bound, to King Calabar. Expecting probably to be better paid by us than by his kingship, he sent the little living one—only a few days old, still blind—to us. When King Calabar heard that he had been deprived of a portion of his perquisites, he became quite outrageous. It must be observed that he is the high priest of Ndem Efik, the god of Calabar. One of the ship-captains told me that it was most ridiculous to see him swaggering up and down the town, arrayed in an old dressing-gown, and decorated with all his charms, declaring to all the people his determination to leave Duke Town, to live henceforth at Creek Town, and to bring the curse of Ndem Efik on Duke Town, unless the little leopard were carried to him. The people were evidently alarmed, and were surrounding him trying to pacify him, and begging him not to leave the town. We were totally ignorant of the matter, till King Duke sent a deputation to me to beg me, as I valued the peace of the town, to send him the little animal that he might present it to King Calabar, and that he would get the pontiff to *dash* it to me. I complied with the request, and in a short time it was brought back to me as a *dash* from his mightiness. He did not forget to come this morning for a dash in return.

"*Wednesday Evening*.—Held our second prayer-meeting. I had eight inquirers to-night. I think that the most of them are *earnestly* inquiring the way to Zion. At the close of our conversation one little fellow prayed in the Calabar tongue. During the meeting the hall was full. There were about twenty children from the town.

"*Thursday*, 30.—King Duke did us the honour of breakfasting with us to-day."

In a letter dated 28th July 1853, Mr. Anderson described the commotion caused by the total destruction by fire of the ship *Pytho*, which, he said, was probably the finest and most expensively fitted up palm-oil vessel which up to that date had crossed the bar of the Old Calabar River. He quotes the particulars from his Journal:—

Thursday, *July* 7.—We were awakened about one o'clock A.M. by the barking of our watchdog. Heard a noise of voices and feet, as of a number of people passing from Duke Town to Henshaw Town. About half-past one a man came running into our yard, and cried out, "Ikang k'ata ubom Davies," *i.e.* that "fire is eating ship of Davies." . . . Fire burst forth from both sides of the *Pytho* with dreadful fury. We then learned that the Duke Town people were fleeing to Henshaw Town and to the bush all around, to escape danger from the anticipated explosion of gunpowder, of which it was reported that there were above one hundred barrels on board. We afterwards learned that there was not half that quantity in the ship. As the ill-fated ship was lying only a mile or thereabouts from us, I fully expected that the mission-house would be either blown or shaken to pieces by the explosion. We at once roused all the young people, and ran out of the house with them. We found hundreds of people on their way to Henshaw Town, carrying goods of all kinds. Several of the fat ladies of the town were also waddling along, in a manner most piteous to behold. Their brass leglets were of no aid to them in their flight. We found both the white seamen and the Krumen who belonged to the burning vessel hurrying along, all apprehensive that our neighbourhood was not beyond the reach of danger. At my request, Mrs. A. took all the young people to Henshaw Town. As I had rather more fear of thieves than of injury from the powder, I remained in the

yard beneath one of the trees. I was soon joined by a poor little girl about five or six years of age, who appears to belong to no one. She kept her station near our feet till day dawned. Mrs. A. soon returned from Henshaw Town, and brought the news that all had escaped from the vessel except the surgeon, who, it was reported by the seamen, had refused to leave the vessel, and of course had perished. As we were deploring his untimely end, who should walk into the yard but he himself, in company with the mate? Glad were we to see them safe and sound. They were the last men who had left the ship. By this time it was about half-past two o'clock. In the meantime the lurid flames were casting their dismal glare all around. Their aspect was sometimes indeed grand, but more frequently it was terrific. The matted house, which had been thrown over the ship on her arrival here, was soon consumed, and the flames flew rapidly up the masts and rigging. I went upstairs and opened all the doors and windows, with the view of lessening the effect of the concussion on the house when it should take place. I took down two chairs and a blanket for our comfort below the tree; and there we sat till daylight appeared, between five and six o'clock, expecting every moment to see firebrands and fragments of wreck flying all around us, and our dwelling-place a desolation. . . . Daylight came, and still there were no indications of an explosion. The mizzenmast fell a little after four o'clock, the mainmast shortly after five, the foremast about six, and the bowsprit about seven. At our usual hour—seven o'clock—we met in the schoolroom for family worship. A number of stragglers joined us. Anew we committed ourselves to the Divine protection, as we had previously done below the tree. We felt comfort in the thought that we were in the keeping of the Shepherd of Israel. We had school at the usual time, though but few attended. . . . The fire raged on the devoted ship. About noon there was a small explosion, caused, it was supposed, by the ignition of a small barrel or two of powder which had been lying apart from the rest. This explosion sent a brand to the neighbouring cask-house, which was immediately afterwards in flames. This we considered as the prelude of a

still greater shock, for which we looked with intense anxiety till about five P.M., when the stern of the ship seemed to fall asunder. We then felt assured that the water had got into the magazine, and that there would be no explosion. In a few minutes more, after having burned for seventeen hours, all the interior of the ship having been consumed, her sides began to fall in, and in a minute or two more all that remained of the beautiful *Pytho* sank beneath the gurgling waters beneath a dense volume of smoke. Several Calabar canoes were hovering near the ship at the time. It is reported that one of them went down or was overturned when the ship sank, and that two of its occupants perished. Their desire of plunder seemed stronger than their fear of death. After the long suspense of sixteen or seventeen hours, it was a great relief to those on board the other ships in the river, to the townspeople, and to ourselves, to feel that the danger was over. . . .

CHAPTER IX

The First Converts, 1853—Excursion up Qua River—First Marriage in Duke Town, 1854

THE Mission had been at work for over seven years ere the first converts openly professed Christianity. Then the first-fruits appeared at all the three stations. At Creek Town, on the afternoon of the Lord's day, 16th Oct. 1853, Mr. Goldie publicly baptized in the king's yard a young man named Esien Esien Ukpabio, who became the first native teacher, and afterwards pastor, and is now the "father" of the Missionary Presbytery of Biafra, and one of the few links connecting heathen and Christian Calabar. He was what is called half-free—that is to say, a slave born in the country, who is entitled to some privileges which are not possessed by the slaves introduced from another country. The next convert was a freeman, the king's own son, known as "Young Eyo," who became Eyo III. He was baptized by Mr. Goldie on the 30th of October, and then along with Ukpabio sat down at the Lord's table. Immediately after gathering in these first-fruits, Mr. Goldie had to leave Calabar for a time. He had been engaged in preparing a dictionary and a grammar of the native language, and had, by too close application, so injured his eyesight that his brethren and his medical advisers urged his departure as the only means under God of preventing the total loss of sight. Mr. Waddell was in

Scotland at the time, so that Mr. Goldie could ill be spared; and it was not known in Calabar that a new recruit, in the person of Mr. Alexander Sutherland, teacher, would soon join the staff.

Mr. Anderson's letter of 30th Nov. 1853 refers to the first converts at Creek Town, Duke Town, and Old Town, to the baptism of three of his house children, and to five candidates for baptism, and to the great need of help for the work of the Mission:—

You would be rejoiced to hear from Mr. Goldie of the baptism of two young men at Creek Town. You will now be glad to learn that two of our young women here have also been "added to the Church." They are both members of our household, and have been so for nearly four years and a half, during the whole of which period they have been under instruction. The elder of the two is called Mary Taylor Anderson. She is a native of Egbo Shary —was brought to market here for sale about the middle of 1849, and was redeemed in part by our friend Dr. Taylor and in part by ourselves. She appears to be eighteen or nineteen years of age. The youngest, called Sarah Anderson [sister of Ukpabio], you have seen. Being weak and sickly, she was committed to us by King Archibong's mother, not long after we came here in 1849. We claim her freedom on King Archibong's note of hand, given us before we took her to Britain in 1851. The claim was lately disputed by Mrs. Archibong (as she is called), but the assembled gentlemen of the town decided that it is valid. Mary was baptized on the last Sabbath of October. Sarah also was to have been baptized on that day, but, having gone to see her mother, and having been detained at Creek Town on that Sabbath, she was baptized on the first Sabbath of November, on which day we had the comfort of seeing both of them partaking, with hearts evidently impressed, along with us of the memorials of our Lord's broken body and shed blood. Considering the perils by which they are surrounded in this dark land, while we rejoice over them, we do so with trembling.

Your prayers will, I am assured, ascend with ours to the Good Shepherd in behalf of these lambs of the flock. He *can*—I trust *will*—keep them unspotted from the world, and preserve them to His heavenly kingdom and glory.

I may here mention that other two women have been this year admitted into the fellowship of the Church at this station. First, Mrs. Haddison, who was brought up among our Baptist brethren at Fernando Po and Cameroons. She was married to my assistant, Mr. J. Haddison, in the earlier part of the year. The second was Mrs. Lee, originally from Baltimore, U.S., where she long drank of the bitter cup of slavery. She has been for some years a widow, and makes her living chiefly, if not solely, by washing clothes for the shipping here. Eight of her little children occupy graves in America, Liberia, Fernando Po, and Old Calabar, and I daresay she has wept over each little slumberer's coffin (as Mrs. Stowe says) "just as naturally as if she had been a white woman." She was connected with the Methodists in Baltimore.

On the first Sabbath of November, I embraced the opportunity of Mr. Edgerley's being with us to have our three youngest adopted or redeemed children baptized. The eldest of these, whom we call Agnes Tod, seems about eight years old. Mrs. A. redeemed her two or three years ago, when a poor, diseased, miserable-looking creature. After a great deal of care and nursing by both Mrs. Goldie and Mrs. A., she is now thriving well. The second is Andrew Somerville. He was with us in Britain in 1851. The third, whom we call Margaret Marshall (after a much-valued Jamaica friend), seems about twelve or fourteen months old. Her mother died in July, and as the poor infant seemed likely soon to die also, her owner, by name and style Egbo Tom, Esq., considerately *dashed* her to us on the 30th of the same month. Mrs. A. and I demurred about accepting the *present*, unless accompanied by a writ of manumission. This was readily granted, and we received the poor outcast, or rather orphan, as a trust from on high. She is thriving very well now, and will, we trust, continue to do so.

On Sabbath first, Mr. Edgerley purposes baptizing a

young man [Joseph Edgerley or Edungikan], who has been long one of his domestics at Old Town. The first-fruits of each station will then have been brought in and presented to the Lord. O for a speedy and an abundant harvest-time!

I have had two very interesting conversations with Young Eyo since his baptism. He met with great opposition in taking the important step. He needed the spirit of a martyr, and he seems to possess it. Mr. Goldie has probably written you the very interesting particulars. The combat is now fairly begun in this battlefield between the powers of heaven and hell,—the opposing forces have met face to face,—the struggle may be fell, and furious, and protracted. Never has the Mission been in a more interesting state than at present—never has it more needed the prayers and sympathies of the Church at home.

Before this reaches you, you will have learned that Mr. Goldie has had to leave us for a season. We felt deeply grieved to part with him on the 31st ult. The absence of two brethren at once leaves Mr. Edgerley and myself too much to do, especially as we have access to two of the ships in the river. I have frequently to conduct five or six meetings on the Sabbath, and feel it very exhausting. Indeed, last Sabbath evening and all Monday I felt as I did last December, immediately before the attack of fever which nearly sent me to the grave. But still, I have not the heart to say "No," when invited to speak the words of eternal life in any yard in town or on any ship in the river.

December 1.—Thus far had I proceeded last evening, when the *Forerunner* made her appearance. I was forthwith put in possession of yours of October 23, announcing the very pleasing intelligence that help is at hand. I trust that we shall ere long be cheered by Mr. Sutherland's arrival. In the meantime we "thank God and take courage."

I forgot to state at the proper place that we have at this station just now five candidates for baptism—four young men and one girl.

The school has not been so well attended this year as it was last. There have been about 100 children at school in all, but the average attendance has not exceeded 45.

I shall have more opportunity for hunting out scholars when Mr. S. arrives.

Mr. Thomson is looking feeble. He is much in need of a change of climate. According to arrangement, I supplied at Creek Town on Sabbath, Nov. 20. King Eyo is as bright as ever. Had three well attended meetings.

An excursion up the Qua River was a pleasant holiday at the beginning of a new year.

Monday, Jan. 9, 1854. — Accompanied by Mr. Edgerley, Mr. Thomson, and Dr. Eastwood (surgeon of one of the ships), went off this evening in the *John Robson* for an excursion up the Qua River. Anchored off Seven Fathom Point for the night.

Tuesday, 10.—Lifted anchor this morning and proceeded to the mouth of the Qua River, where we waited till the commencement of flood tide. We then proceeded up the river to Qua landing, where we landed and took a short walk, and off which we anchored for the night.

Wednesday, 11. — Got up on the flood to a beautiful anchorage, with a fine sandy beach, where we lay during the ebb. About noon weighed anchor and proceeded up the river. Saw only one small hut all the way. Between five and six P.M. we anchored off a beach called *Esuk Obutong*, where two or three canoes were lying. We ascertained that there is a road to Old Town from this beach. We took a walk into the country a mile or two, and reached a small plantation village. We learnt from the people there that Old Town is ten or twelve hours' journey from their abode. The ground here is high compared with that of Calabar ; there is much good timber ; and the soil, which is clayey, seems rich and strong. We left a few mango seeds with the people at the village, which they promised to plant and look after. Returned to the boat for the night.

Thursday, 12.—Early in the morning went up the river till we could not stem the current. This was only a mile or so above Esuk Obutong. We learned from the people at the plantation that about a mile above the place we reached the river becomes so small and the channel so full

of large stones, that even canoes cannot proceed farther. Had time permitted we would have hired a canoe and proceeded as far as possible, but we were anxious to be home by Friday evening, so we turned the boat's head and retraced our course. At a small creek about a mile below Esuk Obutong, we stopped a little and landed. We found two new cottages, the inhabitants of which are employed in clearing ground for a new plantation. The people, houses, and plantation (which is to be) belong to Obuma, the mother of the late King Archibong of Duke Town. We then proceeded down the river, and anchored for the night off the north end of Robson Island.

Friday, 13.—Started this morning with the first of the ebb tide, got down to the mouth of Qua River, where we lay till the tide turned, and got up to Duke Town about four P.M.

We must have been at the least sixty miles up the Qua River—that is, about twenty miles farther than any of us have been on any previous occasion. During the whole of our progress the only human habitations we could see from the river were a small village at Qua landing, about twenty-five or twenty-eight miles from its mouth, and a small hut about twenty-five miles above that. The whole region looks desolate — mangroves abundant—river very shallow in many places. We had morning and evening worship on board the boat, and at the hallowed hour of prayer I for one could not survey the dreary scene around without at the same time looking forward to a "good time coming," when the river shall become one of the byways of commerce, if not one of its highways—when its banks shall be studded with towns and villages, churches and schools—when old men leaning on their staves shall be seen surveying the ebb and flow of the waters—and when the ears of passers-by, such as we were, shall be greeted by the mirthful sound of children at play, or arrested by the cadence of the morning or evening song of praise.

Thursday, *Feb.* 2.—Her Majesty's steamer *Antelope*, with Consul Beecroft on board, came up the river yesterday. To-day King Eyo and King Duke received the last instalment of goods promised to Kings Eyamba and Eyo,

when they signed the treaty for the abolition of the slave-trade in, or rather from, this river.

Friday, 3. — A large meeting in schoolroom to-day, called by Consul Beecroft, for the settlement of sundry *palavers* betwixt himself, on behalf of several British and Spanish subjects on the one part, and the Duke Town gentlemen on the other part. He lectured them well on their barbarous treatment of the three Fernando Po men whom they made prisoners last year, because they attempted to convey one of their own countrymen from his house of bondage. The Consul took a noble stand also on the side of humanity in regard to some of the prevailing habits here, and strongly and justly condemned the ordeal of the *esére* and the destruction of twin children. He also urged on them the importance of their giving attention to the instructions of the missionaries, men whom *they* sent for to instruct themselves and their children. This led him to condemn the practice, long since abandoned at Creek Town, but still kept up here, of having Egbo runners out on the Sabbath, and thereby preventing all except a few of the free people from attending either meetings or Sabbath school. He also claimed liberty of conscience for all who wish to join the Church. I have no doubt that this visit of the Consul will be remembered, and prove productive of much good at this station.

On Feb. 8th, Willie Tom Robins, the superstitious old chief of Old Town, died. His death was concealed from the white people as long as possible, and in the meantime blood was profusely shed. Mr. Edgerley, unhappily, was laid down with fever at the time, and could do nothing to arrest the work of death ; but Mrs. Edgerley and Mr. Thomson did what they could. The number killed could not be fully ascertained ; but the chief's two eldest sons, five or six of his wives, and a considerable number of slaves, were poisoned, shot, or hanged. Mr. Anderson, in his Journal, refers to the *Breach of the Egbo Law against Human Sacrifices* that had taken place :—

Feb. 11. — Reported to the Duke Town authorities a breach of Egbo law committed at Old Town on occasion of the death of King Willie Tom. . . . Handed them the names of eighteen persons who have been slaughtered. Of these five perished by *esére*, the administration of which is no breach of Egbo law; but the remainder were otherwise butchered, in defiance of Egbo law. The Duke Town gentlemen seem resolved to take up the case with some vigour. But I have long suspected that Egbo law too much resembles *cobwebs*—it entangles the weak, but the strong back through with impunity.[1]

Friday, 17. — Needful of a day's recreation, went to Creek Town with Mrs. A. Attended King Eyo's dinner. Glad to see that he is anxious to deal with the Old Town murderers. A severe thunderstorm in the evening. On our return home, found that the electric fluid had shivered our flagstaff to pieces, and killed two of our goats. We felt grateful that all the people in the yard, young and old, were safe.

Wednesday, 22. — This evening had the pleasure of solemnising a marriage ceremony for the first time in this country.[2] The happy couple are David King and Abasi Ekong. I may state why the bridegroom is so named. Some years ago, when he and other schoolboys were selecting English names for themselves, he pitched on "King David." I represented to him that this was scarcely a suitable appellation for him, but that I knew a great and good man in my country called David King, and that I thought this would be a better name for him than King David. As it was a matter of no importance to him in what order the words were placed, he adopted the suggestion. He is a grandson of the late King Eyamba; and as the grandfather used to designate himself "king of all black men," so has the grandson for some years written himself "David—king of all black boys." The bride is a daughter of Jemmy Henshaw's. They are the first free natives of the country who have been married after "white man's fashion." Mrs. A. had some difficulty in

[1] *Record*, July 1854.

[2] The first marriage of Calabar natives according to Christian custom was celebrated at Creek Town on April 15, 1850.

getting a dress capacious enough for the bride, and she is not nearly so corpulent as the most of her countrywomen; but, after being arrayed in a gown (for the first time in her life), and neatly turbaned, her appearance was very becoming. She seemed fully alive to the importance of the step she was taking. The ceremony was celebrated in the schoolroom in the presence of a goodly number of interested spectators. I look on this marriage as an event of great importance. Here is one of the most influential young men in the country bidding a public farewell to polygamy. He has had a plurality of wives, but now stands strongly pledged to keep by one only. I have reason to hope that others of our young men will ere long follow his example.

Thursday, 23.—The *Golden Age* hove in sight between five and six o'clock this evening. Went down to meet her, and on reaching her was glad to find Captain Davies, Mrs. D., their fine little boy about eight months old, and Miss Miller [returning after furlough], all well.

Sabbath, 26.—Among the pleasant sights of this day deserves to be noticed the unexpected one of the newly-married pair at our English service in the evening. The bride was rather better dressed than on Wednesday evening, having got on a very neat straw bonnet. They walked arm in arm both to church and from it, which is quite a new thing among the Calabarese. This is the first time that we have ever seen a Calabar man treat his wife as an equal. At the close of the service, I was glad to see the ship-captains and surgeons, who had been worshipping with us, shake hands kindly and respectfully with the young couple.

Thursday, *March* 2.—Met at Creek Town to-day a very interesting class of five boys, all desirous of being baptized. In so far as I examined them, I was much pleased with the extent of their knowledge of Scripture history, doctrine, and precept. Their attainments reflect much credit on Mr. Thomson's diligence and perseverance. I believe that they have received most of their instruction from him. Only one is a native of Calabar; the others have been imported from neighbouring countries. On inquiring at them as to their family connections, the touching reply of four was, being interpreted, "Our fathers and

mothers are not; we are slaves." I trust that they are under the teaching of the Holy One, and that they all are, or shall be, of the number of those whom the truth makes free. They all wish immediate admission to the Church, but I have seen so much discomfort and mischief arise in churches elsewhere from precipitous admissions to Communion, that I do not feel at liberty to assume the responsibility of their immediate baptism, and especially after only *one* examination and one day's acquaintance-ship. I have had cause to reject several applications for immediate baptism here, and in each case I have had cause of thankfulness that I rejected the application.

Tuesday, 7.—The Duke Town gentlemen being rather reluctant that we should have a place of worship in the immediate vicinity of their palaver-house, lest we and Egbo should come into collision, and having expressed their willingness that I should take possession of a very excellent site occupied by a decayed house belonging to the supercargoes in the river, provided they (the river gentlemen) did not mean to repair their house and retain it as a place of rendezvous, I put myself in communication with the white gentlemen on the subject, and feel glad that all the four proprietors of the house now in the country, viz. Captains Calvert, Davies, Lewis, and Cuthbertson, very readily gave up their right and title to both site and remains of the old house in my favour, or rather, in favour of the Mission. It only remains now, I believe, that Duke *Antaro* get a *dash* for the use of the land, which is on his family property, and then Mr. Hogan will go on with his work. He is now ready to proceed.

Wednesday, 8.—By arrival of the mail packet we are all glad to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Goldie had got safely home on 20th Jan. Our prayer shall be for their speedy return. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few—oh, how few! May it speedily please the Lord of the harvest to send forth more labourers into this portion of the field!

CHAPTER X

The Beginnings of the Native Church

THE arrival of Mr. Alexander Sutherland on March 26, 1854, in the first of the monthly steamers, was a welcome addition to the staff. He relieved Mr. Anderson of the charge of the day-school, and thus left him more time to devote to other duties. As Calabar children can obey only one master, a divided authority in the school would have been inexpedient, and Mr. Anderson showed his wisdom and brotherly spirit in at once giving Mr. Sutherland entire charge after initiating him into his duties.

Viewed in relation to home, the monthly arrival of the mail steamers has wonderfully altered the aspect of affairs in this country. In former days, two, three, and even four months have sometimes passed away without any European newspaper or letter reaching us, to let us know what was going on in the world. Then we sometimes felt as if we were in an out-of-the-world place. Now we have at least monthly means of communicating with distant friends; and it is no small comfort for us to feel that we are *only a month's distance* from England. It is to us a great cause of thankfulness, and it should afford much relief to our personal friends, and to all the friends of the Mission, to know that, should any of us be necessitated to seek a change of air for sake of health, we have such frequent opportunities of taking a trip to sea, or, if need be, to England itself, and that, too, at a far less expense than the keeping up of a Mission ship and crew would necessarily involve.

During the week after Mr. Sutherland's arrival I went

with him round the town, and introduced him to the native gentlemen, by all of whom he was kindly received. We also visited the Mission families at Creek Town and Old Town, as well as King Eyo, who also gave Mr. S. a cordial welcome to Old Calabar. On the following Sabbath, April 2nd, we, as usual on the first Sabbath of the month, observed the ordinance of the Lord's Supper in the schoolroom in the P.M. A large company of worshippers were present, both from the shipping and from the town. We remembered in our prayers at the table of the Lord the congregation at *Whitburn*, to which Mr. S. belonged in former days, as he informed us that that Sabbath was their Communion also.

On Monday, April 3rd, I resigned charge of the school into Mr. Sutherland's hands. He had seen my plan of operation for several days, and I felt it but due to him to show the young people as soon as possible that he was now to be "king for school." Having been constantly engaged in school labours in Jamaica and here together for upwards of fifteen years, I felt somewhat "out of my element" for a few days after giving up school, but I find that other equally important duties will demand all the time and labour I can devote to them.

No Communion service having been observed at Creek Town since Mr. Goldie left us, in accordance with the wishes of Church members there, I went up on the P.M. of Sabbath, April 9th, preached, baptized a child of one of the members, and dispensed the Lord's Supper. Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Sutherland, Dr. Eastwood (our present medical attendant), and a goodly band of Duke Town young people, accompanied me. On that occasion *six* young men communicated for the first time, viz. *five* youths who had been baptized a few weeks previously, and George B. Waddell, an emancipado from a slave-ship, and subsequently a domestic in the family of Rev. Mr. Waddell. Having made application for admission to the Lord's table some months before—having been repeatedly examined as to his knowledge of divine things, and having given much satisfaction at each examination—and having (in the absence of a session) been approved by all the members of the Church at the station, I felt that

it was but duty to him, to the Church, and to the Head of the Church, to admit him to the table of the Lord.

Including some from Duke Town and some from Old Town, twenty-two communicants united in showing forth the death of their Lord, in the presence of a large number of deeply interested spectators. It was to myself—I think I may say to all of us—a season of refreshing. We found "the communion of saints" to be both pleasant and profitable. Mr. Thomson delivered the concluding address in Calabar language. I was glad to learn from Mr. T. that other young men at Creek Town, among whom is King Eyo's second son, are very anxious to be received into the fellowship of the Church.

On the following Friday (April 14th) King Eyo and his gentlemen took to task the young men who had joined the Church. As Mr. Thomson has written you an interesting account of the important and deeply interesting procedure of that day, I shall not here enter into particulars. I shall only remark, what I stated to our young people here at the prayer-meeting last Wednesday evening, that the demeanour of the young men at Creek Town on the occasion referred to is an illustration and evidence of the truth of the text, "The word of God is quick and powerful"; the ever-living and life-giving word; the ever-strong and strength-giving word; producing similar effects in all who cordially embrace it in every age and in every land. We see its life and power in the case of Joshua and Caleb; in the case of Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, etc.; in the case of martyrs in former years in Britain itself, and more recently in Madagascar, and in the case of these five young men in Old Calabar.

May 1.—About two months ago I intimated to you the *marriage* of the young man who calls himself David King. I am happy to be able now to announce something of far greater importance respecting him, namely, his *baptism*. I think I formerly stated to you (it was on his own authority) that he is a grandson of the late King Eyamba. He did not stand exactly in that relationship to Eyamba. His mother's mother was King Eyamba's *queen*, or head wife, but Eyamba was not his mother's father. Her father was the "big Duke Ephraim," who reigned before

Eyamba's accession to regal power. David has long been wishful of being admitted into the Church, but two considerations induced me to delay his reception: first, I wished him to understand "the way of the Lord more perfectly" than he did when he first applied for baptism; and second, I felt somewhat at a loss how to act in regard to him from his position as a slave-holder.[1] In order to clear the way of future difficulties on this point, I drew up a declaration[2] on the treatment of servants, which, having read and explained to him, I asked him if he was willing to subscribe. This he cheerfully consented to, and attached his signature in presence of Mrs. Edgerley, Mr. Sutherland, and myself. The path of duty seeming clear, this young man was yesterday received into the fellowship of the Church by being baptized "into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." He is the first native *man* who has made a profession of religion at this station. And I need hardly add that he, as well as the other converts, has a claim on the sympathies and prayers of the parent Church. Young Eyo and the most of the native members were present at our P.M. service yesterday when D. K. was baptized. At my request, Young Eyo addressed the Duke Town young men, many of whom were present, on their duty in regard to the gospel of Christ. After I had finished the English portion of the service, he delivered a long and powerful address on the subject assigned to him. He spoke in Efik, and was listened to with deep attention. A considerable portion of his address was taken up in replies to some statements which it appears some *white men* are in the habit of making to the natives of Calabar against the Bible, and against their joining the Church. He handled their sophistries in a very masterly manner; he brought them at once "to the law and to the testimony" as the grand test of truth, and exposed their utter worthlessness. I have every reason to expect that his address will be productive of good.

Monday, May 8. — Other two members were added yesterday to the Church at this station. Their names are

[1] For the history of Mr. Anderson's dealing with the case of slave-holders seeking admission to the Church, see Chapter XII.

[2] The declaration is given in full in Chapter XII. p. 323.

Louisa Goldie and Antika Angwan. Both have been in the mission-house since 1849. The former is a native of the country of Ekŏi, said to be about a month's journey distant from Old Calabar. She appears to be about sixteen or seventeen years of age. The latter is a native of the neighbouring country of Ibo, and seems a year younger than the other. They have both, for some months, been anxious for admission to the Church, and, after undergoing many examinations in regard to their knowledge, and their walk and conversation being such as the other members of the Church approve, they were yesterday afternoon baptized and admitted to the table of the Lord. Six of the young men from Creek Town observed along with us the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. In regard to the two girls just named, I regret to say that they are still *slaves*. One belongs to Henry Cobham, the other to Antika Cobham. They thus "stand in jeopardy every hour." They may be demanded from us by their masters at any time, and we have no ground on which to resist the demand. They are not only liable every hour to be withdrawn from our instructions and our protection, but to be *sold* into hopeless slavery in some distant land. May the Good Shepherd be their Guide and Guardian! They have joined the Church with open eyes—fully expecting to be called upon to suffer persecution for the sake of Christ and the gospel. O that they may be found faithful, and endure even to the end!

I do not know if it has ever been mentioned to you that the Calabarese have an apt illustration of the ordinance of baptism in a custom of their own which much resembles it. When a slave is purchased from any other country, the first thing done after the completion of the bargain is to observe the ceremony called *Uduok Mong*—*i.e.* the affusion of water. The newly-purchased is made to stand below the eaves of his new master's house, when his old proprietor, or his representative, takes a vessel containing water, which he empties by heaving the water on the roof in such a manner that a considerable portion of it will drop down on the person of the newly-arrived. This is generally accompanied with an exhortation to the person affused to conduct himself (or herself as the case may be)

properly as an inhabitant of Old Calabar. By this ceremony all bonds connecting him with his former master and his former country are dissolved, and his connection with Old Calabar begun.

Some of the natives themselves imagine they can trace a resemblance between the Lord's Supper and their own Egbo festivals. For, say they, no one dare go to the palaver-house to an Egbo feast except those who have purchased the privilege of that particular grade of Egbo which is engaged in keeping a feast; so no one save those who truly belong to Christ and His people ought to sit at the Lord's table. For my own part, I should not like to illustrate the sacred ordinance of the Lord's Supper by any of their Egbo observances,—at least till I know a great deal more about them,—but I felt a good deal of interest in the above view of the matter, coming as it did spontaneously from some of the young men themselves.

Thursday, June 8.—Thomas Eyamba's mother is in great wrath about her son having been baptized. Her strongest objection to the measure is that her son will be allowed to marry only *one wife*! A big gentleman like her son to be without twenty or thirty wives!—the very thought of it is enough to break the poor woman's heart. She is also annoyed because he has come under obligations not to maltreat his slaves. She thinks, no doubt, that a little scorching now and then is necessary to keep the wretches in subjection, and that without cutting off of ears, extraction of sound teeth, etc., it will be impossible to manage them. Thomas keeps cool and calm amid the storms by which he is assailed from various points.

Our Sabbath meetings have improved lately both in regard to numbers and attention. We have generally four or five meetings in town during the A.M. of Sabbath. After these meetings I used to preach on board one of the ships, but the last two Sabbaths on which I did so I felt so faint that I was compelled to give up that interesting department of labour, at least for the present. The Sabbath school, held from 3 to 4 P.M., is attended by about eighty. Of those, ten or twelve are adults. Our little schoolroom has been greatly overcrowded at the 4 P.M. English service for several months past.

Our Wednesday evening prayer meeting is attended by from forty to fifty persons, many of whom seem to take much interest in the exercises. Besides singing and prayer, I read a passage of Scripture, explaining as I go along, sometimes in English, sometimes in Efik; I then catechise on the passage; and after that I generally request one of the most intelligent young men present to read the passage, with its explanation in Efik, that all may understand. After prayer, we take a question in the Shorter Catechism and discuss it in the same manner. Last evening the question under consideration was the very interesting and, in our circumstances, peculiarly important one, "What is required to the worthy receiving of the Lord's Supper?" The passage of Scripture which came more immediately under review last evening was also most suitable for the present time—Luke ix. 23–27.

Our friend Egbo Tom made us another *dash* a few months ago, said *dash* being a little sickly boy about two years of age. We have got his writ of manumission. He is thriving very well now. We have named him John Gray, after my venerable friend the Dalkeith patriarch of that name. Mrs. A. redeemed a fine little girl some time ago. We call her Isabella Elliot. We mean to have both baptized on some early day.

CHAPTER XI

Bombardment and Destruction of Old Town—Destruction by Fire of Duke Town Mission-House

In the beginning of 1855 two events happened, both of a disastrous nature, which affected the fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. Edgerley at Old Town, and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson at Duke Town. The first was the bombardment and destruction of Old Town by the British war steamer, on the 19th of January, and the second the accidental destruction by fire of the mission-house at Duke Town on the 9th of February.

To understand what led up to the destruction of Old Town, we have to go back a year. "The gross violation of the law against human sacrifices committed at Old Town, at the death of the chief Willie Tom Robins, in Feb. 1854, required," says Mr. Waddell,[1] "to be promptly and severely dealt with. When, therefore, it was formally made known by the missionaries to the native authorities, an Egbo interdict was laid on the guilty place, forbidding the funeral rites for the deceased till the breach of law was atoned for. In the native estimation that was decisive. The obsequies could not be indefinitely postponed, as a successor required to be chosen after they were concluded, and other important matters, both of business and of pleasure, depended on their regular performance. Sooner

[1] *Twenty-Nine Years*, p. 551.

or later, therefore, the heads of the town would be obliged to succumb and pay the penalty. . . . King Eyo said that everything was in a fair train for finding and punishing the guilty." Had the native law and procedure—slow, but in this case sure—been allowed to take its course, all would have been well.

But the white traders, who were simply temporary residents, and imperfectly acquainted with native customs, and unwilling to wait the execution of Egbo law, "desired a more vigorous mode of procedure. In Jan. 1855, 'the gentlemen of the shipping,'" continues Mr. Waddell, "called a meeting to determine the fate of Old Town. *From that meeting the missionaries were excluded;* and, in their absence and contrary to the wishes of the rulers of Duke Town and Creek Town, it was resolved that the town should be destroyed and some of its chief men banished. A boat was then despatched to Fernando Po for the Consul and the man-of-war; and in a week more, H.M. ss. *Antelope*, Commander Young, arrived with the Acting Consul, Mr. Lynslager, on board. This gentleman, a *merchant* of Clarence, who had been *temporarily* appointed by the late Consul Beecroft, . . . immediately on his arrival summoned a general meeting on board the Queen's ship, and desired all complaints to be brought before him." In spite of the protests of Mr. Edgerley, the missionary at Old Town, and contrary to the wishes of the other missionaries, he ordered the destruction of the town.

Mr. Edgerley was subsequently blamed in Parliament and in the press[1] for its destruction.

[1] As an example of the distortion of facts in the press, the following sentence from a book on *European Settlements on the West Coast of Africa*, published in 1862, by a Captain and F.R.G.S., whose ignorance of the real nature of missionary work is only equalled by his bias against missions,

The bombardment and destruction of Old Town formed the subject of a Memorial to Government from the Foreign Mission Board, dated Oct. 2nd, 1855, and also of a Deputation, consisting of Messrs. John Henderson of Park, and David Anderson, Glasgow, accompanied by the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird, M.P., which had an interview with Lord Clarendon at the Foreign Office on the 2nd of November, and presented the Memorial. The Memorial is given in full in the *Record* for Dec. 1855. It will be sufficient to summarise the views of the Board:—

They complained of the Consul's proceeding—

(1) *Because it was illegal.*—There was no treaty existing between Old Town and the British Government which gave the Consul authority or right to interfere in the matter. This is the testimony of all the missionaries who have for eight years been resident there, and are thoroughly acquainted with all the transactions which have taken place. The treaty of 15th February 1851, which, it was alleged, had been violated, had no reference whatever to Old Town. None of the chiefs or representatives of Old Town was present at the making of that treaty, and could not therefore be bound by it. It was a treaty framed between the chiefs of Duke Town and the slaves of the Qua plantation. The error of the Consul and others lies in supposing that a treaty made with one town in Calabar binds all the others, whereas the fact is that each town has its own separate civil rulers.

will suffice. After speaking of the "schismatic emissaries" of "rival sects of dissenters," "professed harbingers of Christianity and peace," as being "pestilent fomenters of strife between tribes" (!), the writer goes on to say, "The missionaries are in fact the most warlike men on the coast," and illustrates it by various cases, concluding with the following reference to the bombardment of Old Town, which he erroneously supposes to be the chief town of Old Calabar: "As said Sir C. Wood [in Parliament], it was at the *request* (!) of the missionaries the town of Old Calabar (*sic*) was destroyed by the fleet (*sic*), though what wrong the natives had committed has not to this day transpired." Had the writer read the Blue-Book on the subject, he could not have penned that sentence.

(2) *Because it was done in opposition to the wishes and protests of the missionary agents, who are British subjects, resident in the locality.*—The language of the Consul's letter of 19th January (as given in Blue-Book, Class A, p. 162) conveyed the idea that the missionaries united with the supercargoes in calling upon the Consul to grant "redress" for the murders at Old Town. This was not the case. A letter of the Rev. W. Anderson, dated 15th January, is given in the Blue-Book, p. 163, and it makes no allusion to Old Town. A letter of the Rev. S. Edgerley is also given, p. 164. It pointed out certain dangers to which he was exposed, and claimed in regard to these, not "redress," but "*protection*." The Memorial proceeds:—The missionaries deeply lamented the murders at Old Town, strongly desired that the native Egbo law, passed in 1850, should be vindicated, and were very anxious that the Consul should use his *moral* influence, as his predecessor, Mr. Beecroft, had often done, in persuading the natives to carry into effect their own law; but they unanimously disapproved of, and, as has been already stated, protested against the proposal to destroy Old Town. The Consul, however, disregarded their protests—the protests of the only British subjects resident in the town of Old Calabar, and deeply interested in the welfare of the people, and, in compliance with the suggestion and request of the majority of the masters and supercargoes, who are only temporary visitors, extinguished a native town and destroyed a mission station. This is a proceeding which imperils our other mission stations, and all the other missions along the Coast; for if a Consul, in defiance of the protest of the British residents, and at the suggestion of mere strangers, shall destroy a town and blot out a mission, it is obvious that it needs but the combination of men who may not like the existence of missionaries in a given locality, to secure their expulsion, the ruin of their work, and the perpetuation of the reign of darkness, cruelty, and death.

(3) *Because it is fitted to have an injurious effect on our Mission.*—In the joint narrative of the missionaries (drawn up by Mr. Waddell), it is said:—

"Injurious suspicions are spread abroad against us, as,

at the bottom, the cause of this outrage, because we have rebuked and exposed the practices which have apparently brought it about. Now, nothing could be more injurious to our efforts among the people than the idea that we were backed by a man-of-war. We come as men of peace. . . . If they imagine that our entreaties are a cunning device to ensnare them into promises which shall be enforced by the thunder of war-guns, it is easy to see how vain will be our best endeavours for their instruction and conversion."

(4) *Because it tends to weaken the beneficial influence of the white man upon the native mind.*—The missionaries say: "Native instrumentality and co-operation are indispensable to native reformation, and certainly much better than external compulsion."

[Would that in all dealings with native races that principle were acted on! External force is no remedy; nor will "the fear of the Consul," or of the coercive powers of civilisation represented by him, avail to work permanent reforms in any native State. Native instrumentality—Egbo law, for example, and the willing co-operation of even an enlightened minority only of chiefs and people—will do more for native reformation than civilised compulsion in any shape or form. It may be a slower, but it is a far surer process. Moral and spiritual influence, not force nor even law, is the true reformer and civiliser of heathen and barbarous tribes.—W. M.]

(5) *Because the Consul has prohibited the town from being rebuilt.*—It is the oldest town in the district, and its annihilation is calculated to produce, among a people who cling to tradition, very hostile feelings towards Europeans. . . . The destruction of the town is illegal, but to forbid its ever being rebuilt is the highest injustice. And what aggravates this arbitrary act of power is the conduct of the Consul in taking the people of Duke Town bound, under the penalty of the displeasure of H.M.'s Government, to keep Old Town a ruin. It is a subversion of all the ideas

of the people of Calabar, as well as of natural rights, to hold the people of one town, with a distinct civil government, responsible for the doings of the people of another town, with a separate civil authority.

In a letter of 30th Jan. 1856, which it may be best to give here, Mr. Anderson communicates the intelligence that T. J. Hutchinson, Esq. (author of an interesting *Narrative of the Niger, Tshadda, and Binuë Exploration*, etc., 1885), formerly a medical man, the then newly-appointed Consul for the Bight of Biafra, had visited Calabar, and convened a meeting at Old Town, where, in accordance with instructions from Lord Clarendon, he made a treaty with the people of Old Town, giving them liberty, on certain conditions, to rebuild their town. The Government thus lost no time in carrying into effect the promise which, on the 2nd of November, Lord Clarendon made to the Deputation from the Mission Board. The friendly relations between the Consul and the missionaries, that enabled them to work cordially together in their distinctive spheres for the best interests of the natives, afford an example worthy of imitation in every British sphere where consular jurisdiction and missionary influence coexist:—

Consul Hutchinson arrived on his first official visit to this river in H.M.S. *Bloodhound* on the 16th curt., and left us on the 22nd. The natives were delighted to meet an old friend in a new capacity. On the Friday or Saturday they presented a very kind address to Consul H., congratulating him on his appointment, expressing their conviction that he will do what is just and right between white men and black, etc. He wrote a very suitable address in reply, which he entrusted to me to deliver and interpret. The reply furnished me with good themes for some of my meetings. I found the following statement,

in particular, to be a capital text, seeing that the Efik country is nourished by the Queen's country: "Queen Victoria and her gentlemen wish commerce and Christianity to flourish wherever the English flag waves."

Sabbath, Jan. 20th, was Grand Egbo day, so that we had hardly any meetings in town. About 11 A.M., as all on board the *Bloodhound* were met for and engaged in divine service, a noisy Egbo canoe procession was coming up the river, bringing Egbo from the bush. Perhaps there was a little more *showing off* than usual, from the idea that the white strangers on the man-of-war vessel would be deeply interested in the affair.

From its being generally known that the Consul would be at church at the afternoon English service, a good many of the native gentlemen forsook, *pro tem.*, their Egbo affairs, and came to worship with us. It was pleasant to see our Consul, Commander Williams, and several of the *Bloodhound's* officers setting a good example to the natives of Old Calabar in regard to church-going. Would that all our countrymen who come here would "go and do likewise"!

On Monday, Jan. 21st, an important meeting was held at Old Town. Of Europeans, there were present Consul H., Commander Williams, the Consul's secretary, the four ordained missionaries, Messrs. Sutherland and Wylie, and Dr. Hewan. Of the natives there were present, besides the chiefs of Old Town, King Eyo and a band of Creek Town gentlemen, and Duke Ephraim with a band of Duke Town gentlemen. Old Town gentlemen received permission to rebuild Old Town, on their signing a treaty, of which the following are the provisions, which bear most on our Mission work:—

1. The abolition of human sacrifices for the dead.—The gentlemen were quite willing to accede to this demand.

2. Saving the lives of twin children.—There was some demur here, but at length it was agreed that their lives should be saved, but that they are on no account to come or be brought into town.

3. Infants whose mothers die are not to be buried alive, but committed to the care of the United Presbyterian missionaries.—This also was at once agreed to.

4. In regard to the ordeal of the *esére* (poison bean), the Consul and missionaries strove to get it abolished, but could not prevail. Its mode of administration was, however, so regulated and modified that the system is deprived of most of its power of doing mischief. No one is to be compelled to take the ordeal at Old Town without the consent of King Eyo and Duke Ephraim.

5. The protection of missionaries.—This also was at once agreed to. While on this point, I was much gratified on hearing the Consul give a good word of counsel and reproof to my Duke Town friends. He told them plainly that he had no power to make laws for them on such subjects, but that as a friend he would advise them to abolish Egbo processions, devil-makings, and markets on the Sabbath day, seeing that on account of such things as he himself had witnessed on the previous day, many who would like to attend school and meetings for instruction were prevented. He expressed his gratification at having seen so many Duke Town gentlemen at church on the Sabbath afternoon, and his sorrow on account of the Egbo procession on the Sabbath morning.

Such good advice from such a quarter, and given in such a kindly manner, will, I trust, be followed with beneficial results; though I must needs confess that I see little prospect of reformation among the adult population of Duke Town. To many of them, I fear, may be addressed the awful words of Acts xxviii. 26–27.

With reference to the destruction by fire, on 9th February, of Duke Town mission-house, Mr. Edgerley wrote in his Journal and in a letter:—

Between twelve and one o'clock noon a fire broke out in the Duke Town mission-house, the first mission-house erected in Calabar. It originated by a spark being carried by a strong breeze from an adjacent spot where the bush was being burnt off, and lighting upon the roof, covered with matting and asphalte felt, which were of a friable and combustible nature, owing to the extreme drought prevailing. Hundreds of persons were on the spot immediately—white people from the ships, Kruboys

and natives; but though many mounted the roof, and the most strenuous efforts were made to extinguish the flames, in one hour the house was reduced to a heap of ruins, and we are left to wonder at the inscrutable ways of Providence, that within the space of twenty short days two of our Mission stations should be rendered useless.

Mr. Anderson himself wrote to Mr. Somerville on February 13:[1]—

You will regret to learn that the roof of Duke Town mission-house accidentally caught fire on Friday last, the 9th inst., and in little more than an hour the whole was burnt down to the ground, with the exception of a few of the mangrove posts on which the house was supported. Most of the ship-captains and surgeons, with a large number of native gentlemen, with drawn swords in hand, came to our aid as soon as possible, and, under their direction, a portion of the household furniture and about the half of my books were saved from the flames. We are occupying two small apartments which escaped destruction.

Mr. Anderson wrote more fully on 28th March:[2]—

We are quite busy at present preparing a temporary residence, in expectation that another mission-house will be forthcoming in due time.[3] Our present premises would

[1] *Record*, May 1855.

[2] *Record*, July 1855.

[3] In the *Record* for May 1855, after referring to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Anderson had had to take up their abode in two small out-houses, and that Mr. and Mrs. Edgerley were residing in a small house erected by one of the ship-captains, which the Board had purchased, it is stated that "the Committee on Foreign Missions are accordingly taking steps to have houses made and sent out by the May steamer, in order that our esteemed agents may, as speedily as it is practicable for us, be furnished with the means of healthful accommodation." Would that the same policy had prevailed in recent years in replacing the temporary houses, which have had so much to do with the ill-health, the invaliding, and the permanent withdrawal from Calabar of several of the agents at the new up-river stations of Ungwána and Emuremura, by suitable permanent houses. The delay in providing them

not, we fear, afford us sufficient protection from wind and wet during the approaching rainy season. You will be glad to learn that a number of our river friends have contributed liberally to the purchase of another house for us.[1] We are indebted to several of the gentlemen in the river for more than their pecuniary contributions; in particular to Captain Baak, for several articles of provision and important repairs to our boat.

I send you a list of the more important and useful of my books which were destroyed by the fire of the 9th ult. Perhaps some friends may have some of the volumes to spare. Mrs. A. made strong efforts to save them all, but it was impossible. She continued throwing them down from the shelves when no one could go near her to receive them, owing to the smoke which filled the room, and the burning timbers which were falling around her and on her. So intent was she on her purpose of saving, that she perceived not her danger. A river friend, however, providentially saw her when she was on the point of falling down suffocated, and on the instant he snatched her up in his arms and placed her in safety in the open air.

On the day of the fire, and when the house was almost consumed, I happened to be going into the yard with Cobbin's *Condensed Commentary* under my arm. "A great woman"—one of the native ladies—was standing at the gate. On my approach, she thus addressed me, with much appearance of feeling, "Mbom! mbom!"—"Pity! pity!" equal to "I condole with you on your loss." I told her that it was true that I felt sorry about the house and other things which had been burned; but, pointing to my Bible, I said to her (translating the Efik literally), "Something live here make my heart very strong in time

has been most injurious to the work at these stations, and has again and again broken the continuity of the work, which is so essential to success. Now that a new house has been provided for Emuremura, there is no ordained missionary to occupy it!

[1] Captain Baak contributed £30, and friends in the ship *Lady Head* over £100, in token of sympathy for the calamity, "which many of us the more deeply deplore, in consideration of the kind attention and hospitality received [in the mission-house] during sickness."

of this big trouble." On hearing this, the good woman shrank back, and looked with a good deal of alarm at my book. She doubtless thought that it must be my *big juju*, and that, though it might protect me, it might injure her. This led me to explain to her briefly what the Bible is, and what it does. She listened with much interest, and afterwards went on her way. This, thought I, may be one design of this painful dispensation, that we may have an opportunity of glorifying God in the fires, by showing to the poor benighted ones around us that our religion affords—what theirs does not—something to support and cheer in the hour of severe trial.

Death has been busy among the chiefs of this town since the year began. In January, Egbo Jack, an old man of considerable influence, was called away. He had frequently spurned the word of God and mocked the message of the Most High.. He mocks no more!

In February, Mr. Young, whose name has figured largely, if not very brightly, in Efik history for many years, was called on to stand before the Judge of all. He died on Sabbath the 11th. On the previous Sabbath I addressed him on the great subject, founding my remarks on the story of Naaman the Syrian. He listened with deep attention. I saw him but once after that. He was very ill. I prayed with him, and pointed him to the Saviour. After this, he sent for Mr. Haddison to read to him from the word of God and to pray with him. I am not altogether destitute of confidence that he prayed for himself—that he looked to the Saviour of sinners for mercy. And "who can tell?" But I proceed no further. "The day will declare it."

On Friday the 9th inst., Antika Cobham entered the eternal world. For years the word of God was spoken Sabbath after Sabbath in his yard. He never did pay much attention to it, however, and for some Sabbaths before his death he would not listen to it at all.

These repeated inroads of the King of Terrors call loudly on those who are entrusted with the message of mercy to be diligent in their endeavours to save *souls* from death. They call loudly on all to prepare for another world.

In a letter[1] dated 24th May, Mr. Anderson intimated that he had succeeded in erecting a temporary house :—

A little experience of the accommodation afforded by the schoolroom and a small out-house, after the conflagration of the mission-house, convinced us that without some better lodging we could not expect either comfort or health during the rainy season, which usually begins in May. We set about the erection of a temporary abode, to be made partly in European and partly in native style. This edifice, 36 by 15 inside the walls, was so far finished that we were able to enter it as occupants on Friday last, the 18th inst., which day, we well remembered, was the seventh anniversary of our departure from Rose Hill. The walls are made of native material, wattle plastered with mud; the floor is four feet from the ground, and is made of boards which Dr. Ferguson sent us most opportunely from Liverpool; the doors are made of the same timber, and the windows were saved from the late mission-house. We find a vast addition to our comfort in our new abode, as compared with our circumstances during the last three months. I may mention that during that period we have had showers and tornadoes, which have put us frequently to no small inconvenience and discomfort; but, with feelings of gratitude to Him who rules the elements, I record it, the first heavy and continuous rain of the season did not descend till the afternoon of Friday last, immediately after we were, in a manner, settled down in our new residence. *Then* the heavens became quite black, and heavy rain poured down without intermission from three till twelve P.M.

I had rather a severe attack of fever last month. I was seized on the evening of Saturday the 7th, and the fever continued till midnight of the 13th. It left me very low. At one time, I understand, my recovery was despaired of.

On Friday the 20th, went (as on a former occasion) to Creek Town for a change of air. Spent about a week very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Waddell, whose kindness and hospitality demand my grateful remembrance. On

[1] *Record*, Sept. 1855.

the Sabbath I was able to say a few words in King Eyo's yard, and also to preach a short sermon in the schoolroom in the evening. The contrast between a Creek Town Sabbath and a Duke Town Sabbath is very great. *There*, "a Sabbath stillness reigns around"; here, except in one portion of the town, and among those connected with the Church, there is very little difference between Sabbath day and week day. Was glad to see King Eyo as much interested as ever in the statements of Divine truth which he hears from time to time. King Duke has not attended a religious meeting for above a year, and gives no countenance to either Sabbath meeting or week-day school, yet declares that he "keeps Sunday very proper."

On Tuesday, April 24th, I accompanied Mr. Waddell to Ekrikök [Ikoneto]. We were very kindly received by the people, and we spoke to them the word of the Lord. I quite enjoyed the trip, though it was rather fatiguing for an invalid. . . .

On Monday, April 30th, I was able to resume the teaching of the school, which work has again devolved on me since Mr. Sutherland went to Old Town in the end of February.

You will be glad to learn that another of our young men has been added to the fellowship of the Church. His name is Ephraim John Duke. He is one of those whose marriage to one wife I intimated to you last year. He was baptized in the afternoon of Sabbath the 6th inst. I would commend him, and all who, like him, "have named the name of Christ" in this land, to your prayers, to the prayers of the Church.

Monday, June 4.—Other three of the Sierra Leone immigrants have been added to the Church here, and sat with us yesterday at the table of the Lord.[1] . . .

Mr. Anderson wrote on Aug. 29th:—

I had but little time to write you on the arrival of the *Candace*, with a new house for us on board, on July 14th. We felt, and feel, grateful to the Mission Board for

[1] *Record*, Nov. 1855.

their kind consideration in sending us a new house, even before they received any request on the subject from us. The rains having been much more continuous this year than usual, we have not yet got much done in the way of preparation for erecting the new house. By the kindness of one of the supercargoes, we have had a number of Krumen cutting and carrying posts for the edifice. The rains, however, have interfered a good deal with their operations. Having been kept a good deal in the house for some time past by the rains, I have applied myself a good deal to the translating into Efik of the books of Psalms and Proverbs. I am now at the 89th Psalm and the 19th chapter of Proverbs. In so far as I have gone, I have found the exercise to be both pleasant and profitable.

One of my former assistants in the work of translation, James Carpenter by name, died on the 31st ult. He was one of the most intelligent young men belonging to Old Calabar. He possessed fine talents, and I often fondly hoped that they would be turned to good account in advancing the cause of Christianity among his countrymen. My hopes have not been realised. James embarked in trade, and, to all appearance, other influences "choked the word." Well knew he his duties in regard to religious matters, but—he procrastinated. Had he enjoyed only one week more of health, the last of the obstacles which interposed between him and Church fellowship would have been removed, and it was—so I am informed by his most intimate companion—his full resolution to be married, and to apply for baptism the week after that. But the opportunity of publicly avowing himself to be "on the Lord's side," by union with the Church below, had already passed away for ever. He read with me the whole of John's Gospel, and also various other portions of Scripture, while I was employed in translating them into Efik. Frequently, at the close of our lessons, I have said to him, "Now, James, remember *Noah's carpenters*," in allusion to a religious handbill so headed, which interested him much, and in which those who aid in religious matters, without being themselves religious, are compared to Noah's carpenters, who indeed helped to build the ark for the salvation of others, and yet perished themselves. He well

understood the hint, and frequently expressed his purpose not to imitate them.

I saw him several times at the commencement of his illness, while he was yet in Duke Town. He was rather taciturn, but declared that he was looking to Christ for the pardon of all his sins, and acceptance with God. By and by his father had him taken away to a celebrated (I rather suppose, juju) doctor at Ekri Mimbo, where he lingered some weeks, and then died. While at this last-named place no human friend was near him who could point him to the Lamb of God, but he had enlarged knowledge of gospel truth, and perhaps He manifested Himself to the parting spirit amid that mass of gloomy superstition by which the sufferer was surrounded.

The death of another of Mr. Anderson's former assistants, Mr. Alexander Sutherland of Old Town, may be recorded here. On June 4, 1855, Mr. Anderson wrote: "Sorry to have to intimate that Mr. Sutherland's health has not been in a satisfactory state for some time." In the beginning of the year Mr. Sutherland took temporary charge at Old Town after the bombardment, and in September he was appointed to the superintendence of the station. He began to have repeated attacks of illness. Dr. Hewan and the rest of the brethren strongly advised him, with the view of recruiting his strength, either to go home for a time or to remove to a milder region. But he persisted in remaining. His chief reason for this was the prospect of his being married to Miss Miller, and of taking charge of Old Town as his own station; and as the brethren hoped that these changes might operate for his benefit, they did not urge his departure. He removed to Old Town on Nov. 8, and was married at Creek Town on Nov. 29. With reference to Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Waddell wrote: "For myself, it is a matter of the

highest satisfaction that, having brought Miss Miller to this country six years ago, then an experiment, I am now able to hand her over, a well-qualified missionary wife, to her own husband. Henceforth let no one magnify the dangers of the Calabar climate as a bar to their serving God in the gospel of His dear Son in this part of the mission field. What a young woman has done, young men should not be afraid to undertake." For a time Mr. Sutherland greatly improved in health and spirits. Dr. Hewan wrote: "I had much pleasure in living in the house with the happy couple, both of whom seemed strenuously exerting themselves to promote the grand object before them—the saving health of the surrounding tribes." Mr. Sutherland was seized with diarrhœa in the beginning of April 1856, and died on the 20th. "On the 16th," wrote Mr. Anderson, who frequently visited him, "he gave me special charges to look after his widow—'my lassie,' as he called her—when he should be gone." On the 21st, "at the earnest request of Mrs. Sutherland, he was interred at Creek Town," by the side of Mr. Jameson. Mr. Anderson wrote regarding the death :—

Whilst this event fills the heart with sadness—whilst we mourn that Mr. Sutherland was removed in comparative youth, being only twenty-seven years of age, and when favourable prospects of usefulness were opening before him, still there is nothing about it that should discourage us, or that should make us regard the foreign mission field as peculiarly dangerous. . . . Let us bear in mind that there have been only two deaths in Calabar in ten years. Those who are in the mission field occupy a conspicuous position ; the eyes of many, happily, are on them ; and when they fall, the event is noticed, and people are apt to say that foreign service is connected with special perils. But let these persons, before they

draw such a conclusion, look at home. *During the three years, in which we have had no deaths among our numerous missionaries abroad, no fewer than twenty-eight ministers of the home Church were removed by death, eleven of whom were either young men or persons in the prime of life; and yet no one made the remark that the home ministry is perilous to human life.* . . . "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;" and pre-eminently blessed are those that fall in the high places of the Foreign Mission field; for they honoured the Lord, and He will specially honour them.

Mr. Anderson's commonsense method of looking the facts in the face, and comparing the comparative mortality in the home and the foreign field, may be commended to those who look only at the mortality in the foreign field.

CHAPTER XII

Calabar Slavery and Slave-holding in relation to Membership in the Church

MR. ANDERSON appears to have been the first of the missionaries to realise the difficulties that lay in the way of the admission to Church membership of those who by their position in Calabar society were slave-holders, and by Calabar law could not divest themselves of that character. At any rate, he was the first to move in the matter, and he and Mr. Somerville had to bear the brunt of the controversy which agitated the home Church.

The case of David King, a young freeman of Duke Town, whose baptism had already been recorded, and that of other applicants, led to the question of their admission being referred by the Calabar Committee to the Board of Missions or to the Synod. The Committee on Foreign Missions remitted the matter to a Sub-Committee, and a Report prepared by Mr. Somerville, the Foreign Secretary, was unanimously adopted by the Committee on 2nd Jan. 1855, and ordered to be published in the *Record*. Its publication "led," says Dr. Somerville in his Autobiography, "to intense excitement in the Church." A full treatment of the subject belongs properly to a history of the Mission; but Mr. Anderson's name and the case of the Duke Town converts came so prominently before the Church, that his share in the

proceedings must get due recognition. Besides, the question of domestic slavery, not only in relation to Church life, but in relation to the future of Calabar in its new political condition as a portion of the Niger Coast Protectorate, is one of present-day importance in East as well as in West Africa, as the recently issued very interesting *Correspondence respecting Slavery in the Zanzibar Dominions* (Africa, No. 7, 1896), where the total abolition of domestic slavery is imminent, bears witness.

A few sentences from Dr. Somerville's Autobiography will most fitly introduce Mr. Anderson's communications to the Mission Board:—"When the gospel began to take effect in Calabar, and when those who had slaves applied for baptism, the missionaries very properly asked the Committee what they were to do in such a case, seeing that the Synod [in 1849] had declared, in its remonstrances sent to America, that it could hold no fellowship with Churches that countenanced or connived at slavery. In answer to this question I wrote a long and elaborate paper, which filled nearly the whole of the *Record* for February 1855. This document stated the circumstances which gave rise to the question; the laws of Old Calabar with regard to slavery, according to which it was shown that slaves cannot be set free; the principles applicable to slavery as existing in a Christian nation, and as existing in a heathen country, and the views which the Scriptures throw on these two states; and suggested a declaration or engagement, virtually liberating the slaves, which, if the converts accepted, they might be admitted to the fellowship of the Church" (p. 190).

Extracts from the paper, showing the part taken by Mr. Anderson, and also a summary of a later paper

explaining and justifying the course he had adopted of admitting three young men to membership, anticipating the decision by Board and Synod, will now be given:—

I. DOCUMENTS sent to the SUB-COMMITTEE

The first was an extract from the minutes of the Old Calabar Committee:—

Creek Town, Dec. 6, 1853.—*Inter alia*, Mr. Anderson reported that several young men who are proprietors of slaves have given in their names as candidates for admission into the Church, and expressed his doubts as to the propriety of admitting them while they continued such. The slave question in this country is involved in difficulties, and the Committee would earnestly implore either from the Board of Missions or the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, the settlement of this question—Should slave-holders be received into Church fellowship?

The second communication was an extract from a letter of Mr. Anderson, dated Duke Town, March 6, 1854:—

I feel anxious for a reply to the question proposed by the Committee here, in their minute of Dec. 6, to Board or Synod—"Should slave-holders be received into the fellowship of the Church?" We have several candidates for baptism here, amiable, intelligent, and apparently sincere in their desire to embrace and profess Christianity, *but they are slave-holders*. I do not feel at all free to admit them into the Church whilst they sustain that relation. The question is one of difficulty and delicacy. Every free person here must either hold slaves or do his work with his own hands. We have no free labouring population. Even our manumitted domestics are not considered free. Calabar law recognises them not, save as our slaves. Now that the foundations of the Church are being laid in this land, it is of importance that everything connected with the work *be sound*. I think I foresee that, if slave-holders be now admitted into the Church without some distinct provisions such as those I am about to suggest,

the discussion of the slave question at a future day . . . may not only convulse the Church here, but agitate the U.P. Church at home. I have been thinking that a compromise of this kind might be entered into with slave-holders applying for Communion. Let a promise be exacted from each:—1. That he will pay his people properly for the work they perform. 2. That he will permit them to enjoy religious instruction. 3. That, should any of them wish to leave his service, he will employ no coercive means to retain them. 4. That he will sell none of his people unless incorrigible offenders—such as desperate thieves and burglars. Perhaps another demand might be that he will on no account whatever maim, mutilate, scorch, etc., any of his people. Cutting off ears, extracting teeth, half-roasting hands and feet, are getting quite common now. I think the question too momentous to be left to the judgment of each individual missionary.

The Sub-Committee had also before it a copy of the subjoined declaration drawn up by Mr. Anderson, and signed by three young men whom he admitted into the fellowship of the Church:—

Believing that there is neither male nor female, bond nor free, in Christ Jesus, I hereby promise, in the presence of the great God who rules all things, that I shall give all my servants what is just and equal for their work; that I shall consider them in the light of *servants*, not as *property*; that I shall permit and encourage them to attend on such means of religious instruction as the Church may be able to afford them; that I shall on no account maim them, pull out their teeth or cut off their ears, or allow any other to do such things to them; that I shall never *sell* any of them, except incorrigible offenders whose lives would be endangered by their remaining in Old Calabar; and that I shall ever act towards them as in the sight of my great Master in heaven, who, I know, shall render to every man according to his works. It shall be my constant endeavour to act towards my inferiors and my equals on the principle embodied by our Lord and Saviour in the Golden Rule.

II. PAPER by the REV. HUGH GOLDIE on the Nature of Calabar Slavery, the Laws relating to it, and the Conduct of the Missionaries.

Mr. Goldie was in Scotland at the time, and drew up the paper for the Sub-Committee. It is an extremely valuable statement, regarding (1) the condition of slavery in Calabar; (2) the laws affecting slavery; and (3) the position of the Mission Church with respect to it.

There is, however, a communication from Mr. Anderson, dated 27th Jan. 1855, and published in the May *Record*, which must be given here. The paper consists of four parts:—

I. GENERAL REMARKS

He premises—1. That he had wished the question decided long before, whether, in the existing state of society in Old Calabar, persons possessing slaves must, *on that ground alone*, be prevented from making a profession of Christianity.

2. That the question now presented a different aspect to him than it did when he proposed it as a subject of discussion at home. From the time he learned that the young men were willing to drop the character of slave-holders, in so far as the circumstances in which they were placed rendered it possible for them to do so, *he saw no necessity for his waiting for instructions from home* respecting them. It never occurred to him that they would be required to do what was to them an impossibility, namely, free their slaves.

3. That though his name had been brought more prominently before the public in Scotland than that of any of his brethren, yet he and they were essentially at one in principle and practice in regard to it. He required a *written* declaration, they were satisfied with a *verbal* one; and he reported more fully in regard to admissions than they did.

II. NATURE OF CALABAR SLAVERY

1. *Calabar is essentially a slave country.* Slavery is engrained in the very heart of society. It pervades all its ramifications. Every person free-born is a slave-holder, and has been so from birth, for whenever a free child is brought into the world it is presented with a slave. A male child is presented with a boy, and a female child with a girl. But not only is every free-born native a slave-holder, the greater proportion of the slaves are themselves slave-holders. He is a very poor slave indeed who has not at least two or three slaves whom he can call his own. The power of the master over the bought slave is of the most absolute kind, extending to "limb and life." But there are in fact no *really free* people in the country, save the heads of the Egbo grades, who are, as it were, the heads of clans; and even they are in bondage to one another. Those who are called *free-born* are only comparatively so. There is no word in the Efik tongue to express, in an English sense, the import of the word *free*. A free-born child is with them simply "Eyen isong," a child of the soil, a native; or, more emphatically, "Otuk ntan eyen isong," one who has been rubbed at his birth with Calabar earth. Egbo privileges have to be bought *for* or *by* the sons of the greatest gentlemen and most powerful kings in the country. Indeed, on Egbo days, if (so-called) *free* boys be found abroad—walking through the town, for instance—who have not bought, or have had bought for them, that particular grade of Egbo whose representative is in possession of the town, they are more severely flogged than even the slaves. This is done with the view of compelling their friends to buy Egbo privileges for them. The highest in the land must say of his privileges, what Claudius Lysias had to say of his (Acts xxii. 28), "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." Not one of them can say in the sense in which Paul uttered the language, "But I was free-born."

2. *Slavery in Old Calabar*, and in many of the neighbouring countries too, I believe, *differs greatly from slavery under civilised Governments.* In America, for instance, slavery and colour are closely associated. There,

generally speaking, a sable hue is sufficient to debar a man from the enjoyment of freedom. . . . In Old Calabar the aristocracy of the fair skin is unacknowledged—unknown. Well-behaved British subjects of the darkest complexion are considered white people here, and treated as such. . . .

There is no impassable gulf between the depths of bondage and the heights of gentlemanship, such as it is, in this country. All slaves born in Old Calabar are termed *half-free*; the children of the half-free are sometimes termed *three-quarters free*, but more frequently, I think, *whole free*. The half-free cannot, in ordinary circumstances, be sold out of the country. More than this, they are allowed to purchase four or five of the nine different grades of Egbo. *Their* children may buy all the grades save one or two, which are reserved by the "proper free" for themselves.

Two of the most influential men in Duke Town, since I have become a resident here, have been men who were bought as slaves from other countries. . . . Both were permitted to buy four or five of the Egbo grades.

I would specially call attention to the following most important point of difference between slavery in the United States and slavery in Old Calabar:—In America a man may emancipate his slaves by a writ of manumission, or he may allow them to emancipate themselves by emigration to a free State; he can do so, at all events, by aiding their emigration to a free country. In Calabar neither of these things can be done, *as yet*. There are no laws respecting free labourers; there is no such class of persons in the country, with the exception of a few people who have lately come hither from Sierra Leone, and who are British subjects. They, as well as a few emancipadoes about some of the mission-houses, are viewed by the laws of Calabar as white people, and not amenable to Egbo law.

Those whom I have mentioned as having been brought from other countries, and who, notwithstanding, have obtained many Egbo privileges, were stewards or confidential servants to their masters while they lived; and on their masters' deaths, such was their standing in society and their weight of character, and such their influence arising from their wealth in *slaves*, that the gentlemen of the country at once received them into fellowship.

But *no living master can emancipate a slave.* The utmost he can do for him is to purchase for him some Egbo privileges. Were a master to attempt to emancipate his slave to-day—in the English sense of the word *emancipate*—he would only be turning him adrift a poor, houseless, defenceless thing. The first freeman, or even slave, if physically stronger, who might fall in with him, might appropriate him; and none among the unenlightened natives would consider him a wronged man.

But there is another important element in the case—the master is held responsible for the slave's conduct. In free countries an ill-behaved servant can be summarily dismissed by his master. Not so here. Were a master here to manumit a restless, turbulent, wicked slave, and were that slave to commit murder, robbery, or any other crime, and were he not apprehended, the Egbo authorities would come on the master for damages, and might not only fine him severely, but, in the case of murder, demand that one of his innocent slaves be put to death *in room* of the culprit. The only thing that would relieve a *quondam* master of responsibility in the case supposed, would be complete evidence that he had *sold* the culprit to someone else, either in Old Calabar or any of the surrounding countries.

It is quite a supposable case that a master who has a turbulent, reckless, violent, incorrigible slave, may have it put to his choice by the Egbo authorities, either to sell or destroy that slave, or to deliver him up to Egbo, to be put to death.

The most interesting part of the paper, from a personal point of view, and as giving an insight into Mr. Anderson's clear-sighted, wise, and straightforward method of dealing with a question the difficulties of which could not be appreciated save by those on the spot, is :—

III. Explanation of the Clause about Selling Incorrigible Offenders

In my simplicity, I imagined that *that* clause would be the most easily understood and accounted for in the

whole declaration. As that document has obtained a celebrity far beyond what was anticipated for it when it was prepared, I may here briefly sketch its history.

When the young men requested admission to the Church, I felt in a somewhat difficult position. . . . In offering themselves for Church membership, they were only complying with the requirements of the gospel and the counsels which had been often addressed to them. I felt that I would be incurring a heavy responsibility were I to reject their application. But, on the other hand, I considered their social position. They, as well as all their equals in the country, owned slaves. I well knew the intense anti-slavery feeling of the United Presbyterian Church. In that feeling I participate as much as any man in Scotland. I frankly explained to them the state of matters, brought before them the difficulties which beset me in regard to their admission, and told them that I could not admit them unless they were willing to cease to be *slave-holders* in so far as Calabar law rendered this *possible*, and become simply *masters*; that thenceforth they must regard their slaves as *servants*, not as *money* or *property*, etc., explaining to them the relative duties of masters and servants. To my proposal they agreed. To talk of any formal emancipation of their slaves was, I well knew, out of the question.

The Church here has as yet but little influence over the minds of the legislators of Old Calabar. The country is in an unsettled, a transition state. The agents of the Church must move warily and gently. It would be quite an easy matter for your missionaries to make such a strong anti-slavery demonstration in any given week as would ruin all their usefulness as preachers of the everlasting gospel for many years to come. Difficulties meet us at every step. One difficulty was started when on the subject of "neither buying nor selling human beings as slaves," namely, What is to be done with a bad slave? If the gentlemen in Egbo say to us, "Either sell that slave out of the country, or give him up to die," what are we to do? My reply was, In that case, I think it were better for you to use the power which the country law puts into your hands in the saving of life than in its

destruction. Sell, if that will save life. Hence originated the clause which—I think without reason—has been condemned as vitiating all the rest of the declaration.

I may here state that the idea of a written declaration did not present itself to my mind with much force till the Sabbath on which D. King was received into fellowship. It appeared to me that such a thing might be satisfactory to the Mission Board, and that the young men themselves might feel the obligations under which they came to be the more solemn and binding. It was drawn up under the exhaustion consequent on conducting four meetings on that day, and with a fifth in prospect. . . . If the Mission Board or the Synod will prepare a more satisfactory one, I think we shall be able to prevail on all the present members of the Church to adopt it, and it can be rendered imperative on members to be admitted in future to subscribe it. . . .

At the time the young men were admitted, all my brethren were absent from the country in search of health, so that I had not the benefit of their counsel. I did believe, and do believe, that over their accession to the Church angels rejoiced, however much some members of the Church on earth may have been pained by their admission. On the retrospect I see nothing to repent of. I feel cheered by the testimony of a good conscience. Even should the Mission Board or the Supreme Court of our Church be of opinion that I have erred in judgment in the matter, I shall still be able to look up and to say, "Thou knowest that in the integrity of my heart, and innocency of my hands, have I done this."

Bond and free are treated alike by your agents in church matters and in school matters. Were you to enter any of our places of worship on the Sabbath, you would be unable to distinguish bond from free among the worshippers. They sit on the same benches, and intermingle with each other freely. On Communion Sabbath they partake together of the "one bread" and of the same cup. The principle of *equality* is strictly carried out in school also among the young people. . . . I consider it as an important means of training both classes for a new era in the history of their country. For I

cannot doubt that the day is approaching—though I may not see it—when, by the blessing of the Divine Spirit, the influence of the gospel working its way, it may be, silently and gently, yet most effectually, shall revolutionise and elevate the whole of this at present distracted and degraded region of the world, and lead each man to look on every other man as a brother. In the meantime, your missionaries shrink not from preaching the gospel to the poor; they are not afraid "to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound";—

> "to blow
> The trump of freedom in the despot's ear,
> To tell the bruted slave his manhood high,
> His birthright liberty, and in his hand
> To put the writ of manumission, signed
> By God's own signature."

IV. THE RESOLUTIONS OF SYNOD IN 1849

P.S.—Feb. 8, 1855.—My attention has just been drawn to Appendix No. II. attached to Minutes of Synod of May 1849. . . . To apply these resolutions to Calabar in its present condition would, I think, be marvellously like an attempt to array an infant in the dress of a full-grown man. . . . We cannot banish at once the native nomenclature for the various classes of society. The same persons may still be called *slaves* (*ifu*) in the Efik tongue, whom we call servants in the English. But if properly treated as *servants*, I do not see that, in the circumstances, more can be demanded. . . . If the *letter* of the Synodical resolutions must, at all hazards, in all places, and in all circumstances, be adhered to, I do not see what can be done, save that our operations here be suspended *sine die*, and that the United Presbyterian Church limit her missionary operations, henceforth, to lands where slavery does not exist. There is, indeed, another course which might be adopted—that is, to separate what the Master has joined in the great commission, and to instruct the missionaries here to educate and *disciple* as many of the natives of Old Calabar as possible, but on no account to "baptize" any "in the name of Father,

Son, and Holy Ghost," till the evil of slavery shall have disappeared from the country. Whether such a course would accelerate or retard the cause of freedom, I leave to wiser men to determine. It might also be a question whether your missionaries would consider it their duty to comply with any such direction.

To conclude. It is my earnest desire that both the Synod and the Mission Board may be guided to a wise and righteous decision on this most important question. I shall propose to my brethren here that we all be "instant in prayer" during the session of Synod in May next, if spared till then, for our fathers and brethren in council assembled in the distant land, that all their deliberations be guided by infinite wisdom, and that all their decisions may be much blessed for the advancement of the glory of God and the best interests of man.

When the question was brought before the Synod on Thursday, May 10th, 1855, the Rev. Andrew Somerville, the Secretary of the Mission Board, read an admirable "Paper explanatory of the Conditions on which those that held Slaves before their conversion have been admitted into the Church at Calabar." "It is enough to state," says Dr. Graham,[1] "that owing to his moderate and wise pleadings, the Synod, somewhat in danger of being seriously divided, came to a satisfactory and scriptural finding, which affirmed every great principle, and solved the temporary complication."

The finding[2] is practically a restatement of the declaration drawn up by Mr. Anderson, and exacted by him at the baptism of converts. Mr. Goldie remarks: "It may be doubted whether exacting these promises from the slave-holders by this [Synodical] pledge would make them

[1] *Andrew Somerville, D.D.: an Autobiography*, edited by the Rev. W. Graham, D.D., p. 191.

[2] Given in full in Goldie's *Calabar*, p. 179; and Dickie's *Story*, p. 51.

more binding than when in substance embodied in the baptismal vows of the convert, as had been done by us, and thus solemnly made in the face of the whole congregation." Mr. Waddell[1] gives the rules the missionaries had drawn up prior to the Synod's decision, for the guidance of Christian masters and always inculcated, viz.:—"(1) Christians must take no part in reducing any man to slavery, nor trade in slaves. (2) Those who have slaves must treat them with justice and mercy, in the fear of God, seeking their welfare; must give them Christian instruction, and their children school education. They must allow them to be married, and regard their marriage as sacred beyond any rights of ownership. They must not sell them except as punishment for crime, and to save their lives; must admit their right to acquire, hold, and bequeath property; and favour the making of general laws for promoting freedom in the country." And he goes on to remark: "If all slave-owners acted on these principles, which pertain essentially to Christianity and to justice, slavery would everywhere soon die out, extinguished more safely, beneficially, and perfectly than could be effected by an ecclesiastical or parliamentary enactment for enforcing immediate emancipation."

In the *Report on the Administration of the Niger Coast Protectorate*, 1894–95, Sir Claude M. Macdonald, the then Commissioner and Consul-General, after referring to his four years' experience of domestic slavery, and to the Consular and Native Courts now established (in the former of which master and slave appear as equals, and mentioning that the distinction between free-born and slave is more marked in Calabar than in Bonny, Opobo, and Brass),

[1] *Twenty-Nine Years*, p. 558.

says: "I hope and believe that slavery, domestic and otherwise, will in time die a natural death in these territories" (p. 21). But as long as slaves continue to be bought in from the interior markets, the system will continue. Slavery will die a "natural" death only when all the slaveholders have become Christians, and the first principle laid down by the missionaries becomes the law of the land.

With reference to the Synodical decision, Mr. Anderson wrote on August 29th:—

We were all grateful to the Head of the Church for the decision to which (we trust) His Spirit has guided His servants in Synod assembled, in reference to the state of matters here. On Saturday, July 14th, I received the *Record* for June, containing the Resolution of the Synod and the Declaration to be subscribed by parties here on or before their admission to Church fellowship. As I embrace every *legitimate* opportunity of aiming a blow at slavery, I took the earliest opportunity, viz. the Sabbath immediately following, of reading the Declaration and other portions of the *Record*, making comments as I went along. The Declaration requires nothing of those in connection with the Church to which they were not previously pledged. I have not yet asked them to sign the new (the Synod's) Declaration, but intend to do so, for sake of uniformity, on the very first occasion when new members are to be admitted. It will be a happy day for Old Calabar when the majority of its legislators shall adhere to the Declaration sanctioned by Synod, for then the curse of slavery will be banished from the country.

It may satisfy some of our friends at home to be assured that should any member of the Church at this station, in my day, ever, to my knowledge, sell any of his (or her) servants, I shall not fail to communicate full information respecting the case to the Mission Board.

In his station Report for 1856,[1] Mr. Anderson mentions

[1] *Record*, June 1857.

two additions he made to the Declaration sanctioned by Synod:—

At our last Communion I required each member of the Church, not a British subject, to sign the Declaration sanctioned by Synod in May 1855, as a prerequisite to Communion. In copying the Declaration into the Church book, I made two slight additions to it, which I should suppose will be condemned by none and approved by some. After the words, "formerly held by me as slaves," I have added, "and all others who may hereafter stand to me in the same relation"; that is added for the purpose of including all slaves who may, according to country law, be left as an inheritance to any Church member, or such as may be awarded to him by the supreme power of the country in payment of debt, or who may in any other way be placed under his control after joining the Church. After "just and equal for their work," I have inserted, "I shall afford them every facility for entering into the marriage relation." Very few slaves of my acquaintance have as yet entered into this relation. Those members who were not present at last Communion, and all new members, not British subjects, shall be required to sign the Declaration before Communion.

As our little Church here now numbers twenty resident members in full communion, I felt it but right, some time ago, to explain to them the principles of Church government, as laid down in the New Testament and adopted by Presbyterians. As the model requires "elders in every church," we held a meeting on the last Wednesday evening of June for the election of two individuals to the office of the eldership. The harmonious choice of the Church fell on Mr. Alexander Sutherland, teacher at this station, and Mr. Peter Nicoll, merchant from Sierra Leone, who has long been a leader in the Wesleyan body there. Mr. Nicoll is a native of Egbo Shary—the mother country of Efik—and retains a considerable knowledge of his native tongue, which enables him to communicate with many here who do not understand English. Mr. Edgerley kindly agreed to act as a member of session while he remains at this station.

I do not think I have yet reported to you another *dash* in the infant line, which was made to us a year ago. The mother was a slave belonging to Mr. Hogan, the pilot. She died when her little boy was a few months old, so, to save him from following her to the grave, Mr. Hogan brought him to Mrs. A. as a present, and he was duly installed as a member of our household. We call him Thomas Hogan, after the pilot, as it was owing to him that the child's life was preserved. He is one of the sprightliest little fellows I have ever seen.

I believe I have not yet intimated to you that we have now a church built of native material, on the top of the Mission Hill. It being ready for use, Mr. Edgerley and I conducted public worship in it, for the first time, on Sabbath, 25th February. We have met in it on Sabbath afternoons ever since, and find it much more comfortable than the schoolroom, which had been for some time too small for the congregation.

August 29, evening. — The *Retriever*, Mr. and Mrs. Goldie and friends [Miss E. Johnstone, Miss Barty, and Mr. Archibald Hewan, surgeon] on board, all well. Thanks to Ruler of winds and waves.

In his Report[1] of the Duke Town station for the year 1855, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

Assisted by Mr. Sutherland for seven or eight months during the year, by Mr. Goldie during the last four months of the year, and by Mr. J. Haddison during eleven months, we have been enabled to keep up, on an average, *seven* meetings in town each Sabbath morning, at which the gospel has been preached, prayers have been offered to God, and frequently hymns of praise sung in the Efik tongue. Several hundreds of the inhabitants of Duke Town and Cobham Town have thus heard, from Sabbath to Sabbath, what they must do to be saved. It is to be hoped that the seed sown will not be lost. At a quarter-past four o'clock, we have, on the afternoon of each Sabbath, a service in English. A few of the gentlemen from the ships in the river have attended this meeting with exemplary regularity

[1] *Record*, June and July 1856.

during the year. For some months at the beginning of the year Mr. Edgerley took his turn in this service, and during the last four months Mr. Goldie has taken a part in it. A number of the native young men attend this service regularly, as also a goodly band of children. Our little schoolroom was too small for the congregation at this service, so that we had to get a new meeting-place erected. This we got done in the native style, and since February we have occupied this new place of worship, which, though of humble pretensions as to outward show, we have found to be very comfortable. The Sabbath school, which is held from 3 to 4 P.M., is attended by about sixty. The teachers have been Mr. Sutherland, Mrs. Anderson, and Mr. Haddison ; for four months past Mrs. Goldie and Miss Barty have also aided in this department of labour. For some time Mrs. A. has had an interesting class of Krumen in the Sabbath school. During the hour of school I have an advanced class in the mission-house, attended by all the native Church members and candidates who can read the English Bible. These repeat to me the Shorter Catechism, psalms, hymns, texts, etc., in English. Some of the members of my class are very diligent in their preparations, and seem anxious to grow in knowledge. About half a dozen of the more intelligent of them have been studying the *Companion to the Bible* for some months.

The prayer meeting, on Wednesday evening, is kept up as formerly. I have a class of candidates every Monday evening. The exercises are chiefly catechetical and devotional. While only candidates are *required* to attend this meeting, it is pleasing to see a number of the communicants regularly present, and always ready to take part in the exercise. Mrs. A. has a class of females every Thursday evening, for their special instruction.

During the year *eleven* persons have been received into Church fellowship at this station ; but of these *seven* are among those who have returned to their native land from Sierra Leone. The other four are properly Calabarese. The baptism of three of these has already been reported. The fourth was admitted on Sabbath the 23rd December. His name is Egbo Bassy. He is one of those who came to us for protection from King Archibong in March

1849. From that time to this he has been considered by the native gentlemen as a ward of the Mission. He built a small house on the Mission ground some years ago, does a little trade with the shipping, married a wife last year, and no one in town has tried to molest him. He frequently states that he is under special obligations to God for sending the missionaries here; for to them, under God, he owes house, wife, life, everything. . . . At present two of the young men are under suspension—one for Sabbath-breaking, and the other for a violation of the Seventh Commandment. Friends at home cannot — I frequently think that even we, who are spectators of, and, indeed, actors in the conflict between darkness and light in a heathen land—cannot fully realise the immense difficulties with which our young friends have to contend, the dangers which surround them, the snares which are ready to entrap them at every turn and every step, and "the depths of Satan" in his machinations for their disgrace and destruction. There is One, however, who knows all, can overrule all, and baffle all; and it were well that the Church at home would carry the case of all converts from heathenism to His throne of grace.

The day-school has suffered considerably from the events and fluctuations of the year. For some months at the commencement of the year, when Mr. Sutherland went to take temporary charge of Old Town, and since September, when the Committee appointed him to the superintendence of that station, the school has been under my charge. During the latter period I have been assisted, for some time by Mrs. Goldie, for some time by Miss Johnstone, and for some time by Miss Barty. I confess, however, that I have not been able to conduct the school so efficiently as I could have wished. I had two slight attacks of fever before the burning of the mission-house, and a severe attack afterwards, which left me very feeble. I have not yet regained the vigour of body which is so useful in—indeed, *essential* to—the comfortable and successful management of a school. There have been in all about ninety children at school during the year. The average attendance while I have had it has been fifty. . . .

The new house sent from Leith was put up on the 1st Dec. (1855), and we have occupied it during the most of

the month. It is a very neat little edifice; but we would have found it much too small had we had no other habitable apartments prepared.

I have not heard either of the birth or death of any twin children. I do not think that the poison bean has been administered during the year by any of the gentlemen in this quarter, but I know of two cases in which parties took it of their own accord, in order to show that they were free from the influence of *ifot*. Both cases were, happily, reported by the friends interested, and the means used by us were successful in saving the lives of the persons affected.

In the month of December I was invited, for the first time, to attend a native funeral. The deceased was an influential lady at Henshaw Town, aunt to one of the young men belonging to the church, and mother-in-law to another. I attended along with Mr. Goldie. We found a great number of people, chiefly women, making a dreadful howling, which they called mourning. The grave was dug pretty deep, some fourteen or fifteen feet, in one of the apartments of her house. The coffin was brought to the grave's mouth, and all the *men* listened to a short funeral service, conducted by Mr. Goldie and myself; but the women would not stop their howling. The coffin was then lowered, and we left.

CHAPTER XIII

Another Victory—Right of Sanctuary for the Innocent Vindicated —Egbo Blown upon the Mission—Consular Intervention

THE events which led up to the important victory gained in June 1856 took place in the end of 1854, and were duly chronicled by Mr. Anderson at the time. Writing on 28th November 1854, Mr. Anderson mentioned that three persons had been killed by the poison nut at Henshaw Town :—

Sad doings here again. On Friday last a boy died at Henshaw Town. The boy's father, who is one of the blood-covenant men, declared that someone had killed his son with *freemason* (*iföt*); a number of the plantation people were called in, and these, joined by a number of Duke Town gentlemen, went on Saturday to Henshaw Town to find out who had killed the boy. On their return to Duke Town on Saturday evening, Mr. Sutherland counted them as they passed our gate, and their number was 548 men, armed with guns, swords, sticks, etc. We then learned that the abia-idiong had charged a poor harmless old man with having *iföt* for the boy who had died. He and his family were kept under guard all night. I spoke to several of the Duke Town gentlemen about the matter, as also to Henshaw Town people, condemning the ordeal by the *esere* (poison bean), but I could not learn whether they really intended to administer it. On Sabbath morning we went to the town at our usual hour, seven o'clock, and held four meetings. At the close of the meetings, and just as I was about to go on board the *Lady Head* to preach, I learned

that while we had been at our meetings the plantation people, accompanied by a number of Duke Town gentlemen, had gone to Henshaw Town and administered the nut to the old man, one of his sons, and one of his daughters. Mrs. A., accompanied by Mr. Sutherland, the Sierra Leone people, and a number of the school children, hurried off to Henshaw Town, Mrs. A. carrying with her a supply of tartar emetic. As the boat did not immediately appear, I followed them, and, like Ezekiel (iii. 14), "I went in bitterness, in the heat of my spirit," fully expecting to have to cope with the 548 armed murderers; but to my surprise, on entering the town, all was still. We were too late—the father and the son were dead; they would not show us their bodies. After some search, we discovered the poor female, attended only by her weeping daughter; she was in death's agonies. We could do nothing for either body or soul. The murderers had previously dispersed, all save five or six, who gazed on us sulkily as they leaned on their muskets.

On Monday morning I went round among the Calabar gentlemen, protesting against the murders of the previous day, and remonstrating as strongly as I could against the ordeal of the poison bean. The most of them listened patiently to my reproofs and exhortations, and I thought I could see that some of them, for their own safety's sake, would hail the abolition of the horrid practice. I feel assured that a stern remonstrance in the Queen's name, through any of the man-of-war captains on the coast, would be of immensely beneficial influence at present for the abolition of the poison ordeal here.

The crisis which arose in the end of May and beginning of June 1856 is fully described in a letter of Mr. Anderson's of date 30th June:—

We have had rather stirring times at this station since I last wrote you. The occurrences which have taken place are of considerable interest and importance, and will probably exercise no small influence on the future of the Mission, and also of the country. I proceed to give you some of the details.

After referring to the poisonings that took place in November 1854, he goes on to say:—

In November last year, 1855, the Pale Horse and his rider *Death* revisited the household of Oko Odiong, and another of his sons then sickened and died. As usual here, several persons were suspected of having killed him, also, by *freemason*, and were doomed to take the ordeal of the *esere*. Three persons in particular were thus suspected, and thus doomed. These were—(1) Okunya, a half-brother of Oko Odiong, a young man of about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age; (2) a half-sister of Okunya, named Iquaya, a comely damsel of eighteen or twenty years of age; (3) a decent-looking matronly lady of from forty to fifty years of age. The two young people call her "mother," but I believe she is their aunt.

These three persons, dreading the too frequently fatal ordeal of the *esere*, fled to the mission-house for protection. As I was confident that they had committed no crime, protection was at once afforded them. Time passed on; it was well known that they were on the mission premises, but they were never demanded from me, in any manner, by the gentlemen of the town. A band of the "blood-people" did indeed come to Henshaw Town one morning, and took off as prisoners several of the relatives of the refugees, in the expectation that either they would deliver themselves up, or that I should give them up, to take the *esere*. I went, accompanied, if I remember rightly, by Mr. Goldie, both to the headman of Henshaw Town, and to the Duke, about the matter, as we had strong grounds of suspicion that both of them not only connived at, but encouraged, the blood-people in their violent proceedings.

I went repeatedly to the Duke, requesting him to allow the refugees to return to their home, under his protection; to cause Oko Odiong to restore their property, of which he had unjustly taken possession; and to have done with the *freemason* nonsense at once and for ever. The Duke, both when drunk and when sober, was very surly when spoken to on the subject, and represented that, as Oko Odiong was a headman among the blood-people, he could do nothing to protect the three refugees from these people; and

finally, on my last application, he got very insolent, and charged me never to mention the thing again in his hearing.

When Mr. Consul Hutchinson visited this river officially in January last, I reported the matter to him, and requested his good offices on behalf of the refugees, whom I presented to him. He approved of my having afforded them an asylum, and wrote a letter to the Duke, intimating that, as they had been guilty of no crime, and had sought protection under the British flag, he (Consul H.) took them under his protection, and that they were not to be molested till he should return to the river.

After this the refugees remained undisturbed for a time. They were afraid to leave the mission premises, but wrought industriously at any work which was going on at the station, and were thus entitled to their food. But a storm was impending.

In the end of April or beginning of May, Oko Odiong himself died in the plantation, between 10 and 20 miles from the mission premises. For five months the deceased and the refugees had not been within several miles of each other; yet, strange to say, they were pitched on as having killed Oko Odiong by *ifot* or witchcraft. It began to be rumoured that the Duke and the blood-people between them were resolved to administer the *esere* to the refugees. They were greatly affrighted, but I endeavoured to assure them, by representing to them that they were fully under the protection of the white people, and that they should not be given up. I could scarcely bring myself to believe that the Duke would be either so rash or so ill-advised as to molest them. In this, however, I was disappointed.

Tuesday, May 27.—Yesterday and to-day a number of "blood-men" are coming into the town armed, to demand the supposed murderers of Oko Odiong, that they may take the *esere*.

Wednesday, 28.—At Old Town during the greater part of the day. On my return, was informed that the Duke had sent for me three times. I could not conjecture for what, for up till this time I never imagined that they would trouble our refugees.

Thursday, 29.—Was sent for by the Duke early this morning, and immediately went off to see what were his demands. I found him with all his gentlemen in council assembled. After the usual compliments, there was an ominous silence for two or three minutes, during which several of the more intelligent of the gentlemen seemed sitting on thorns, and then the Duke stated that "Them blood-men and all we gentlemen wait for you to bring down them man and woman to chop nut in market, for they kill Oko Odiong for *freemason*." I at once replied that if they would convince me that the man and the two women whom they wanted had killed Oko Odiong with sword, or gun, or poison, or with a stick, or in any other way by their hands, I would at once give them up, but that I knew it was an utter impossibility for them to have killed that man, as they had been in my yard for *five months*, and he had died only *four or five weeks ago*, a long way from them. I had then to listen to a lecture from the Duke explanatory of *ifót*, which, it appears, is far superior as an instrument of death to all other "long ranges" ever heard of, seeing that it enables its possessor to kill at any distance. This led to a rejoinder in reference to the folly of representing any human being as invested with the attributes of Deity.

I then reminded the gentlemen assembled that H.B.M.'s Consul had taken the people under *his* protection, and that I should be incurring the displeasure of my country if I gave up people "to die for nothing," and that they had better allow the matter to lie over till the Consul should return, seeing he had been daily looked for for some time past. They were inexorable—did not want "talk" about the matter—they must have the refugees. The Duke swore most lustily that the Consul had never sent him a "book" about them—a declaration which some of the gentlemen present knew to be untrue, but they *wisely* said nothing.

I told them that, come what might, I could not give up innocent people to die; but, I added, "This is a big matter—you must give me a little time to call the white gentlemen together, and then we can hear what they all say about it." This was opposed by them; however, I

left the meeting under promise to be back in a little, to give them my *ultimatum* on the subject. There were, to all appearance, several hundreds of "blood-men" lounging about in all directions. I had every reason to suppose that the Duke had brought them into the town, and was, indeed, at the bottom of all the mischief. I was not sure, however, but that they might get excited beyond the Duke's control, and perhaps attempt to capture the refugees by force. To place them utterly out of the reach of the bloodthirsty rabble who were longing for their destruction, I gave Mr. Haddison a hint as to what he might do, and in a few minutes he had them safely on board one of the ships.

I wrote a short circular to the river gentlemen, requesting them to meet immediately and take measures to ensure the safety of the refugees, sent it off, and, accompanied by Mr. Edgerley, went off to attend the meeting. I could now breathe freely, knowing that the refugees were *safe*. The rain was falling heavily, but we did not mind it. We observed the palaver-house full of the blood-men, some of them looking ferociously enough on us. We met Captain Davies in the marketplace. We all three went to the Duke's, and had a long talk with him about the matter. Captain Davies took a noble stand on the side of humanity, and joined us in condemning the abominable "chop nut." He attempted to show the Duke that it was *simply impossible* for any white man to give up any person who had gone to him for protection, on such a foolish charge as that of *freemason*. The Duke would listen to no argument, however. He said that he had just one word more to say. "What is that?" (Fixing his eyes on me) "I ask you last time if you will to make them man chop nut?" My response was, "No." He shook his head in quite a threatening manner, and uttered, "Very well."

We left him, and went off to the ship *Africa*, where all the supercargoes save one, who was not very well (who also had the refugees on board his ship, under his protection), soon met. After consultation, it was considered that the best way to deal with the Duke was to impress on his mind the fact that a British magistrate had taken

the refugees under his protection, and that he might expect "big palaver" ere long if he should trouble them. A copy of the letter sent him lies before me, and I may as well transcribe it for you as report its substance:—

(*Copy.*)

SHIP *Africa*,
29th May 1856.

KING DUKE,

SIR,—We whose names are at the end of this letter, hold meeting here this day, and unite in giving you our best advice about them three people who live at the mission-house, that you better let them alone till Consul Hutchinson come back to the river.

You know very well that the Consul see them people that time he live here, and he say no man must trouble them. He send you book say they can't take *esere*. You be king for town, and we know very well that them blood-people no fit to do anything if you no will. Also we hear it be you send for them blood-men to come into town. We want to know if that be true. So if any thing trouble them men it be your palaver. Better wait till Consul comes, then that palaver can be set.

This no be mission—also it be no palaver for ship captain. It be Consul's palaver, so you better take care what you do.—We are, sir, your friends,

Signed EDWARD DAVIES. JOSEPH CUTHBERTSON.
JAMES SHAW. WILLIAM HEARN.
JON. BAAK. WM. ANDERSON.
SAML. EDGERLEY. SAML. MACMILLAN.
J. A. ALLCROFT.

I was deputed to carry this letter to the Duke, which I did. I also read it, and explained it to him. He would not take it into his hands, however, so I pocketed it, and left him, after having a few words with him in reference to Egbo.

While we were holding our meeting on board the *Africa*, the Duke had sent out his Egbo messengers and drums to put the Mission under ban. The first sound that Mr. Edgerley and I heard when we landed was that of the Egbo drums and messengers issuing some proclamation, we knew not what; but we were soon informed. We learnt first from Henry Cobham, and I afterwards learned from the Duke himself (when I took the above letter to

him, as well as from Mrs. A., and others on the Mission Hill; for the proclamation was made very loudly on the public road, within a few yards of the mission-house, that on account of my refusal to give up the refugees to take the *esere*—

1. No person is to go to any of the Mission premises with provisions of any kind whatever, for sale or *dash*.

2. All gentlemen who have children or slaves living on the Mission premises must take them away to the town at once.

3. No Calabar person must go to visit the missionaries.

4. No child must be sent or allowed to go to school.

5. No gentleman must allow meeting in his yard on Sabbath for the hearing of God's word; and no one belonging to the town must go to church on Sabbath, or to meetings of any kind, with the Mission people.

Some declare that there was a sixth article, forbidding all who live on the Mission Hill from going to the town market to obtain provisions. The Duke declares, however, that he did not *blow* to stop our people from going to market, so that I have not inserted that item among the things acknowledged to have been *blown*. The *result* of the proclamation was that our people were excluded from market. It was verging on the market hour when it was made; and our young people, who were on their way to exchange coppers and buy country provisions, as well as those belonging to Mrs. Goldie, Mr. Edgerley, Mr. Haddison, and the Sierra Leone people, were all turned back by the town people, and not allowed to go near the market. The case of the Sierra Leone people is one of peculiar hardship. We in the Mission can manage to get on for a time without country provisions (vegetables, yams, fowls, etc.), but they cannot do so as yet. To prohibit their access to market is to sentence them to starvation.

Friday, 30.—Our market people again prevented from buying or selling. They are told that they may *buy* for black coppers, but that they must not *sell* anything. It is only by selling European goods that the black coppers can be obtained.

Saturday, 31.—Sierra Leone women driven back from

market to-day, and not allowed to purchase supplies, even though they have black coppers.

Having an opportunity of sending to Fernando Po, I took the opportunity of forwarding the substance of the above statement to Mr. Consul Hutchinson.

Went round the town in the evening to announce the Sabbath as usual. No prospect of meeting anywhere in town, except in Henry Cobham's. Henry seems inclined to let the Duke see that he "be king for Cobham Town." Went to the Duke's. I found a number of native gentlemen assembled in his house. Some of them were very sulky, others very saucy, and others very silent. The Duke very furious, and gave me a good deal of insulting language. He and one or two others asked me how many coppers the Mission had paid for the Mission ground—stated that Eyamba had only *lent* the ground, and that I had broken country law and Egbo law, and that by and by they would want their ground, and that the Mission must leave the country, etc. I stated to them that the Mission had plenty of books to show how the case stands about the ground we occupy, that we can attend to that by and by—that I had broken no country fashion or Egbo law in protecting the refugees. I reminded them that on King Archibong's death, the late Mr. Young and his brother (sitting among them!), and also Eyamba's daughter, all fled to Creek Town to escape the *esere*, and were protected there till the palaver was set; that King Eyo had told me I had done "quite right" in refusing to give up the people; and that they themselves had broken country fashion and their own Egbo law in troubling people who run to the mission-house, and in blowing Egbo on me, and trying to stop me from speaking God's word in the town. I concluded by giving the Duke a formal invitation to come to me for lodging and protection, should the day come when he himself might wish to escape the "chop nut."

The more intelligent people of Duke Town admit that I have only done what is right, and in accordance with their own customs, in protecting the refugees, and seem glad at the stand I have taken on the subject. At this very time the Duke himself has a refugee from one of the

Efut villages. He is charged with having killed one of the Efut with *ifòt*. His neighbours wished to subject him to the ordeal of the bean; he fled to the Duke for protection, and he (the Duke) very properly refuses to give him up.

Wishing to suggest suitable subjects of meditation to the young people who can read, and who will be afraid to venture out to church or Sabbath school, I cut a number of slips of paper and jotted down a few texts on each. These I distributed as I had opportunity. I give you a copy:—

Read—Dan. iii.; Matt. x. 28; Luke x. 16; Acts iv. 18, 19; Acts v. 28, 29, 38, 39.

Sabbath, June 1.—Went my usual Sabbath rounds. Had a pretty good meeting in Henry Cobham's. Read and commented (in Efik) on Dan. iii. Afterwards I called at other five houses, where meetings are frequently held. Three of the gentlemen were "not at home"; the other two were at home, but seemed as much afraid as if they had seen a spectre when I made my appearance. One of them vanished into his inner yard, after having begged of me not to bring him into trouble; and the other set a jar of mimbo and a tumbler on the table before me, which seemed all he durst do in the way of showing me his friendly regards, and then bolted, leaving me in undisturbed possession of his yard and the mimbo. I learned afterwards that on leaving me he hurried towards the Duke's, with the view, I suppose, of showing that he was observing the recent Egbo proclamation.

Having plenty of time before me, I walked the length of Qua. The headman was absent; but I got a small meeting in the house of one of the gentlemen (who was a refugee in my house for several weeks about two years ago), and repeated the discourse on Dan. iii.

On return home, I found that Mrs. Goldie, Mrs. Anderson, and Miss Barty had attempted their usual meetings in the women's yards; but—except at H. Cobham's—the ladies were all as afraid of them as the gentlemen were of me.

Mr. Edgerley preached the English sermon at four P.M.

in the church. At the close of the service I made the following statement:—

"Present circumstances seem to require a few words from me ere we separate. The war is still going on between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent, according to the ancient oracle, Gen. iii. 15. The same spirit which animated the chief priests and rulers when they apprehended the apostles and cast them into prison, actuates many in authority around us. We cannot be too grateful for our privileges as British subjects. The authorities here would cast the apostles into the inner prison (if there were one) if they dared; but, situated as we are, they find it easier to put their whole country under interdict than to use violence towards any one of us. For this we should be grateful to the King of nations. Those of us who suffer most from the proclamation made the other day have this consolation, that we suffer in a good cause. I trust that every member of the church—that everyone present—would be willing to suffer anything and everything rather than be accessory to the shedding of innocent blood. We must observe the laws of hospitality at whatever expense.

"Considering what has occurred as a manifestation of hostility to the progress of religion and civilisation, I think we should feel encouraged to prosecute our work with increased vigour; for the opposition shows that Satan is beginning to feel alarmed about this portion of his dominions, and is struggling hard to retain possession of it. I have every confidence that the things which seem to be against us shall soon be found to have tended rather to the furtherance of the gospel than to its obstruction. We have the 2nd Psalm to cheer us: 'Why do the heathen rage?' etc. We can say, if we will, as well as Luther: 'Come, and in spite of the devil and all his children we shall sing the 46th Psalm.' In respect to the poor deluded ones all around us, what can we do but pray for them that they may be rescued from the destroyer? We can adopt this prayer in reference to them: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' They allow us not to speak to them about God; let us earnestly and constantly speak to God about

them. Let us now, brethren, before parting, pray for them."

All the young men who have joined the Church, except one, are and have been for some weeks absent from town, being at the distant oil markets, so that I do not know how they would have stood the trial had they been within reach of the church to-day. The one at present in town did not show face. He has been for some time suspended from Communion. Not one belonging to the town attended Sabbath school or service in English. The attendance was between forty and fifty notwithstanding. We had a comfortable meeting. Mr. Edgerley preached a seasonable and encouraging discourse from 2 Thess. i. 10.

Monday 2 till Saturday 7.—A *quiet* week on the Mission Hill. No scholars from town. From the mission-houses and Sierra Leone people's settlements, however, we muster a school of fourteen or fifteen. Market operations not interfered with this week. Took usual rounds on Saturday evening to announce the Sabbath.

Sabbath, 8.—Good meeting in Henry Cobham's. Could not manage to get a meeting elsewhere. Scattered a few handfuls of the good seed by the wayside among passers-by as opportunity presented. Preached in the evening to our usual English congregation from Ps. cxxvi. 5. Two young lads not connected with the church braved the Egbo ban, and attended both Sabbath school and church.

Thursday, 12.—Not being able to do much in town at present, I have for the past ten days been busy transcribing for the press a translation into Efik of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and chapters 8, 9, and 15 of 1st Corinthians. Finished this work to-day. May the Master accept of the feeble attempt to serve Him, and bless the translation, in making it instrumental in advancing His glory!

Friday, 13.—About noon, H.M.S. *Scourge* made her appearance. Mr. Edgerley and I went on board to pay our respects to Mr. Consul Hutchinson and Commodore Adams. The Consul summoned a meeting of the native gentlemen on board to-morrow, that he may learn why Egbo has been blown on the Mission.

Saturday, 14.—An important meeting held on board H.M.S. *Scourge*. Being called on by the Consul, I narrated as above the circumstances which led to the "blowing of Egbo," intimating my conviction that by thus acting the native gentlemen had broken the arrangements entered into at the commencement of the Mission, both in the attempt to stop the work of the Mission and in trying to do away with the right of sanctuary on the Mission premises for runaways who are guilty of no crime. I could appeal to all present that the right of sanctuary had never been abused by me; that while I had often sheltered the innocent, I had never protected any really guilty person further than this, that before giving up a criminal I always stipulate that he is not to be killed, and, if a slave, beg his master not to flog him "too much." I referred the Consul to Rev. Mr. Waddell for information as to the grant of land to, and arrangements made with, the Mission at the commencement of operations here. Mr. Waddell, having been called on for this information, showed most satisfactorily that while it was true (as Duke Town people had been saying) that the land had not been *sold* to the Mission, nevertheless it had been made over to the Mission Board for mission purposes "*for ever*" by King Eyamba and all his gentlemen, and that the present procedure of King Duke and his gentlemen was a violation of the stipulation entered into with the missionaries on their arrival, as well as of the promises made to them before they came. The Duke Town people being asked for their statement of the case, had nothing new to add to my version of the matter. Mr. Hogan, who had to act as their chief speaker, seemed ashamed to refer to the root of the matter, *freemason*, but confined himself chiefly to the declaration that the Egbo ban was never meant to prevent the Mission people or the Sierra Leone people from buying and selling in the market as they had been accustomed to do, etc. The Duke, however, was dissatisfied with the line of argument pursued, and stated that "when man kill other man with *freemason*, he *must chop nut*." To the questions, Why does the Duke himself protect at this moment an Efut gentleman from the *esere* ordeal? and why did he disregard the letter of the Consul

in reference? I do not think that there was any answer given.

Both the Consul and the Commodore strongly condemned their present procedure, and, to cut matters short, I need only add that in a very few minutes after the Duke and gentlemen reached the beach, Egbo messengers, with their drums, were traversing the town, publishing to all that the proclamation of May 29 was reversed, and that liberty to visit the missionaries, to attend school, to go to church, to carry provisions to the mission-houses, etc. etc., was fully granted.

Sabbath, 15.—Usual meetings held in both Cobham Town and Duke Town to-day. The Consul, the Commodore, and a number of the officers of the *Scourge* set a good example to our countrymen in the river, by attending divine service in the evening.

Monday, 16.—Some "trade palavers" on board the man-of-war with which I had nothing to do. But, looking at the religious state of the country (rather its irreligious state), I could not help remarking to the Consul at the tea-table this evening, that I feel convinced that till there be more of the fear of God, both in the country and in the river, Calabar will never be a prosperous country; its trade regulations and other laws may be drawn up by a legislator as wise as Solomon, but so long as the Almighty is defied, the Bible unread, the Sabbath unsanctified, the house of God unattended, His blessing, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, cannot be expected to rest on the country.

Tuesday, 17.—Last public meeting on the *Scourge*. The Duke, I have since learned, had no idea that he was required to go on board again, so that, when the Kru-boys went with a boat for him, he declined to go on board without some formal notice. The Consul, considering that he had given due notice of the meeting, thought, as was very natural, that the Duke was getting contumacious, and a little warlike demonstration was made in the way of pointing guns towards the town, etc., to bring him to his senses. The demonstration referred to seemed somewhat to alarm King Eyo and others who were on board. The supercargoes and some others present entered into

the spirit of the feint, and urged King Eyo to despatch some of his brothers at once to hurry off the Duke. This he did in double-quick time, and speedily the Duke and his people were on deck of the *Scourge*, and were severely rebuked for their trifling. Ignorance, and not obstinacy (as I have since learned), was the cause of the delay.

At this meeting the Consul reprobated strongly and justly the pernicious practice of private persons, whether black or white, taking law into their own hands when they consider themselves aggrieved. All such matters should be brought before some lawful authority. He gave the natives to understand that they had full right and liberty to complain to him should any British subject injure them, just as British subjects have a right to appeal to him for redress when they feel aggrieved; and he obtained a written declaration from the native authorities that for the future "British subjects coming to, trading at, or residing in the Old Calabar territory, shall not be maltreated," etc. etc. It was explained to the natives that should any missionary do what they dislike, they must report the matter to him, but no more blowing of Egbo must be resorted to.

In reference to the three refugees, the Consul stated to King Eyo, King Duke, and Henry Cobham, that they were under his (the Consul's) protection, and that they must not be further molested. The decision in this case appears to me to be almost, if not altogether, the death-blow to the *esere* ordeal in Duke Town.

I may add that the man and the elder lady are with us here. The young woman has been with Mrs. Sutherland since Mr. S.'s death, and gives great satisfaction.

We have gained three points by the prompt interference of the Consul in this matter:—1st, There will, I should suppose, be no more misunderstanding on the minds of the present generation of Calabar gentlemen as to the validity of the tenure by which the Mission Board holds the ground occupied by the Mission premises, and a small tract of land around them. 2nd, The Mission premises and mission work will no more be put under Egbo ban, during the present *reign* at all events. The anti-progress party were evidently determined to try their

strength, but they find that they have gone a little too far. They have been made to feel that they are somewhat under check, and cannot carry *all* before them. And 3rd, The Mission premises have been more publicly than at any former time recognised as a sanctuary for refugees who are guilty of no crime. What has taken place is in fact equivalent to a public proclamation that anyone doomed to the ordeal of the *esere* on the charge of *ifot* or *free-mason*, will be protected from it if he can only reach the mission-house.

I have information that a great number of the so-called blood-men are quite glad that the refugees were not given up. Doubtless some of them are looking forward to their own day of danger, and inwardly rejoicing that a city of refuge is open to them. I regret to be obliged to add, however, that some of the headmen among them, on their return to the plantations, seized on the wife of Okunya (the male refugee with us), and compelled her to take the fatal bean, under the influence of which she died.

Oh! how much innocent blood cries to heaven for vengeance from Old Calabar! "When He maketh inquisition for blood," who of its guilty inhabitants shall stand? Oh that they would attend to the message of mercy, and apply to that blood which cleanseth from all—even from scarlet and crimson-dyed—sin, ere their day of grace shall for ever pass away!

The consular intervention did good, for on 24th July Mr. Anderson wrote of the better feeling among the chief men:—

You will be glad to learn that no bad feeling appears to be cherished among the natives on account of the "man-of-war palaver," which I reported last month. The Duke never seemed so cordial to the missionaries as at present; he was telling Mr. Baillie and me the other day that he is brother for all God men now, and cannot make any more palaver with them. About three weeks ago, a fellow who appeared to have been somewhat deranged, took it into his head to stab two of his neighbours with a knife. When brought to the Duke for judgment, the first step taken

was to ascertain from the missionaries what God's law or English law would say about the matter. Neither of the parties being then dead, I sent word to the Duke that the man ought to be kept in confinement till the result of the wounds should make it appear whether he was a murderer or not. The poor wretch had, however, stabbed himself also (in the abdomen), and fearing lest he should escape punishment by dying, my objections to his execution were overruled. One of his victims died the day after, so that I was obliged to admit to the Duke Town gentlemen that, in this case, "Calabar had not killed a man for nothing."

I was convinced in my own mind, and I expressed the conviction to Mr. Consul Hutchinson, when he was here, that the course he had taken in reference to the three refugees from Henshaw Town would prove the death-blow to the poison-bean ordeal in the whole of this portion of Old Calabar. And I am glad to be able to report that, on the death of a person of some standing in Henshaw Town, about a fortnight ago, and when several of the relatives went, as usual, with a charge of *freemason* against some of their neighbours to the Duke, he would not hear their story, scolded them for bringing such a story to him, and then, like Gallio of the olden time (Acts xviii. 16), "he drave them from the judgment-seat."

CHAPTER XIV

Arrival of Rev. Zerub Baillie—Native Affairs—Consular Intervention—Death of Rev. Samuel Edgerley, senior—Furlough of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson—Address at Missionary Meeting of Synod

THE arrival of the Rev. Zerub Baillie on June 22, 1856, was a valuable addition to the staff, and lightened Mr. Anderson's work considerably. Shortly after his advent Mr. Anderson wrote:—

Mr. Baillie is getting on exceedingly well. He is just the man for Old Calabar—strong-bodied, sober-minded, energetic, contented, and cheerful. He is quite a favourite with the Duke Town people, both old and young, bond and free. Hundreds of the people, ladies as well as gentlemen, have visited him, to see his chemical apparatus and operations, many of which have filled them with astonishment. His medical knowledge, experience, and skill recommend him powerfully to the people. He promises fair to be a great blessing both to the Mission and to the country.

Mr. Baillie relieved Mr. Anderson of the burden of the afternoon work at school, and he wrote regarding the Mission family at Duke Town:—

I am exceedingly comfortable here with Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. Mrs. A. anticipates my every want, and is a most agreeable, pleasant person. They have a large family (I think about twelve or thirteen) of native children, who have no other home. They are trained up to habits of industry and cleanliness, and it is a pleasant thing to

hear them, morning and evening, repeating passages and praying in their own tongue. On the Sabbath evening all give an account of what they have heard at the various meetings during the day. Some of them have memories which would put to the blush many children in Scotland of a similar age.

In his station Report for 1856, Mr. Anderson mentions that Mr. Baillie, since his arrival, had been actively and zealously engaged along with himself in carrying on the work, and that the Rev. Samuel Edgerley, who also resided at Duke Town, had been engaged with the Mission press. The following details are taken from the Report:—

Mr. Baillie, Mr. Haddison, and I have held on an average three meetings each on the morning of the Lord's day. Mrs. Anderson and Miss Barty have also together held meetings with the women in several yards. I should suppose that the word is spoken to about three hundred souls. . . .

The English service at two P.M., conducted by Mr. Edgerley, Mr. Baillie, and myself, has been attended by upwards of one hundred, including children. A few from the ships in the river have been present with great regularity. The psalmody has been admirably conducted by Dr. Hewan.

The Sabbath school, which is held from three to four, has been attended by from sixty to eighty. All the agents take a part in conducting these classes; and whilst they are being taught in the church I have an advanced class in my own house.

The Wednesday evening prayer meeting, conducted chiefly by Mr. Edgerley, Mr. Baillie, and myself, has been well attended. The exercises are devotional, expository, and catechetical. At this meeting we have gone over the history of the Apostle Paul, Acts xvii.–xxviii., the whole of our Lord's Parables, and the questions of the Shorter Catechism, from 91st to 107th, and 1st to 22nd.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Anderson has a class of

women, whom she has been instructing in the elementary doctrines of the gospel. The only constant attendants have been the few Sierra Leone people who reside on the Mission Hill.

The attendance at the week-day school during the first six months ranged from twenty to forty, and during the second six months from sixty to seventy; but eighty have been frequently present. The most of these have been moving on satisfactorily. Miss Barty, J. Haddison, and I have shared in the labours of the school during the whole year; and Mr. Baillie, who is a great accession to the Mission, since his arrival has well done his part in it.

The story of the work is carried on by the following extracts from Mr. Anderson's Journal:—

Jan. 6, 1857.—Heard to-day of several murders having been committed at Old Town on account of the death of Otu George. This is a direct violation of the treaty made with Mr. Hutchinson about a year ago.

8.—An opportunity offering, and having full proof that several persons have been put to death at Old Town, I communicated information respecting the same to H.B.M.'s Consul at Fernando Po.

30.—Saw a barbarous flogging inflicted on an unoffending young woman near Henshaw Town. Protested strongly against the practice of Egbo runners flogging those who are guilty of no crime. I felt the more at liberty to speak to all parties concerned, as the chief actor in the bloody (for it was bloody) transaction was one of my old scholars. Though I felt bound some months ago to state formally to the native gentlemen that I did not write about their Egbo affairs to Queen Victoria, I now felt it needful to say that people of all countries and of all colours, who should hear of such occurrences, would cry "Shame!" on account of some of their foolish and cruel customs. H.M.S. *Merlin* arrived in the evening.

Feb. 1, *Sabbath.*—One of our little adopted and baptized daughters left us this evening after a brief ill-

ness. Poor little sufferer! But she is now in far better keeping than ours. "Of such is the kingdom of God."

Not long after she "fell asleep" the soul of another was driven from Old Calabar into the world of spirits; but what a contrast in life and in death between the helpless infant and the hardened murderer! The murderer referred to was called Young Antika. He was the eldest son of the late Antika Cobham. One of the numerous cold-blooded murders perpetrated by him is reported in the *United Presbyterian Missionary Record* for March 1847, p. 43. How many atrocities in the way of murdering and mutilating he has committed between 1846 and 1856, I cannot tell. On a Sabbath evening in September last, he killed one of his wives at one blow. On my representing to his uncle, H. Cobham, now head of the Cobham family, that such a monster ought not to be allowed to walk at large, the reply was, "It only be wife he kill; no palaver live for that." Henry's views of matters were afterwards changed, however, when the same pest went about with a loaded musket watching his opportunity to shoot *him*. The blood-people in the plantations had also got information of the murder of the wife, who, it appears, had been a connection of some of the leaders of that fraternity, and they were clamorous in their demands that the murderer should be delivered into their hands, to be by them put to death. The Cobham family declined to do this, so that the blood-people put their plantations under ban—would allow no Cobham Town person to go to the plantations—would allow no produce to be brought to Cobham Town. A deputation of blood-men came to Cobham Town last night or this morning, and in order to make "palaver set," it was agreed by both parties that the murderer should undergo the *esere* ordeal, with (I believe) a tacit understanding that, should it fail, other measures should be taken to ensure death. The *esere* took effect, but ere it had time to cause death—all parties concurring—a rope was adjusted round the dying man's neck, and, being hung up thereby to the roof-tree of the palaver-house, which is at once the hall of judgment and the place of execution,

the soul was hurried into the presence of the Righteous Judge.

Monday, 2.—It may be right here to jot down that I heard nothing of the execution of Young Antika till to-day, though we are so near Cobham Town. I may also state that I do not journalise on the Sabbath, though events occurring on that day are frequently, in my *mem.*, entered under date of "Sabbath." This I do, considering that it adds to the perspicuousness of a journal to have the events of the day recorded under the date of the occurrence, whatever be the time of their entry. On expressing to H. Cobham my regret that his nephew had been condemned and executed on the Sabbath, he excused himself on the ground that the day was far spent ere their judicial procedure was begun, and had he not heard God's word in the morning?

The Consul held a meeting this morning in Old Town mission-house, in presence of Mrs. Sutherland, Dr. Hewan, Mr. Baillie, and myself, with the headmen of Old Town. The individual chiefly implicated in the murders professed ignorance as to the nature of the treaty made with the Consul a year ago, and pleaded that *he* had not killed any person, seeing that it was under the ordeal of the *esere* that the persons had died. As it appeared that Efium Cobham, the acknowledged head of the town, had had no hand whatever in the administration of the *esere*, and as he and all parties pledged themselves not to allow such a thing again, the Consul judged it best to allow the matter to drop. He felt—we all felt—that were he to make any violent demonstration in regard to the matter, serious though it was, the Old Town people would probably be afraid to rebuild their town, and be led to feel and act like a band of outlawed murderers; whereas, were they to rebuild and reoccupy their town, they would be more accessible than at present to the influences of civilisation and Christianity.

Feb. 27.—This day finished a translation into Efik of Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews. Have found the exercise of translating this important portion of Holy Writ both pleasant and profitable.

March 17.—Witnessed a good many of the funeral rites

of the natives this afternoon. The deceased had been nurse to Antaro Young. The coffin, a large chest, 7 feet long, 3 or 4 broad, and 3 or 4 deep, was placed under a sort of canopy, and around it marched, and sometimes danced, a band of women, for about an hour at a time. Native instruments of music (or rather of noise) were being played all the time, while the hired mourners played their parts most vigorously. Thinking, I suppose, that it would vary the entertainment somewhat, Antaro requested me to "read burial service in English." I expressed my readiness to conduct a service in Efik, provided he would command quiet and attention. This did not suit his taste, however, and he would not consent to my "speaking without a book." Finally he agreed to send a boy for my Bible, and I agreed to say or read a few words both in English and Efik. I accordingly spoke a few words on the all-important concerns of eternity in both languages; but, from the strong drink which had been freely circulated, I soon began to fear that I was breaking the rule laid down in Matthew vii. 6.

28.—It is with deep sorrow that I am constrained to record that the greater portion of Duke Town gentlemen went this afternoon to the neighbourhood of Parrot Island, and there sacrificed a poor albino girl. Some say that such sacrifice is made to Ndem Efik, to make him bring plenty ships to the country, while others say that the rite is intended to keep away sickness from the town. How Satan does manage to deceive men! I suppose that some have faith that the observance will lead to the former result, and others that it will lead to the latter. Have not heard of any sacrifice of the kind being made since 1851. I am glad to be informed that Cobham Town, Henshaw Town, and Creek Town have had nothing whatever to do with the matter.

30.—A Duke Town gentleman, Edem Oku by name, who took an active part in the murderous ceremonial of the 28th, was this day summoned, without a moment's warning, to his final account. Without any apparent cause, he suddenly dropped down dead. A few of his former companions seem to be a good deal impressed by the solemn dispensation. Mr. Baillie and I are taking

advantage of the event, and improving it as we best can, as a lesson to survivors to stand in readiness to meet their God.

March 3.—In company with all the brethren I visited Ikörófiong, or Upper Ekrikök. I had never been up the river farther than Ikoneto, so that the scenery was new to me. We had a very hearty reception from the people of the town, who expressed themselves as quite willing to have a missionary to reside among them. There are several excellent sites for missionary premises in the immediate vicinity of the town, or rather towns. A station here would form a fine stepping-stone to the Egbo Shary country, on the confines of which, I believe, the town we visited stands. Probably the agricultural population of that region would be more ready to receive the word of truth, having less to distract their minds than their commercial brethren in Old Calabar.

April 10.—The eleventh anniversary of the commencement of the Mission was celebrated at Creek Town. This was the second time there had been public services, the first being at Duke Town the previous year. Mr. Waddell says: "The services were conducted by myself, with a few words explanatory, and a hymn. Mr. Edgerley followed with a prayer in English. Mr. Anderson prayed both in English and in Efik, and preached the anniversary sermon in English, a very appropriate and excellent discourse, from Acts xxvi. 22, 23. Mr. Goldie followed with an address in Efik; and Mr. Baillie concluded with prayer, a hymn in Efik, and the benediction."

The following are from Mr. Anderson's Journal:—

April 14.—Went towards Efut in the P.M. Found Efut itself to be too far for me, but had two cheering little meetings of a family kind at settlements about midway between this and Efut. Little Andrew Somerville, who accompanied me, read in our little Efik Catechism, with great fluency, to both parties, which appeared to astonish them not a little. At one of the places I told the family who he was, and how he had come under my care. It turned out that several of the wives of the

household had been intimate with his mother,—they had never till to-day heard of her child's preservation, visit to England, etc., so that they smote upon their breasts in great wonderment and pleasure. They then subjected his face to a complete investigation, tracing, as I understood, the lineaments of their departed friend in his features.

Sabbath, 26. — H.M.S. *Firefly* came up the river shortly after midday. When she first appeared, she was mistaken for the mail steamer. In the P.M. we were very happy to have our Consul, Captain Davies, and a number of the officers of the *Firefly* worshipping with us in our humble sanctuary. By acting thus, gentlemen bearing Her Majesty's commission can cheaply and greatly forward the good cause at the different mission stations which they visit.

28.—At a meeting this afternoon, called by the Consul at the Duke's house, for the discussion of sundry matters, I was delighted to see the high ground taken by the Consul, in protesting to the Duke and his superstitious fraternity, against some of their barbarous practices—especially against the sacrifice of the albino girl, near Parrot Island, on the 28th ult. I trust that his remonstrances will do good.

Mrs. Edgerley returned to Calabar, accompanied by her son, Mr., afterwards the Rev. Samuel H. Edgerley, arriving on 30th July 1856. Mr. Edgerley, senior, died at Duke Town on the 28th May 1857. Mr. Anderson wrote regarding his illness and death as follows:—

Mr. Edgerley had a rather severe attack of illness about the beginning of May, but he had got pretty well over it by the middle of the month. So well was he as to be able to step over and spend the greater portion of a day at our house. About the 22nd of the month his illness returned. By the 25th it was evident that it might terminate in death. . . . I visited Mr. E. daily, sometimes twice or thrice a day, during his illness. I frequently prayed with him, and repeated to him promises

of Scripture and verses of hymns. . . . He gradually sank till the evening of the 28th. On that evening was held our weekly prayer meeting. The questions of the Shorter Catechism under consideration that evening (in usual course) were, "What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death?" and "What at the resurrection?" I had just finished catechising on these questions when Mr. Baillie was sent for by Dr. Hewan. I feared that Mr. E. was worse. I had already read out to be sung the Christian's dying song—

"My race is run, my warfare's o'er," etc.

We had sung two verses when Mr. Baillie came and whispered to me, "You had better finish; Mr. Edgerley is at his last." I intimated this to the meeting, and we joined in earnest prayer for the departing spirit. Accompanied by others, I proceeded to the chamber of death. Mrs. E. requested me to pray. I prayed—for what else could one pray at such a season?—that our friend might have a speedy and safe passage across the Jordan, and a glorious entrance into the heavenly Canaan. The breathing became shorter and shorter, and somewhere about eight o'clock of that Thursday evening all became still. . . . There were standing around that bed the widow and the two children of the departed, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Barty, Mr. Baillie, Dr. Hewan, and myself. . . .

On Friday, May 29th, in compliance with a wish which the deceased had expressed while yet with us, his remains were committed to the dust near the spot where two other brethren "rest in their beds." And there repose in dreamless sleep till the resurrection morning, all the three—Jameson, Sutherland, and Edgerley.

The Rev. John Edmond, Glasgow, wrote an ode to their memory, entitled "The First Three," from which a stanza or two may be quoted:—

"We have buried our dead, dear to Christ, in thy sand,
The redemption of Afric believing to see!
For we bought our Machpelah, a pledge for the land,
When we laid in thy bosom the first of the three.

Now the bond we had fastened in love and in trust
Death has riveted thrice—who would sunder the chain?
The voice of the fallen ones even from their dust
Cries Onward, still onward, Messiah must reign.
These three, these the first! Who will step where they lie?
Close not up your thinned ranks yet, ye warriors afield!
Who will go? shall be answered with, Lord, here am I:
And the breach in your phalanx anon shall be healed.
Who will follow to death? Who will follow to glory?
Who will spend to win souls in the wars of the Lamb?
Their names shall be woven in the lines of the story
That shall tell how He conquered the kingdoms of Ham.
With your shields, or upon them! cried matrons of Greece,
As they sent forth their sons for their country's defence:
Shall the patriot dare more than the preacher of peace?
Shall our faith be called coward? our love a pretence?
To the rescue, young men! ye are brave, ye are strong!
With the Cross for your ensign, the word for your sword!
Till from Niger to Nile burst the dark lands to song,
When the sons of the Ethiop are sons of the Lord!"

That is the spirit in which to point the moral of the deaths of missionaries. Let the appeal be to the heroism of the youth of the Church and to the spirit of self-sacrifice in the parents; but let it not be chilled by a policy of fear of climatic risks, commercialism, and expediency on the part of those who are charged with finding spheres for those who give themselves to the work, and with the duty of encouraging them in the midst of their toils and trials, sicknesses and sorrows, until they pass beyond praise or blame into the presence of Him who sees not as man sees, and accepts service willed to be given as well as work done.

Mr. Edgerley left behind him a widow who devotedly carried on the work as long as she was able, and who died in 1874; a son, who has written his name in the annals of Calabar and in the hearts of the natives, not

only at the stations in which he laboured, but of the tribes he was among the first to visit; and a daughter, who, after forty-two years' loving labour among the women and children of Calabar, has recently retired from active service amid the regrets of fellow-workers and of natives alike. The connection of the Edgerley family with Calabar thus covers the first fifty years of its history.

In a letter dated Liverpool, 14th July 1857, Mr. Anderson says:—

In compliance with the advice of all my brethren in Old Calabar, and with the urgent and oft-repeated injunctions, cautions, and remonstrances of our esteemed medical attendant, Dr. Hewan, Mrs. A. and I embarked in the mail steamer *Candace* on the 31st of May, and after a very pleasant passage we reached this place on the 9th instant. It was judged by the brethren, and felt by ourselves, that we needed a change of clime for a season, for the recruiting of health and the prolongation of life. We have both been greatly invigorated by the voyage, although, while on the deep, Mrs. A. had a very sharp attack of fever, and I had several touches of ague.

At the Annual Missionary Meeting of the Synod on May 5th, 1858, Mr. Anderson gave an address in which he pleaded the claims of Old Calabar and the twenty or thirty millions on the West Coast of Africa. Only the summary, which appeared in the June number of the *United Presbyterian Magazine*, can be given here. He began by saying that he would not detract from the claims of India or other fields,—"The field is the world,"—and proceeded:—

While one human being remains uninstructed in divine things, the missionary work is unaccomplished. The Church might do more, should do more, shall do more,

for her Lord, than she has ever yet done. In behalf of Old Calabar and the adjacent countries, he urged—

1. *Their necessities.* The region is one of the darkness and shadow of death. The darkness is like that of Egypt of old—*it may be felt.* The inhabitants know nothing of the way of salvation. But the inhabitants of that country, as of other heathen lands, are not merely a band of unfortunates, but a company of criminals—an army of rebels, of mutineers; and these rebels against the best Sovereign trample under foot all His laws. Would that the Church were as patriotic as the world! Down with the mutiny! And, blessed be God, the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, though mighty for the pulling down of strongholds. Remember the curse of Meroz: "Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they *came not* to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

He urged—2. *Their wrongs.* How many cargoes of slaves have been carried down from the Old Calabar River, in British ships, to British colonies, there to toil on, on, on, —no rest in prospect but the grave,—for the enriching of British subjects? "Britain's guilt and Afric's wrongs"—neither the one nor the other can be cancelled till, in return for the injuries inflicted on poor Africa, she be put, by Britons, in possession of the best of blessings.

He urged in behalf of Old Calabar—3. *Its importance.* It is the key of a large and densely populated region. From Calabar access would be had to Kororofa, Adamawa, Bautshi, and Hamarua (Muri), and other regions, where teeming millions await from our hands the bread of life.

He urged—4. *The encouragements* received during the past twelve years. We have now the confidence of the people. We have prevailed on them to abandon some of their most horrid and barbarous rites and customs, such as human sacrifices on the death of free persons. The murder of twin children is now forbidden among his own people by the most influential chief in the country, King Eyo Honesty. Infanticide has been checked. The ordeal of the *esere* (poison bean) has been greatly modified. The barbarities which in former times were wont to be practised on slaves, such as cutting off ears, pulling teeth,

scorching hands and feet, etc., have been in great measure abandoned. We have now command of the language of the people. Four of the missionaries, besides several of the ladies of the Mission, are able to communicate instruction to the people without the aid of interpreters. Several very useful books have been printed in the Efik tongue. The whole of the New Testament has been translated into that tongue, though not yet printed. The only literature in the country is a Christian literature. Thirty-six individuals have been received into Church fellowship. Nearly all are giving evidence of having passed from death unto life. There is very little inducement yonder to make any hypocritical profession of religion. We have three chapels and four schools, all in active operation. A goodly band of native youths can read in their own tongue (and in English too) the Scriptures of truth. When the members of our churches go, as they frequently do, for months at a time, to the district plantations and palm-oil markets, they carry with them their books, cease from labour and from merchandise on the Sabbaths, hold prayer meetings among themselves, invite others to join them in their service; and are thus becoming pioneers of truth, heralds of mercy to the surrounding places. Another claim for Calabar is, a few graves yonder. The requiem of three of the sleepers has been sung by your own poet, Edmond—Jameson, Sutherland, Edgerley. We have taken possession of the country by having secured therein a burial-place. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven." "No," say some of the servants; "missionaries and the Scriptures should operate like the lightning—shake old-established systems of superstition as by earthquake—carry off every evil, political and social, from the face of the earth, as by the sweep of the tornado and the hurricane; yea, they should be as the firebrand cast into the powder magazine." "No," says the Master; "I will be as the *dew* unto Israel, working majestically, but calmly and silently." "The remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people as a *dew* from the Lord, as the showers upon the grass," softly, gently diffusing their hallowed and hallowing influences. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven," working slowly, gradually,

surely. Let the watchword of the Church be, Onwards! To proceed *swiftly*, with comfort and honour, we must proceed *surely*. Our work is one of faith, of patience, of labour, of perseverance—*only begun*. The Master sees and notes every honest effort made for the advancement of His glory; and, labouring for Him here or elsewhere, we may rest assured that He will prosper these efforts, and that in "that day" they shall be neither forgotten nor unacknowledged.

Dr. Adam of Liverpool says: "Mr. Anderson's speech was allowed on all hands to be the speech of the evening. I remember reading it in the *Scotsman*. . . . I perfectly remember being thrilled by some fine passages."

While Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were at home, the Rev. Alexander Robb, M.A., who had laboured for four years at Goshen, Jamaica, was appointed to Calabar for the purpose of translating the Old Testament, and revising all existing translations, of superintending the work of translation, and of training any promising young men who might be found suitable for the work of the Mission. He and his wife (the daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Jameson) sailed from Liverpool on January 21, 1858, and arrived in Old Calabar on February 26. A teacher for Creek Town was also found in the person of Mr. Wm. Timson, who, with his wife and child, sailed on March 20; and W. C. Thomson, who had been ordained at home, left with his wife and arrived at Duke Town on May 25, in time to witness the final departure from Calabar of the Rev. Hope Masterton Waddell and his wife, the pioneer missionaries, who were retiring after sixteen years' labours in Jamaica and twelve in Calabar. Mr. Waddell has graphically described his labours in these fields in his fascinating volume entitled

Twenty-Nine Years in the West Indies and in Central Africa. His name is associated with the Training Institute at Duke Town. His wife survived till 1894, and he himself lived till the Mission had entered on its jubilee year, dying on April 18, 1895. Mr. Goldie's last letter to me, dated Creek Town, May 30, 1895, contains the following reference to Mr. Waddell's labours and death: "He has been blessed with a long, devoted, and successful life in the mission field, and he has now got the call for which he was waiting. Calabar Mission will be his monument."

CHAPTER XV

Return to Calabar and Renewed Labours—Election and Coronation of Archibong II., etc.

MR. AND MRS. ANDERSON sailed for Old Calabar on May 20, 1858. The following extracts are from a letter dated July 1858. Of his voyage he says that he had a capital ship, a comfortable berth, an attentive and agreeable captain, most excellent officers, a pleasant set of fellow-passengers, and propitious weather:—

Early on the morning of June 2nd we reached Teneriffe. Landed, and went to the Cathedral and elsewhere. The dismal gloom of Popish heathenism is rampant here. Shortly after leaving Teneriffe, on the evening of the same day, we beheld a striking spectacle. The far-famed Peak reared its majestic summit right between us and the setting sun, and for more than an hour there was the most brilliant appearance of flame, surrounded by thin smoke, as if the volcano were still in full operation. Our captain and several seafaring gentlemen who were our fellow-passengers, all well acquainted with the West African passage, declared that, often as they had seen Teneriffe, they never before had seen such a sublime scene as was then exhibited before us. All on board firmly believed, for a time, that what we beheld was in reality flame and smoke; but as the vision passed entirely away when the sun had fully set, the greater part of us set down the appearance to the account of some cause or causes to us unknown.

When we reached Duke Town on June 29, we found that the brethren and sisters had been enabled to carry on the work of the station during our absence with dili-

gence and success. We found that the old schoolroom erected by Mr. Newhall in 1847–8) had been laid low by a tornado. The church was standing, but in a very infirm condition. It also is now a total wreck, and for three Sabbaths past we held our P.M. services in Mrs. Edgerley's house, she having the largest apartment at this station. We are getting a new church erected. It is of native material, and will be somewhat in native style, but will be much superior to the last. The new erection will cost about £30. The old cost but £12. I expect that we shall be able to raise at this station the half of the £30, if not more. One young countryman of ours, a merchant resident in the country, has given £5 to the building fund. Two river friends have also given handsome donations. Besides, on the first Sabbath of this month we commenced the plan of Sabbath collections. A box is placed at the church door, and you would be amused to see the motley mass which it contains. Let us look into it for a moment. Here are six brass rods, fifty black coppers, two half-crowns, three shillings, a few smaller coins, an order for money, an obligation to pay on demand several articles of trade, a few U.P. Hymn-Books, a knife, a razor, a comb, a snuff-box, a phial of lavender water, etc. etc.

It was with no small degree of interest that I accompanied Mr. Baillie to the town on the first Sabbath of this month. I found the Sabbath meetings in the different yards pretty much the same as formerly. The first yard we went to was that of Henny Cobham. After catechism, singing, and prayer, I began my address by telling Henny, in Calabar-English—*for I did not wish his people to hear what I was saying*—that when I live in white man's country, plenty people ask me about Old Calabar, if people go to church, care for God's word, etc. Then I tell them about your house and your yard, and some things I tell them make them laugh plenty. But I see one thing to-day I never look before ; and suppose I in my country this day and tell my countrypeople, say, I go to Henny Cobham's yard Sabbath morning, and he and his people come hear God's word ; but all the time we sing first hymn and pray first prayer for God, Henny Cobham

sit in his arm-chair smoking a cigar—all man wonder; say, "This be strange thing for true." Some laugh and some sorry. Henny exclaimed, "True," and the cigar *vanished instanter*. At the other meetings all went on in the old way.

Mr. Baillie left us about ten days ago for another sphere of labour (Ikoneto). He carries with him the best wishes of all parties here. He has fought the good fight nobly during the two years he has been at this station. He is admirably fitted for the post he expects ere long to occupy (Ikörófiöng). I trust that there lies before him a wide sphere and a long extended career of usefulness. . . .

My late visit home I found to be very refreshing. The recollection of the interest taken in ourselves by many personal friends, both old and new, and of the deep interest manifested by the Church in general in the Old Calabar Mission, is very cheering. It is not the less so that we have with us such tangible and valuable tokens of interest, both from many private friends and from several congregations. We are almost daily reminded of the liberality of congregations in Dalkeith, Dundee, Ford, Galashiels, Gourock, Kinross, Milnathort, Musselburgh, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh; Paisley, Penicuik, Perth, Selkirk, and Stitchel. The very beautiful *Bethel* flag which the young ladies connected with Misses Smith's Academy, Kinross, kindly prepared for us, has for four Sabbaths past "floated on the breeze," one of the most prominent objects in the territory of Duke Town.

Since the death of Mr. Sutherland we have had no elder at this station. Feeling the importance of having, as far as possible, a fully organised church, I brought the subject of the eldership before the congregation on the second Sabbath of the month, and proposed that on that day fortnight they should choose two of their number to the office of the eldership. Accordingly, last Sabbath evening the election was made, when Dr. Hewan and Mr. S. H. Edgerley were unanimously and very cordially chosen by the Church to be their ruling elders. I trust that these brethren will see their way clear to acceptance of the office to which they have been chosen, and that

they will be instruments of much good, in their sphere, both to the congregation and to the country.

In a brief note, dated Aug. 26, Mr. Anderson intimated the death of the King of Duke Town:—

King Duke of Duke Town died, after a prolonged illness, on the 11th inst., about 5 o'clock P.M. I do not suppose that his death will lead to much change in the administration of the affairs of this town. I suppose that John Archibong will, after King Duke's *devil-making*, be *called* King of Duke Town. This is the third interregnum which I have seen since my first arrival here. We are getting quite accustomed to such a state of matters.

Several deaths among the agents of the Mission followed soon after. Mrs. Timson, who had reached Calabar on April 25, died on Sept. 11, leaving a husband and two little children—the younger a babe three months old, born shortly after her arrival. Mr. Robb wrote:—

The event took us by surprise, as she was at the breakfast table forty-eight hours before, and seemed to be in her usual health. She had not been strong since her arrival, and indeed herself and others feared that she would not survive her confinement. . . . Though she was not allowed to live and labour, yet she will not lose the reward of that devotedness which brought her, willingly, with her husband that she might share the toils and dangers of the Mission. It is a comforting thought that her death was not due to the climate, but to other causes, which might have shortened her days in Scotland itself. She was buried on the Lord's day after the first service—Mr. Anderson, Miss Barty, Mr. S. H. Edgerley, Mr. Irvine, etc., having come up the river to be present.

Mr. Henry Hamilton, the carpenter, a coloured man from Jamaica, who accompanied Mr. Waddell to Calabar in 1847, died on Sept. 23, and Mrs. W. C. Thomson died

on Sept. 26, four months after reaching Calabar. "From Ikoneto, where she had a slow but severe attack" (of fever), wrote Dr. Hewan, "she was removed to Duke Town for change of air; and there, under the foster-care of Mrs. Anderson, she got round a little." From Duke Town she went to be with Mrs. Sutherland, and died there, and was buried at Creek Town, which was the "God's acre" of the Mission at that time.

On Sept. 1 was formed the Presbytery of Biafra, so called from the Bight in which Calabar lies. The following is a portion of the first minutes:—

Duke Town, Old Calabar,
September 1, 1858.

The brethren having met here this day, and having finished the business hitherto conducted by them under the designation of the "Old Calabar Mission Committee," then proceeded, in accordance with a resolution come to at the meeting of said Committee, held at Ikoneto, 3rd Aug. 1858, to form themselves into a Presbytery; and Mr. Goldie, at their request, constituted them by prayer accordingly.

The list of members follows:—Rev. Messrs. Anderson, Goldie, Robb, Baillie, and Thomson; and Mr. Archibald Hewan, elder from Duke Town. Mr. Henry Hamilton, elder from Creek Town, was absent through sickness.

The Rev. William Anderson [who was the senior ordained missionary since the departure of Mr. Waddell] was chosen moderator for the next twelve months, and Mr. Robb was appointed Presbytery Clerk. . . .

It was resolved that the congregations and stations united under the superintendence of this Presbytery be designated the "Presbyterian Church in Biafra."

Mr. S. Edgerley read an essay on the subject, "What should be the motives and aims of one looking forward to the gospel ministry?" The members of Presbytery expressed themselves gratified with the essay. At Mr. Anderson's suggestion, Mr. Edgerley was then examined in the Greek Grammar by Mr. Goldie, and encouraged to

prosecute his studies ; and he was directed to prepare for examination lines of the 1st ch. of John's Gospel in Greek, and the first one hundred lines of the 1st book of the Æneid of Virgil—the examination to take place at the next meeting of Presbytery, to be held at Duke Town.

On Dec. 3, 1858, King Eyo Honesty II. of Creek Town died suddenly, and his death led to great panic and excitement among his slaves.

In a letter dated Aug. 30, 1859, Mr. Anderson reported an increase in the school, and described the election and coronation of Archibong II. of Duke Town:—

I am very glad to be able to report to you that I have not so much time for writing, by the present mail, as I have had for a good many months back, from the fact that my work has been doubled on my hands during the last two or three weeks. The daily attendance at school has mounted up from thirty-five to eighty. A number of these new-comers are untrained lads of about twenty years of age ; and, having no assistance in school, for the present, save what I can get from the more advanced scholars, my strength is pretty well taxed in keeping order and endeavouring to communicate instruction. When I last wrote, the town and country in general were in a very unsatisfactory state, occasioned by the capture and detention, by one of the supercargoes in the river, of two of the principal men in Duke Town as hostages for debts, real or alleged. Both of these gentlemen were set at liberty some weeks ago, and matters have assumed a more settled aspect in the country generally.

I think I mentioned to you some time ago that John Archibong was chosen king by the inhabitants of Duke Town in the month of March. His elevation to the throne appears to be the result of a *bonâ fide* popular election. No foreign influence whatever was used with the people in his favour. He does not hold his office by virtue of an *appointment* thereto by any foreign magistrate. This is, I think, as it ought to be. A great many of us here, whites

as well as blacks, are decidedly of opinion that no foreign interference should be tolerated in the election by the Calabarese of their chief magistrate. The coronation of the king elect was deferred for a time, till his brother next to him in rank should be able to take a part in the ceremonial. The Archibong family are a royal family, inasmuch as the late King Archibong I. was one of them, as well as because they are closely related to the family of the great Duke Ephraim. But, in point of fact, royalty is quite a common thing in Old Calabar. There is hardly a free family in Duke Town which is not, more or less, a royal family.

Our new king has assumed the style and title of King Archibong II. His *coronation* took place on Tuesday. A select company of the river gentlemen, together with Mr. Edgerley and myself, were present, by invitation of the town gentlemen, to witness and attest the proceedings. Of these I shall give you a very brief account. When the deputation waited on me with the invitation to be present at the ceremony, an urgent request was made to me to prepare the papers needful for such an occasion. When I had ascertained what was to be the order of procedure, I offered the church as a place of meeting, as there is not a comfortably seated palaver-house in the town. The offer was gratefully accepted; and it was arranged that blacks and whites should meet, on the morning specified, at the king's house about nine o'clock, and walk thence in procession to the church at ten o'clock. According to agreement, we met at the king's house at nine o'clock; but heavy and continuous rains prevented us from facing the road towards the Mission Hill. The streets were soon well-filled watercourses. Between ten and eleven o'clock the assembled company proceeded from the king's house to a large new palaver-house belonging to the king. Drummers had been sent round to invite *the town* to be present at the ceremonial, and, notwithstanding the rain, a large concourse speedily assembled. When all the gentlemen were seated, and the crowd had become still, Mr. Thomas Hogan, acting as herald on the occasion, intimated to the meeting, and to us white men in particular, that we had been called together to witness that

Duke Town people now make Archibong king for all country—*i.e.* all the territory belonging to Duke Town; and that the Calabar gentlemen begged us white men to put our hands to book, and to send letter to Queen Victoria, to let her know that Archibong II. now come up to be king for country. One of the white men then asked the assembly if they concurred in what Mr. Hogan had said. The response was a hearty affirmative. None of the other white men appearing disposed to do anything in the speech-making line, I rose, congratulated the king on his elevation, and, as I had purposed to do from the moment I received the invitation to be present, delivered a short address, in the Efik language, on the solemn duty and responsibilities of elders, their duty to enact good laws, etc. etc.; and I then suggested that we all unite in solemn prayer to God on behalf of both king and country. I conducted the devotional services both in Efik and English. Whites and blacks then congratulated the new king; the official documents were read by the party who had prepared them, and were duly signed. The second man of the town, Antaro Young, Esq., then came forward and removed the bonnet or cap which the king had hitherto kept on, and completed the coronation by placing on *his Majesty's* head a very substantial, decent-looking black hat, with gold lace band. One of the supercargoes then proposed "Three cheers for King Archibong the Second," which proposal was heartily responded to. Flags were waving and firearms of various sorts were being discharged in various quarters nearly all day.

About two P.M. about twenty gentlemen, whites and blacks, sat down to dinner with the king. In the course of conversation I suggested to him that he could not inaugurate his reign better than by the immediate and total abolition of the Sabbath market. My suggestion was ably supported by the whites present. After a little conversation with the other gentlemen, and notwithstanding the opposition of one, if not of more, Archibong, much sooner than I could have expected, stated that he was quite willing at once to prevent the market from being held any more *inside* the town, but that he could not at

once prevent it from being held on the Qua frontier, outside the town, at the twin mother village. I felt thankful that he was able and willing to do so much, and especially for the prompt and cordial manner in which he agreed to banish the market from the *inside* of the town, and expressed myself accordingly. The whole affair of the coronation—unlike that of the late Archibong—passed over most pleasantly. The utmost decorum was preserved by all parties during all the proceedings. It was just such an occasion as leaves pleasant reminiscences.

To encourage Archibong in his setting out on his kingly course, the members of the church presented him with a short address a few days after his coronation. As the address is more suitable for juveniles than adults, I have sent a copy of it to Mr. MacGill.[1] Perhaps it may interest his readers. When at home, I received from my friend Mr. Drummond, jeweller, Perth, a very handsome and richly mounted *snuff-mull* (I think that is what the article is called in Scotland), to be disposed of to the best advantage here. I told Mr. D. that I should keep it till King Duke should pass some good law—such as that lately made by Archibong—or do some good deed, save a slave from death, or something of that sort, and that then I should present it to him as a token of approbation from a friend in Scotland. King Duke did nothing to merit the box; but I thought that Archibong was somewhat entitled to it, for on Saturday he sent out the Egbo proclamation that henceforth no market is to be held in Duke Town on God's day. So, on the following Monday, I went down to the town, and, in Mr. Drummond's name, presented Archibong with the beautiful article referred to; and I need hardly add that "his Majesty was most graciously pleased to accept of the same," and expressed himself highly gratified therewith. Archibong is far from being vigorous in regard to bodily health, and his mind is not of a very bright order; but, unlike the old Duke, he seems willing to be guided by his counsellors, who have better heads than he. He may be an instrument for good. As we are

[1] A very interesting letter, entitled "A Coronation without a Crown," containing the address referred to by Mr. Anderson, appeared in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, Nov. 1859.

required to pray for kings and all in authority, my prayer is, that He who has the hearts of all men in His hand, and who sometimes works wonders through feeble instrumentality, may bless our new ruler, and make him a blessing.

Three Sabbaths have now passed away since the law was made about the Sabbath market, and the change in the aspect of the town is very great. After a ten-years' struggle, Duke Town at length partakes, at least externally, of the hallowed stillness of the sacred day. Both Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Edgerley feel the advantage of the change in their Sabbath labours among the women. Formerly the great body of their audiences were usually impatient for the conclusion of their meeting, that they might get away to market. Now, multitudes of market women (and men too), who would attend market were it held in the town, do not go to it at all, and have ample time on hand to await patiently till their instructresses feel it proper to conclude their services. Our Sabbath morning congregation has also considerably increased. It is a matter of great thankfulness to us to see Duke Town gentlemen take even one short step in the right direction.

Since writing the above I have been up at Old Town with Mr. Baillie, seeing our friends there who have been sick. Mrs. Sutherland has had a pretty sharp attack of fever. My wonder is that she has not been utterly knocked up long ago. How she manages to hold meetings on Sabbath, travel so much as she does among the Qua towns and villages, and teach a school of eighty or ninety children, is a mystery to me. I do not consider myself remarkably feeble, but a fortnight of her work would, I feel pretty sure, prostrate me. She much needs a change of climate, but cannot bear the thought of leaving her loved work. She has considerably exceeded the five *statute* years of labour here. Mr. Baillie has been sufficiently long here at a spell. He has been seized with fever since we came down from Old Town. When one has an attack of fever weekly, or thereabouts, it is high time—if his life is worth preserving—that he get out of the fever region for a time. . . . He will be much missed by all of us

during his absence, and his return will be greatly longed for by many, both blacks and whites.

Mr. Baillie left Calabar soon after, and arrived in Edinburgh on October 15.

After long solicitation, Mr. Anderson got a piece of ground in the centre of the town as a site for a church, 60 feet long by 20 broad. This, it was hoped, would remove the excuses of those who were unwilling to come to the Mission Hill. In his Journal, Mr. Anderson wrote on May 12, 1860:—

Have had a busy week superintending work at new church in town, between school hours. We are now getting the seats erected.

Sabbath, 13.—Well-attended meeting in the king's yard; but, owing to the extra labours of the week, connected with the building of the new church, I felt ill prepared for the service.

Previous to this date, in the beginning of April, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden of the Corisco Mission (American Presbyterian) had paid a visit to Calabar, and had enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson.

On April 10, the fourteenth anniversary of the Mission, Mr. Anderson read at a meeting in the church, extracts from the *Missionary Record* for 1846–7 in reference to the state of both country and people of Calabar during these two years. He remarks:—

The extracts served to refresh the memories of some of us in reference to God's dealings towards the Mission, and were—I was somewhat surprised to hear—deeply interesting, because altogether new to some of our countrymen, members of our Church, too, who were present.

On Saturday, June 2, Mr. Anderson wrote in his Journal, with reference to Miss Edgerley and Dr. Hewan returning from furlough, the latter accompanied by his recently married wife :—

Much delighted to-day to meet on board the mail steamer Dr. Hewan, Mrs. Hewan, and Miss Edgerley. It is a pleasant thing to welcome a new fellow-labourer, from whatever quarter he or she may come ; but it was with peculiar pleasure that I welcomed an old *Ford* acquaintance, and it added to my enjoyment to see before me a daughter of my late revered and beloved friend and pastor, whose ministry I enjoyed for about sixteen years—the Rev. Andrew Elliot.

For several days Mr. Anderson's time was taken up with a Government Commission :—

Tuesday, June 5.—On board H.M.S. *Archer*, giving evidence on various public matters before Commodore Edmonstone and Captain Crawford, who are here as a Commission from Government to make inquiries and collect evidence on certain points connected with the administration of affairs in this quarter.

Wednesday, 6.—Obliged to relinquish school duties to-day, from a pressure of other matters. A young man, clerk to one of the supercargoes, who came some days ago to the mission-house for change, died at eight A.M. From ten to twelve I was with the Commission. From twelve to one on business of the Commission with King Archibong. From two to five at Old Town, where was a meeting of Presbytery. At six o'clock, evening, conducted Mr. Harlow's funeral service. Usual weekly prayer meeting at 6.30.

Thursday, 7.—Could not keep school twice to-day. On board the *Archer*, as a witness, from ten to twelve, and as interpreter between the Commission and the native gentlemen from 3 to 6.30 P.M.

The completion and the opening of the new church

are recorded in characteristic fashion. The reference to Webster's Dictionary in justification of the use of the word "levelling" is a curious instance of Mr. Anderson's anxiety to be accurate in his choice of words:—

The chief thing that I have to report is the completion and opening of our new church. The edifice is wholly of native material, and in form resembles the church on the Mission Hill. It is 44 feet long by 24 wide. It is at present seated for about 220; but we can easily add seats for 100 more if required. The cost of the building is as follows:—

Egbo Young Itam (native contractor), including *dashes*,	£35	0	0
Planks for doors and benches,	10	5	0
Carpenter work,	6	0	0
Labourers — cleaning and "levelling" ground, and making fence (*Webster* gives *levelling*),	5	0	0
	£56	5	0

This amount has been paid as under—

James Irvine, Esq.,	£20	0	0
John Laughland, Esq.,	2	2	0
Samuel Cheetham, Esq.,	1	1	0
Mrs. Sutherland,	2	0	0
William Hearn, Esq.,	3	0	0
Officers of H.M.S. *Archer*,	2	10	0
Other donations and church-door collections,	18	12	0
Drawn from Dr. Ferguson,	6	0	0
	£56	0	0

N.B.—I drew on Dr. Ferguson for £12; but I have received from our congregational treasurer £6, to refund in part the amount drawn from Mr. Peddie; and we fully expect to be able to repay the other £6 by the end of the year.

We have thus built two churches within the space of two years, and we have paid for them, with the exception of what I may call the *loan* of the £6 referred to above.

The new church occupies a fine commanding position in the most central part of the town. Oh for an outpouring of the Spirit's influences, that when God writes up the people, it may be found that "this man and that man were born there."

Sabbath, 10.—This day we opened our new church in the middle of the town. The church was crowded, and a great number were standing in the verandahs. Mr. Robb had engaged to preach the sermon, but sickness prevented his attendance. There was a goodly number of river friends present. Besides the captain and several officers of the man-of-war and the Acting Consul for the Bight of Biafra, there were several supercargoes, captains, surgeons, and seamen. We began the exercises of the day by singing the 100th Psalm. I then read Psalm lxxxiv. and Hebrews x. 19–31. After prayer in English, we sang Psalm lxxxiv. 8–12. I then preached shortly in Efik from Luke viii. 18: "Take heed, therefore, how ye hear." For the sake of our countrymen, I concluded by giving "heads and particulars" in English. Knowing that a few words in favour of church attendance, etc., from a "Queen's captain" would go a far way with King Archibong and gentlemen, I had requested Captain Crawford to give a short address. He kindly complied with my request at the close of the sermon. He apologised for the Commodore's absence on account of indisposition; expressed his gratification at being in Old Calabar on such an interesting occasion; and exhorted King A. and the others present to avail themselves of the opportunities of attending church and hearing the word of God. After prayer in Efik, and singing the 210th Hymn in United Presbyterian Hymn-Book, Dr. Hewan gave an excellent address, which was well interpreted and somewhat enlarged by Henshaw Duke. We then sang an Efik hymn, and separated.

Saturday, 16.—According to a new arrangement, announced last Sabbath, I have kept school each morning this week in the new edifice in town, and in the afternoon, as heretofore, in the church on the Mission Hill.

The attendance in town has been very good, though very fluctuating, and often more like a *rabble* than anything else.

We keep an abecedarian teacher constantly at his post by the card hanging on the pillar nearest the door, who has now and then fifty or sixty pupils roaring away at full pitch of the voice, "A, B, C," etc., and sometimes he has only five or six. We lock the gate, however, previous to Bible lesson, praise, and prayer; and from sixty to seventy are present during these exercises. This is about double the number in attendance for some time past on the Mission Hill.

Sabbath, 17.—Good meeting in town church. The centricalness of the site has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. We felt one of the former a good deal to-day, viz. the noisiness of passers-by. King A. was a good deal annoyed thereby himself, and promised to take measures to prevent noise in the neighbourhood during the time of public worship.

CHAPTER XVI

Struggle against Substitutionary Punishment

ANOTHER dramatic episode in Mr. Anderson's career is described in the following narrative :—

Thursday, Nov. 8, 1860.—A melancholy day this. Two gentlemen broke an Egbo law some time ago. The chief offender was heavily fined, and a poor slave—who had no more to do with the breach of Egbo law than I had—was this day butchered in the upper marketplace, as the substitute of his offending master. I did not know what was contemplated till I saw an Egbo runner brandishing his cutlass. On learning the state of matters, I went at once to the king and solemnly protested against the barbarous deed. He defended it on the ground that a slave is *only money*. I need not jot down all that was said. My last words to him and those around him were these, spoken in Efik: "I cannot fight with you, king; I have only one word more, and then I am done. If you still allow that man to die—hear what I say—I call upon the great God in heaven to witness that I am free from the guilt of his blood. *That* must lie on yourself and the other gentlemen of the town." He expressed his willingness that it should be so, and I left him. I was proceeding to the house of Antaro Young, who is next in influence to the king, in order to renew my protest to him. I met him in the street, however, and at once introduced the subject. Whenever he understood what I was after, he began to vociferate that I want to spoil Egbo, to break down the town, etc. etc. Argument was useless; so I barely repeated my parting statement to the king, and left him on his way to shed the innocent blood. I could

not see the poor victim. He was already in the hands of his executioners, or rather murderers.

Friday, 9.—Prepared a circular to-day, inviting my countrymen in the river to co-operate with me in making a stand against the continuance of such murders as that of yesterday.

Sabbath, 11.—Fourteen of the gentlemen of the river responded to my circular of Friday, by attending the native service this morning, and going afterwards in a body, both to King Archibong's and Antaro Young's, to urge the abolition of substitutionary punishments. The river gentlemen spoke very strongly. Most of the native gentlemen seemed disposed to give favourable attention to what was said; but the two headmen of the town seem strongly conservative, and determined while they live to adhere to the old fashion of the country in this as in other matters. Began Sabbath-school exercises this morning by teaching the young people to repeat simultaneously and vigorously, in their own language, these two texts—Deut. xxiv. 16, and Ezek. xviii. 20. The young people, and some oldish people too, proclaimed these texts with a will. Multitudes have heard them this day, and I trust that the good leaven will work efficaciously.

Tuesday, 13.—Acting on the suggestion of two friends, sent another circular round the river to-day, requesting our countrymen to go to-morrow morning to Creek Town, to have a conversation with King Eyo and Creek Town gentlemen on the question of substitutionary punishments.

Wednesday, 14.—There was, as on Sabbath, a capital turn-out of the river gentlemen at Creek Town. The Creek Town gentlemen gave us all much satisfaction. To all appearance, it will not be their blame if our advice be not complied with. All the natives must see, that whatever differences on other points exist among the white men, there is full unanimity among them in reference to the subject which has been under discussion.

Friday, 23.—Have learned that another substitute is to be killed to-morrow. Went down to the king's *chop* with the view of reporting to, and consulting with, my countrymen who might be present in reference to the

projected murder. We all renewed our protest against *substitutionary* punishment, even were it inflicted on the greatest criminal in the country. Seeing that private remonstrance was unavailing, our friend Mr. Laughland, who is at present H.B.M.'s Acting Consul for this region, interposed *officially*, and, in our Queen's name, forbade the intended deed of blood. We saw the intended victim in Antaro Young's. He drew his finger across his throat very significantly, and dumbly invoked our aid. Owing to Mr. L.'s interposition, there has been no execution to-day. I fear that the slave will not ultimately escape, however; so, having free access to him, I began to instruct him in what most concerns a doomed man to know.

Black Davis back to-day from Akuna-kuna quarter. He tells me that his mission has been successful; so that palm oil, yams, fowls, etc., will be more plentiful now than they have been for some years in this neighbourhood. But he did not tell me that, ere the peace be ratified, a freeman, who has had no connection with the palaver between the two places, must be killed, cut in pieces, and buried; and that over his grave the oath of peace must be sworn:—this I learned from another party.

Sabbath, 25.—Thirty communicants surrounded the table of the Lord this afternoon.

Monday, 26.—Called on several of the gentlemen, and reasoned on the substitution question.

Saturday, Dec. 1.—Have reason to believe that the execution of that poor man is fixed for Monday. When in town to-day, I did what I could to induce the gentlemen to spare his life, and did what I could to prepare him for his change.

Sabbath, 2.—In the forenoon service to-day I took occasion to condemn the custom of substitutionary punishment, and made the young people proclaim God's law on the subject in the two texts referred to above. Mr. Hogan asked leave to express his views on the matter, which he did thus: "We no think it wrong for one man to die for another. It just be what Jesus Christ do. He come to this world, die for all we sins; He die to save we life. So when Calabar slave die for his master, it be same as Jesus Christ do."

In reply I explained that, before anyone could die as a substitute, there must be two things:—1. The will; 2. The power, etc. etc. An addition occurs to me now which did not occur to me at the moment, but which I shall not lose sight of: God did not kill slaves instead of His Son; Christ asked no substitute to die for Him. The Father gave His Son, the Son gave Himself to die in the room of slaves. Will Calabar gentlemen act *thus*?

Monday, 3.—Under severe cold. Took Dr. Hewan's advice, and spent the afternoon in bed. This is the first time I have been off work on account of sickness since my return to Old Calabar.

Monday, 10.—The poor man already referred to was executed this day. I visited him yesterday, and was with him this morning till the Egbo messengers came to take him away to die. He seemed quite ready to go with them, and expressed himself rather anxious to get away. He had some glimmerings of gospel truth before his mind, and professed that he was looking to God through Jesus for the pardon of all his sins. He promised to observe my parting advice, which was, that when arrived at the place of death he should shut his eyes on all below, lift up his heart to Christ and pray, "Lord Jesus! Son of God! have pity on me, and receive my spirit!"

Friday, 14.—Gave my scholars the vacation usual at this season of the year.

Sabbath, Jan. 6, 1861.—A very encouraging day, for which I feel deeply thankful. There was a large assemblage of native gentlemen and their attendants in forenoon, and also a good turn-out in the evening, though there were only three persons present from the shipping. After sermon in afternoon, we began to take our part in the general concert of prayer. Mr. Edgerley conducted devotional services.

Sabbath, 13.—The week's concert of prayer brought to a close this evening, after public worship, by an address from Dr. Hewan, who also led our devotions. We have had very good, pleasant, and, I think, profitable meetings, during the past week. It is delightful to think that millions of fellow-Christians have been assembled day after day during the week, whose minds have been fixed

on one great and important theme—the glory of God in connection with the world's salvation.

Friday, 18.—The native gentlemen attended an important meeting to-day, called by Mr. Acting Consul Laughland, on board H.M.S. *Ranger*. Creek Town gentlemen entered into a treaty with Mr. L., as representative of H.B.M.'s Government, by which they bound themselves to abolish immediately, and for ever, in their dominions, the horrid custom of killing one man to expiate the crime of another. Duke Town gentlemen could not be prevailed upon, though strongly urged, to enter into a similar agreement.

Sabbath, 20.—Twenty-one years to-day since I first preached to a congregation of black men. That was at Carron Hall, Jamaica. So I took occasion to tell my audiences to-day that I had now reached my *majority* as a preacher to the sons and daughters of Africa.

Friday, *Feb.* 1.—Delighted, on going on board the mail steamer, to meet two friends whom I had never seen before—Rev. Mr. Bushnell, from Gaboon, and Mrs. B. Glad that they have come with the purpose of spending a few days with us.

Sabbath, 3.—A good day. Mr. Bushnell addressed the congregations, both Efik and English. He preached an excellent sermon in the P.M. from Luke x. 42. In my usual rounds yesterday afternoon had a good deal of reasoning with King A. and others on the substitutionary killing system.

Monday, 25.—Gave a reading this evening from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which brought our weekly lectures and readings for the season to a close. We had some good meetings during the past two months, and some good addresses and readings from some of the young men from Sierra Leone and elsewhere.

Tuesday, *March* 26.—Read this day the last chapter of the MS. of Mr. Robb's translation of the Book of Genesis. Mr. R. has made a capital translation. The sooner we have it in print the better.

Saturday, *April* 13.—Heard late last evening, and again this morning, that there was to be a substitutionary killing to-day. Mr. Edgerley and I set off to the king

about the matter. He told us that there would be such an execution, but not for a long time. He, as usual, began to defend the custom ; and, as usual, we protested against it. I know not whether our visit hastened the butchery ; but in the evening a poor fellow was beheaded in the marketplace because his master had broken some Egbo law. It is something, however, to know that the execution, instead of being at noon, as usual, when the market-people are assembled, was effected in a hidden manner in the dusk of the evening.

Sabbath, 14.—At the king's desire, the town bell chimed once more with the church bell in inviting Duke Town people to sanctuary service. The king was present ; but my heart was heavy on account of last evening's bloody deed. But for this I should have congratulated him on his return to church ; but I could afford nothing beyond the coldest *Mökŏm fi—I give you compliments*—at the close of the service.

Saturday, *May* 18.—On visiting King Archibong this morning I found a number of the gentlemen with him, evidently discussing Creek Town affairs. They professed to have received information that the missionaries had in some manner instigated the killing of Egbo Eyo. This I at once and strongly denied.

On particular inquiry I learned that they were founding their opinion on two things : 1st, The constant *palaver* which the missionaries make about killing slaves for trifles, or for nothing ; and 2nd, information which they had that a person once in the employ of the Mission had lent the Creek Town slaves the basin in which they had mixed the water and the blood with which they had sealed their covenant. On the latter point I could only say that the person referred to had now no connection with the Mission. In reference to the first point, I felt it my duty to condemn the slave-killing system, as I am in the habit of doing whenever I have an opportunity. Some of the gentlemen then said that they would resume the old fashion of slave-killing on the death of their masters, seeing that Creek Town slaves had killed Egbo Eyo *for nothing*. I stated that I did not think it would be right for them to kill Duke Town slaves because Creek Town

slaves had done what they did not like. I felt constrained to add that Creek Town slaves had not killed Egbo Eyo *for nothing*, because he had killed plenty of them. I was proceeding to narrate a particular case—that of a wife of his, named Iqua, whom he had put to death, and literally chopped into pieces, for no crime save that of having in her possession a cloth label—when I was interrupted by King A. and others jumping up and actually dancing around me, demanding if I thought that the killing of slaves and women by any freeman was a crime worthy of death?

King A. threatened to kill me if I should reply in the affirmative; "for," said he, "I myself kill plenty slaves, then that be all same as say it no be bad thing to kill me." I listened patiently to a good deal of *strong mouth*, and then said, "King A. and gentlemen, it no use to be vexed with me. I no fit to change God's word. All men, free or slave, stand same same before Him; and His word speak very strong on that point. If one man kill other man for nothing, that man fit to die (*i.e.* worthy of death). But I no say it be proper for slaves to kill you. When any man do bad thing in town, it be king's business to do what be proper with that man, and then town will stand quiet."

After a little conversation they all seemed pacified, and promised to come to church to-morrow.

Monday, May 20.—Our gentlemen here cannot stomach the doctrine of the American Declaration, that "All men are equal." Only one of them attended church yesterday. I was informed that at King A.'s chop to the white men on Saturday he referred to the matter, and declared that should Duke Town slaves make any disturbance he will at once shoot me. Slaves equal with freemen! Treason! Treason! If some of our good friends, who suppose that we are not sufficiently zealous in denouncing slavery, were only here just now, what a glorious chance they would have for the crown of martyrdom!

Tuesday, May 21.—Went to King A., and asked him how it was that he had threatened on Saturday, in the presence of the river gentlemen, to shoot me. I told him that I did not much mind what he had said to me on

Saturday, for he was angry then, and I was present; but it was a very different thing when he used such language after his head had cooled, and especially in my absence. He was remarkably civil, and said that he had not told the white men that he purposes *now* to kill me; that what he said was, that when I told him on Saturday that Creek Town slaves had hanged Egbo Eyo because Egbo Eyo kill plenty Creek Town slaves, he was *then* so vexed that he was on the point of lifting his gun and shooting me. *Court etiquette* required, it seems, that I should have condoled with the Duke Town gentlemen on the death of Egbo Eyo. King A. assured me that all the river gentlemen had *cried* plenty about it, and denounced the Creek Town slaves as villains and assassins.

CHAPTER XVII

Labours, 1862–1865

THE health of Mrs. Anderson, which had been declining for a considerable period, became such as to make it necessary for Dr. Hewan to advise a visit to Scotland. After pointing out the reasons for this step, Dr. Hewan said, in a letter dated 27th June 1861 :—

Mrs. Anderson's departure is a great trial to us all. She, of all others, can be least spared. She is not a mere local, but a very general blessing; and it is impossible for me to convey in adequate terms the admiration in which she is held, not only by the members of the Mission and by the natives, but by every European resident or sojourner. Her good works, her deeds of Christian benevolence, her laborious, self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of all classes of the community who come within her reach, will never be fully known. Many a poor creature's life has been saved through her painstaking, unwearied efforts, with God's blessing; and may we not hope that a few souls have *lived* through the same instrumentality? From her household have gone forth a few well-trained young women. Some of the young men at Creek Town did themselves good service in seeking wives at her hands; and even as far distant as Ikoneto the heart of a youth at the present moment beats joyously at the prospect of carrying off one of her prizes.

And another letter from Calabar says of her:—

Were I so presumptuous as to write an epistle at present to the United Presbyterian Church, I should be disposed to borrow from Rom. xvi. 1, 2, and to say, "I

commend unto you Louisa, our sister, who is a servant of the Church which is at Calabar; that ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of; for she hath been a succourer of many."

Mrs. Anderson reached Liverpool about the 10th of August. She went to stay at Dalkeith, and was twice dangerously ill. The *Record* remarked:—

We have deemed it right to submit to the Church these notices of a most useful woman, because we are persuaded that many have little idea of the benevolent and self-denying labours which the wives of our missionaries perform.

The following extract from Mr. Anderson's Journal shows the estimation in which Mrs. Anderson was held by the native Christians:—

Tuesday, November 19.—Much gratified to-day on receiving a visit from one of the native members of the church. When he came into my study he began a lengthened statement about the importance of Christians, members of the same church, loving one another and helping one another in times of sickness and difficulty. I was beginning to wonder what help he could be needing or wishing, or what he would be begging or borrowing.

To my agreeable surprise, he wound up by laying three dollars on the table before me, as a help to me to pay the doctor in Scotland who is attending Mrs. Anderson, with a pressing charge to "tell doctor to make her sick done quick, and make her soon come back to Old Calabar."

A useful person was removed in the person of Thomas Hogan:—

Wednesday, Aug. 4, 1861.—Thomas Hogan, the native pilot, one of the most intelligent of the Calabar people, and the most constant attender at public worship among

the Duke Town gentlemen, died this day. I shall miss him a good deal. In palavers between the natives and the whites he was generally on the right side. He has frequently acted the part of Nicodemus—perhaps I should say, Gamaliel—in the native councils when mission matters have been discussed. He was possessed of no great wealth, but his superior intelligence gave him great weight among his countrymen. He has been, for several weeks, unable to articulate. When he and I had our last conversation—at the beginning of his illness—I asked him if he believed in Jesus as *his* Saviour, and was able to commit all matters into *His* hands. His reply was, "Certainly, certainly." "Well," I said, "good-bye; hold by that, and you'll find all right."

Sabbath, December 8.—Usual meetings. Was somewhat surprised to see King A. and a considerable number of his friends in church. After service some of the young men asked me if I knew what had made him come. I replied that I did not. One of them told me it was something God had done that made him come. "What was that?" "Last Sunday, that time you speak God's word, all his people do work at his new house. Plenty of them be in a sand pit, making plaster for the walls. Then the pit fall in—cover seven men, and when they take them out, two dead. Then King Archibong promise he no will spoil God's Sunday no more." "Ah! it be true; God do that."

With reference to the translations that had been or were being made, Mr. Anderson wrote in his annual Report:—

I have not attempted any translations into Efik during the year further than has been necessary in oral instruction. I have, however, in common with other brethren, carefully revised the proofs of the Efik New Testament, now being carried through the press by Mr. Goldie. As Mr. Goldie has finished the New Testament, and as Mr. Robb has begun the Old, I feel the importance of preparing readers for the books, and endeavour to act accordingly, though

this may be reckoned a more humble employment than preparing books for the readers.

And with reference to the readers he says:—

In looking over the school rolls of former years, and at the same time taking a mental sweep of the town, I think I am on the safe side when I state that I believe one hundred young people have been taught to read the Bible pretty fluently in Duke Town school, . . . and that there are fully sixty able to read the portions of Scripture already translated into Efik fluently and with the understanding.

Saturday, Jan. 18, 1862. — Stirring and solemn intelligence received yesterday per *Retriever*, viz., news of the death of the Prince Consort, and of the outrage on the mail steamer *Trent*. The flags in the river and at the mission stations have been half-mast to-day. One feeling of sadness pervades all hearts here on account of the sore bereavement of our widowed Queen. From Old Calabar the prayer ascends as fervently as from any locality in her own dominions, "The Lord bless, preserve, and comfort her and her fatherless children."

Monday, Feb. 3.—*Devoured* the greater part of the newly published *Life and Times of Dr. Lawson*. Felt the more interested in the volume that my father was an elder in Selkirk congregation when under the pastoral care of the sage. In early boyhood I was accustomed to hear my father speak in rapturous strains of Dr. Lawson.

Wednesday, 5.—Our usual congregational meeting was held this evening. The treasurer having a balance of church-door collections in his hand, it was cordially resolved to testify our congregational gratitude to the Mission Board by transmitting £7, 7s. to its funds. The sum is small, but the congregation also is small. We find that it requires a pretty considerable sum to keep our two churches, fences, etc., in repair during a year.

Friday, 28.—This has been a sore month on us on account of measles. A good many of the young people have not been able to attend school on account of the disease. A great many have died. During the past few weeks *nine* of my house children have been prostrated

by it. A *tenth* has been sick of fever for a few days. Owing to Mrs. A.'s absence, I have had more doctoring, cooking, and nursing to look after than ever I have had in all my lifetime before. All of our young people are now out of danger.

Saturday, April 12.—Great fire in town this afternoon. The premises of one of the principal native traders, Yellow Duke, including an excellent European house, barely finished, if indeed fully finished; the premises of the late King Duke, and adjoining tenements, were in about two hours burned to the ground.

Sabbath, 13.—Usual meetings to-day, and usual attendance. No *gentlemen* present, however. I went to the king's after service, and found them all sitting condoling with Yellow Duke. They appeared all very *sober* (in our Scottish sense of the word) on account of yesterday's calamity. I told them that I well knew what Yellow Duke was at that moment feeling, for, as they all knew, my house had at one time been consumed by fire. I spoke to them briefly in reference to the event. The substance of the remarks may be scripturally Englished thus: "Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it."

Wednesday, 16.—Great sacrifice made to Ndem Efik to-day—I suppose on account of the fire of last Saturday. Some say that a new high priest of the Ndem has been installed.

Thursday, 17.—King A. and all the gentry spent several hours this morning adorning Ndem Efik's house.

Sabbath, 20.—Spoke seriously to-day to King A. after public service was over, about the wickedness and foolishness of trusting to anything, save God Himself, as a protection from fire, famine, sickness, or any other evil. He pleaded that the worship of, or rather *by*, Ndem Efik had been taught by God to the fathers of the Calabar people, just as He had taught the fathers of the white people to worship in Bible fashion. I endeavoured to show him that there is but one Father of all, one Mediator for all, and one Book, one law for all; and that whoever disregards this one Mediator and this one Book is a rebel against God.

Sabbath, 27.—No gentlemen save one at church to-day,

all the rest being offering a great sacrifice, this being Calabar Sunday.

Monday, 28.—Set out after forenoon school to take the round of the town again, to remonstrate with the gentlemen individually against their perpetual idolatry and Sabbath-breaking. Most of them were *engaged*, but several of them listened with attention to my remonstrance and counsel. They complain of fires, and sicknesses, and palavers with white men. These, I tried to show them, are just the means employed by God to chastise them for their obstinate rejection of Him and His word. I told them that I would not be a true friend to them, or a faithful servant of God, if I did not warn them that their country can have neither peace nor prosperity till they change their course. Almost forgot to state that the late great reduction in the price of palm oil is one of the things which at present distresses them. This also, I assured them, cometh from the Lord.

Mr. Anderson reported that on—

June 14, 1862, King A. and all the gentlemen of Duke Town *proper* took a poor Albino girl slave down the river to the neighbourhood of Parrot Island, and there murdered her to Ndem Efik. Glad that neither Cobham Town nor Henshaw Town have had anything to do with the outrageous deed.

In July a cruel attack was made by the Duke Town people, fully armed, upon the defenceless inhabitants of Ekri Mimbo, and a large number of savage butcheries was carried out there and among the captives brought to Duke Town. The next entry in the Journal refers to Mr. Anderson's protest:—

Sabbath, *August* 3.—Strongly protested to-day against the murders of the past week, and against any countenance being shown to the murderers in their deeds of blood. I am glad to be able to record that many

even of the heathens around entirely disapprove of the course pursued by King A. and friends with the Ekri Mimbo people.

Mrs. Anderson, after fourteen months' absence, arrived at Duke Town on August 31, 1862.

Monday, Oct. 27.—Mrs. A. got a *dash* to-day of a poor little motherless infant. The poor creature seems to have been half starved; but we trust that a little proper attendance and nourishment will effect a change on her for the better. We call her Christina Duncan, after a benevolent friend whose bounty enables us to adopt such a feeble, helpless object without additional pecuniary burden on ourselves.

Tuesday, Dec. 30.—Called upon King A. to-day, for the first time for several months. The reason of my declining so long to visit him has been—as he quite well knew—to show my abhorrence of the murders committed by him in the middle of the year. I have been repeatedly advised to renew intercourse with him. Only on Saturday last, one of our native young men put the case to me thus: "Suppose an *edep-eyen*—a nurse bought to take care of an infant—find her charge very troublesome, he cry, cry, cry, no will be quiet and good, she must put him down and scold him a little bit; but would it be proper for her to leave child altogether, say she no will lift him up again?" "No, it would not." "Ah, then, you see, you be nurse for King A. and we; and suppose we do bad, make palaver, but no cast we off altogether."

Thursday, Jan. 1, 1863.—Accompanied by Mrs. A., went round town to give our native friends the compliments of the season. She has not seen King A. since her return till to-day. Both of us expressed to him our ardent desire that nothing may occur again (in the murdering line) to interrupt our friendly relations with him.

Sabbath, 4.—Good meetings to-day. King A. at church for the first time since the 8th of June. We began the concert for prayer in the evening.

Saturday, 10.—Brought to a termination the concert

for prayer recommended by the Evangelical Alliance. Since Tuesday evening we have felt the want of moonlight a great drawback to attendance. It would be a great comfort to us, and to millions of our fellow-worshippers between the tropics, were the Committee of the Alliance to appoint the week of prayer when the whole week is supplied with moonlight. Christians in Europe, with their artificial light from gas, etc., naturally overlook such a matter as that referred to, but it is of great importance.

Monday, Feb. 2.—Commenced somewhat of a new scheme of operations here. Mrs. Sutherland having been, to my great satisfaction, translated from Old Town to this place, entered on her labours here to-day. It is arranged that she teach school each forenoon, save that of Saturday, and that I teach each afternoon and on Saturday forenoon. This will allow me to visit from house to house in the forenoon, and Mrs. S. to do so in the afternoon.

Several of the river friends gave us lectures for a few weeks in succession, on *Benin*, *Memory*, *Music*, etc.

Friday, 20.—After a long and severe drought, all nature revived this evening by a gentle delightful shower of about an hour's continuance. What was rather unusual for the first rain of the season—a tornado.

Sabbath, March 1.—Very few at forenoon native service. King A. (who now attends very regularly) was sick. Went to see him after service. Found nearly all the other gentlemen beside him. I proposed to them, that as they "lose church" in the proper place, we should "keep church" then and there. They were all agreeable; so I spoke with them a little, and conducted prayer among them.

Friday, April 3.—Received this day a copy of Mr. Waddell's *Missionary Reminiscences*,[1] kindly transmitted to me by the author. Began at once to read it, and got

[1] The Presbytery of Biafra, "on the proposal of Mr. Anderson, agreed to express the high gratification which the members felt on receiving the goodly volume—*Twenty-Nine Years in the West Indies and Central Africa*—prepared by their highly esteemed friend and late fellow-labourer the Rev. H. M. Waddell."—*Record*, Jan. 1864.

deeply interested in it. It revives my own recollections of bygone days and distant scenes, of Jamaica meetings and fellow-labourers there, many of whom have fallen asleep.

Saturday, 4.— Every spare moment of this day devoted to Mr. W.'s goodly volume. A good deal of what is said about Old Calabar strikes me with all the charm of novelty. It must be pleasing to the esteemed author of this excellent book to look back in the evening of his life to a morning and midday so laboriously and usefully spent.

Sabbath, 5.—Felt disposed this morning *to blame* Mr. Waddell's book for any want of preparation for the services of this day, but I soon found in the native services, A.M., that the reading of the *Twenty-Nine Years* had been an excellent preparative for the work of the day. It enabled me to speak to them under fresh views of the grandeur of my work as a missionary, the value of the gospel, the high privileges which the Calabarese, and especially the Duke Town people, have long neglected and misimproved, and the importance of immediate attention to the one thing needful.

Monday, 6.—Very glad to hear from a trustworthy source this morning, that when several of the minor gentlemen proposed to go on with the renewal of the palaver-house roof yesterday after morning service, King A. peremptorily forbade it, and expressed his determination *to try* to keep God's day henceforth better than he had ever done.

Thursday, 30.—Since Mrs. Sutherland entered on the discharge of her duties at this station, three months ago, I have been relieved of half of the work of the school, and have thus been enabled to devote more time than formerly to the very important work of teaching "from house to house." But a "house" here is equal in population to a "village" with you; some of our houses, with their various "yards" being occupied by one hundred persons. To teach here from house to house is thus to teach "publicly."

Friday, 31.—The Rev. Wm. and Mrs. Timson (Miss Barty) reached Calabar.

In his annual Report for 1863 Mr. Anderson wrote regarding his visitation work :—

Since I was relieved (by Mrs. Sutherland) of the half of the work of the school, I have devoted the forenoon to going from house to house. I find that it scarcely holds here as yet, that a "house-going minister makes a church-going people." It seems rather otherwise, yet it is just what might be expected. Such are the indolence and listlessness (in regard to spiritual matters) of many, that they profess to consider it enough that they hear the word of God in their own houses. Why should they trouble themselves to go elsewhere to hear God's word? This department of duty is, however, very important. Multitudes cannot get, and multitudes more will not go to the public services of the sanctuary ; so the only way to reach them is to go to them. One thing has struck me a good deal in my visitations, namely, the knowledge of several important Scripture truths among some who have never attended either church or school. . . . Some old people have learned Christ's name and something of His work from their children. I spend some interesting and happy hours in endeavouring to explain to willing learners "the first principles of the oracles of God." Mrs. Anderson has been unable to visit during the latter portion of the year. Mrs. Sutherland, with her usual energy, devotes the afternoon to visiting and instructing the women, of whom a large number is to be found in every house, inaccessible to any teachers but females.

Another year of unbroken health calls loudly for a tribute of praise to the Giver of all good. Oh to be enabled to make a suitable return! Five years and a half have now elapsed since my return to this country. I believe that I have now the privilege of returning home for a season ; but I have no inclination to avail myself of the privilege. I cordially sympathise with the wish of my yokefellow, and have no desire to leave the soil of Calabar again till the resurrection morning. In so far as my intercourse with the natives is concerned, this has been the busiest, and, I may add, the happiest (probably because the busiest) year which I have spent among them. Perhaps I

have erred in confining myself too much to school duties during previous years, thus allowing too little time for dealing with the adult population. I must now endeavour "to redeem the time" by double diligence. One thing I long to see—that is, the quickening influence of Him whose office it is to "breathe upon these slain that they may live."

Sabbath, Jan. 3, 1864.—Usual meetings. Much larger attendance than usual at the English service P.M. I accept this as "a token for good." King A. agreed during the week to allow the large town bell to be rung for public worship each Sabbath morning, beginning to-day; but behold, when the time came, "tongue no live." The bell itself was taken down and concealed during "man-of-war palaver" in May 1862, and has only lately been rehung, and has not yet been used. I was authorised to ring the bell in the Egbo palaver-house, but it was found lying flat on the ground, and of course dumb.

Sabbath, 10.—New cases of smallpox. The large bell could not be rung to-day, lest the demon of the disease should be irritated, and become more severe in his operations. All sorts of noises, such as drum-beating, bell-ringing, etc., are strictly forbidden. There is, withal, a solemn feeling in the minds of the people which may prove beneficial.

Tuesday, 26.—Dr. Hewan[1] gave us a lecture on the prevalent malady, smallpox. Another medical gentleman who was present pronounced a high eulogium on the lecture.

Thursday, 11.—Mrs. Edgerley and Mrs. Sutherland both very busy to-day—as they have been for some time past—in vaccinating great numbers of the natives, the great proportion of whom seem very anxious to undergo the operation.

Saturday, 20.—Mrs. A., who is seldom able to go to town, felt sufficiently vigorous to-day to warrant her to share in a measure with the other ladies in the good work of vaccination. She vaccinated King A. and others. Mrs.

[1] Dr. Hewan and the Rev. John Baillie, the state of whose health obliged them to leave Calabar for a time, reached Liverpool on the 11th of March. Mr. Baillie died at Edinburgh on May 7.

E. had already had the honour of operating on his Majesty, but no vesicle was produced.

Sabbath, April 10. — Eighteenth anniversary of the arrival of the Mission. Took notice of this at all our meetings. Had a long and interesting conversation about midday with Mohammed—a native of Hausaland, now a slave, or rather servant, to a gentleman from Bonny who has been for several years resident here, who wishes to renounce the religion of the False Prophet and profess Christianity. He is pretty intelligent, but needs to be further instructed in the doctrine of Christ.

Saturday, May 28. — Usual turn round town. Eyo Archibong, our king's only full brother, died yesterday, and I found all the gentlemen engaged in preparations for the funeral. Poor prospect for to-morrow's meeting in town.

Sabbath, 29.—As anticipated, but a small attendance at town meeting A.M. As a preacher, Death does not yet constrain the Calabarese to go to the sanctuary. Mr. Edgerley and I exchanged P.M., he addressing the English congregation at Duke Town, and I the Efik meeting at Old Town.

Friday, July 1.—Finished perusal of Mr. Robb's MS. translation of the Pentateuch. I did not begin the study of Efik yesterday, and it seems but right for me to say that I have read Mr. R.'s translation with both pleasure and profit. I consider that he has made a *capital job* of it. I trust we shall soon have the books of Moses in print, without the comments of another African bishop [Colenso].

Sabbath, 3.—Mail arrived, P.M., bringing to us the sad and unexpected intelligence of the death of Rev. J. Baillie. It seems but the other day that he left us in hope of a speedy return. "Frail man!"

Sabbath, 10.—At the close of sermon this P.M., made a short statement in reference to our departed friend, Rev. J. Baillie, who had several times, but too seldom, proclaimed to us the words of eternal life. All here sympathise deeply with his bereaved brothers.

Sabbath, 17.—One of our countrymen received into Church fellowship. His mind was not fully made up on

Friday evening, but was so to-day, thanks in great measure to Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson's little work on "Early Communicating." This is not the first time that that valuable treatise has done good service here. Mr. Edgerley was to have dispensed the Communion to-day among us, but was prevented by sickness. We had a comfortable season. Thirty-one sat at the table of the Lord.

Monday, 25.—Finished my *fifth* transcription of the Book of Proverbs in Efik. I translated the book a number of years ago, but for various reasons kept it in hand. Some of us are of opinion that it would be well to have it in circulation among our young people, and hence the revision just finished.

Thursday, 28.—Our usual English prayer meeting this evening. Had the happiness of receiving, by baptism, into the fellowship of the Church, William Cobham,[1] a young man, a slave, belonging to (how grating these words!) Henry Cobham. William has been for years waiting on the means of instruction, and conducting himself in a very becoming way. One of his letters appeared in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* some time ago.

The following is the letter:—

October 1/10 63.

MY DEAR LOVED MASTER,—I have to tell you this thing about myself, that I was very sorry about trouble with myself. Sir, I was very glad for joining myself for church, but the thing that make me sorrow, because in Calabar here, if boy like me try to go for God's side, Calabar man, or woman, or your friend, or your father, or your father's son, make you spoil and then turn back from God's word. Suppose a boy like me, they say, How we born, here we not know God's word, and poor slave like you want to know God's word past we? You want to do good for God; God like you past we? So Calabar be; suppose they no like God's word to hear, so they no like their people hear and follow God's word. My dear sir, I been follow that word you been ask me say: Suppose you sit for God's table, then your father and all his sons come see that, they no vexed with you? So I see it be true. But sometimes my heart tell me say: If you will for true to follow God, and cast yourself for Jesus to keep Him as your Saviour, then anything that trouble you, you need to care

[1] Afterwards, for many years, a native teacher at Duke Town.

nothing about. So I think some time, when my heart trouble me, say: This country no good for you; but every day carefully [carefulness, anxiety] trouble my heart all time and all night still, so I try to agreed for [arrange with] you to take me out of this country. If you please to do so for me, God shall blessed you. If no be so, if I do wrong to agreed, so please tell me again; but I pray for God to help me every morning I rise up, and every night I lie down.—Truly yours, Wm. Cobham.

You will see from the above that poor William had no hope of being able to follow Christ fully unless he were taken out of this country. He is in much better spirits now than when he wrote the above letter; and I trust that the day is not far distant when he shall take his place among the professed followers of the Lamb.

Tuesday, August 23.—Amused and gratified in going through market this morning by perceiving what I may call a *book-stall*. The collection exposed for sale was very limited, however, consisting only of a few numbers of the *Illustrated London News*, 60 coppers (= 1s. 6d.) per copy, and of *Fun* at a lower rate. The seller, a boy to me unknown, seemed to meet with considerable demand for his wares. Oh could the surrounding hundreds read!

Tuesday, 30.—The sixth annual meeting of the Presbytery of Biafra was held to-day at Duke Town. Mr. Goldie, the retiring moderator, preached a very solemn, searching, and suitable sermon from 1 Cor. ix. 27, last clause. Intimation of the sermon had been made on the Sabbath, and the attendance both of Europeans and natives was, considering the state of the weather, very respectable.

Monday, Sept. 12.—A somewhat novel penalty inflicted to-day on the eldest son of one of our late kings. Being unable to pay his debts, he was publicly deprived of all his Egbo privileges. There is a good deal of muttering against King A. for resorting to such a step with such a personage—a prince of the blood. It is said that such a thing has never been done before. I rather like to see a new thing of this stamp, seeing it furnishes a new argument against idolising old customs merely because they are old.

Thursday, 15.—Heard good news to-day—viz., that two days ago King A. called his people together and publicly declared to them his disbelief in Idiong and all the old superstitions of the country; his belief in the truth of God's word, seeing his own heart tells him that what the missionaries teach from that word is true; and his resolution to become a "good man" himself, as soon as his brother's ikpo is over. He called upon all his people to witness that he had done everything that could be done, according to Efik fashion, for the recovery of his brother, and that all had failed, because God "no will that his brother get better." This sentiment was, God only was to be feared and prayed to. I earnestly pray that his feelings may be permanent.

Wednesday, *Oct.* 12.—Visited Ikorofiong for the first time for several years. Stood by the graves of Mrs. Baillie and her Willie. My memory went off to bygone days and a far-off land. For several years she was one of my brightest scholars in Jamaica. When last I saw her, in Duke Town mission-house, she was nursing simultaneously her own fair child and his black foster-brother. Here, in this quiet corner, all three slumber quietly. What a glorious waking awaits them!

Saturday, 29.—In going my usual rounds to-day, met with two things somewhat encouraging: George Duke took down a Bible, adjusted his spectacles, and read to me, very correctly, the third chapter of Genesis. Went afterwards to King A.'s, and found him to be quite in an inquiring mood. Had an interesting conversation with him about the one thing needful. He repeated to me his feelings and purposes as hinted above. I gave him what encouragement I could to *do* as well as to *purpose*.

Sabbath, *Nov.* 6.—Gave notice to-day during both services—English and Efik—of the week of prayer appointed by the Synod of our Church on behalf of its Foreign Missions. Read and explained minute of Synod, and tried to impress upon all who heard me that it would be most shameful, while others are praying for us, if we pray not for ourselves. Not to tax our countrymen's time too much, I intimated that there should be only two public English services during the week, one of them to be con-

ducted by Mr. Edgerley. Recommended private and social prayer on behalf of the Home Church, as well as on our own behalf, and on behalf of other mission fields.

Friday, 11.—All the meetings have been well attended. We shall now look for showers of blessings, though I can hardly say that there is, as yet, here any "sound of abundance of rain."

Tuesday, 29.—It has long been felt among us that we ought to have a more suitable and commodious place of worship than the present. A congregational meeting was held this evening to make some definite arrangement in regard to the matter. The treasurer's report was so favourable and encouraging, that a committee was appointed to set about the work with as little delay as possible.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—Our sixth course of lectures was commenced this evening. After a brief *résumé* of the previous courses, I called attention to "Daniel as a Pattern to Young Men."

Tuesday, 13.—Mr. Goldie gave an excellent lecture this evening on "The Advantages of being Young."

In his annual Report for 1864 Mr. Anderson wrote regarding the efforts that were being made to raise funds for a new church on the Mission Hill:—

The want of a more commodious place of worship has long been felt by us, and measures have been adopted for supplying the *desideratum*. Native gentlemen (not Christians), river gentlemen (not connected with the Church), brethren of the Mission, and most of the members of the Church, have entered into the scheme very heartily; and, to my mind, the list of contributions and contributors is a very satisfactory and gratifying one. It is but due to state that the originator of the measure was John Howard Louche, Esq. His labours and liberality in the matter demand our grateful consideration.

Sabbath, Jan. 15, 1865.—A quarter of a century today since I first addressed an assembly of the sons and daughters of Ethiopia. How swiftly time flies! It seems

but a few days since I began my missionary work in Jamaica.

Tuesday, Feb. 28.—Mr. [Rev. Z.] Baillie gave the closing lecture of the session. His theme, which he handled in a manner at once amusing and instructive, was "Electricity."

During the session the lectures have been given by various gentlemen. Subjects: "Valuable Remedies for various Disorders," "History of English Literature," "Biography of John Locke the Philosopher," "Social Responsibility," "Manliness."

Wednesday, April 26.—At Creek Town to-day bidding friends there good-bye for a season. Accompanied by Mr. Goldie, called on the principal native gentlemen and had a few parting words with them. Spent an hour or two at Old Town on return.

Thursday, 27.—Round Henshaw Town, engaged as yesterday.

Friday, 28.—Round Cobham Town, engaged as yesterday.

Saturday, 29.—Round Duke Town, engaged as above.

Sabbath, 30.—Usual services. In usual course next Sabbath should be Communion Sabbath here, but Mr. Edgerley kindly appointed the celebration for to-day, that Mrs. A., his sister, and myself might have the pleasure of uniting again, ere we leave, with our dear friends here in commemorating the death of our Blessed Redeemer. Mr. Baillie preached, I dispensed, Mr. Edgerley concluded.

May 1.—Making preparations for our voyage, which will be commenced to-morrow.

In a letter regarding Henny Cobham, the chief of Cobham Town, who died on Nov. 9, 1865, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

Mrs. Anderson appeared to have more influence over him than almost anyone else. He used to admit that "Mammy Anderson good past twenty Calabar women," and that "she be best man for Mission," etc.; but even she sometimes failed to prevail on him to let some poor victim be unchained and forgiven.

He was very much affected on parting with Mrs. Anderson and myself. He declared that he would never see us again. He speechified to Mrs. Anderson to this effect: "What for you go leave me? Calabar man do plenty thing missionary want him to do. We stop kill man, we keep God's day, we do what you tell us to do, and now you leave we. I tell you true, mammy, I go die now." We told him that we expected to come back in twelve moons, and that then we would see him again; but he refused to be comforted, and with the tear in his eye he shook his head again, and said, "I never look you again." . . . In him we have lost one of the warmest-hearted of our native friends.

In a letter, Mr. D. E. Lewis, who had gone out as a teacher and printer, and had arrived in Calabar along with the Rev. Wm. C. and Mrs. Thomson in the end of Jan., wrote as follows:—

I am stopping in Duke Town with Mr. Anderson, who has taken a great interest in my welfare. . . . The natives in Duke Town appear to have a great respect for Mr. Anderson, and they do not at all relish the idea of his going away, especially as the rumour has got afloat that he might not return to the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and Miss Edgerley arrived in Liverpool in June. The Rev. Zerub Baillie soon followed. He arrived in Liverpool on July 15, and had to be carried ashore, being very weak and seriously ill. Mrs. Anderson, who was accustomed to nurse Calabar patients, Mrs. Cowan of Carron Hall (his mother-in-law), and others,[1]

[1] It happened that Dr. E. Adam, who had been in Calabar, in whose medical skill Mr. Baillie had entire confidence, was living in the same house, and he at once took him under his care; and as soon as Dr. Hewan, who was in Paris, heard of his illness, he hurried to his bedside; and these two gentlemen, aided by the advice of Dr. Bruce, "an eminent and kindly physician of long standing in Liverpool," showed him ceaseless attention.

hastened to wait upon him. But he died on Aug. 4. The body was brought to Edinburgh, and on Aug. 8 was interred in the Grange Cemetery beside that of his brother John, who died on May 7, 1864. On the afternoon of the Sunday following, Mr. Anderson preached in Broughton Place Church, which was densely crowded, a most appropriate and beautiful sermon[1] on the words, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth," and gave a brief but touching account of Mr. Baillie's labours, death, and character.

At the Annual Missionary Meeting of the Synod in May 1866, Mr. Anderson delivered a stirring address.

In a letter from Edinburgh to her husband's niece, Miss Agnes Clohan, Wheeling, U.S.A., Mrs. Anderson wrote on April 3, 1866, an interesting description of her home in Calabar:—

I am so glad the time is drawing near for our return. I feel like a caged bird in this country. I never liked a town life at any rate, and the artificial life of this country does not suit my taste. I long to be in my happy African home again.

You will think I am a discontented, grumbling body; well, I will tell you that I have been grumbling very much last week about your uncle. He can get no rest. Preaching sometimes—generally three times on the Sabbaths, then three meetings during the week. Last week I thought he would be laid up altogether, for he had a cold, and with so much speaking he was so rough that I thought he would lose his voice, and yet, on he would go, here and there, preachings and meetings. So I was like to be rebellious. I wish for his own sake he would leave in May, but those who want him to supply this and that pulpit wish him to stay on till June; and a letter this morning came asking him for a Sabbath in July, but he will not stay till July. If he does, like Mr. Waddell, he will get his health shattered, I fear, ere he gets away.

[1] Published by Mr. A. Elliot, Edinburgh.

Did I ever give you a description of our home in Calabar? I do not think I have, so I will try now, and that will help you to imagine how we get on.

In 1855 our house was burnt. It took fire accidentally from some bush burning. So they sent out from this country another wooden house of three rooms, but much too small. So we kept up a mud-walled cottage that we had built ere the new house arrived. Consequently, we had two small houses; the rooms of the wooden house being so small, served only as bedrooms and a study. We lived chiefly in the mud-walled house, as the rooms were larger and more airy—a comfortable house it has been, not very high, the flooring raised only 4 feet, but we had the walls nicely papered. We are now getting an addition to the other, which will make it larger and more comfortable. It is less labour to have the house all in one; and when you come to see us, or better, to live with us, we will have plenty of accommodation for you. Then, we have about an acre of ground around the house, enclosed by a thick hedge of limes, which is always fresh and green. We have within this enclosure a flower garden in front, and a number of fruit trees planted in rows by your uncle, who generally takes his spade every morning from 6 till 7, which is the hour for worship. Under these trees, which are all large now, is a beautiful walk, always cool and shaded by the trees. The fruit trees are oranges and mangoes, breadfruit, soursop, custard apple, cocoanuts, cashu, palms of different kinds—date palm, oil palm, etc.—and a fine bamboo in the corner. Also pine-apples in abundance beside the hedge growing, but not yet in fruit.

I forgot to tell you that our house is built on a hill, about 200 feet high, rising as it were right out of the river, so that we look down on the hulks and ships; and on the top it is tableland extending far away.

The road from Duke Town to Henshaw Town and other villages passes just outside our fence. Then on the other side of the road opposite our gate are the church and schoolhouse (a church on Sabbath, a schoolhouse during the week), the printing office, Mrs. Sutherland's house, and Miss Edgerley's. Then houses of some of the

native Christians beyond them. So, you see, we are not solitary. At the back of the mud-walled house we have outrooms for the house-children, not near enough to be disturbed with their talk, but near enough that I can see what is going on. We have generally a large household—some orphans that were brought to us when a few months old, too young to be reared by native women. Such they used to bury with their dead mothers till we took them. We do not find time to weary with so many to look after. When we left Calabar we had 16 children under our care; 10 entirely dependent on us—the youngest 4 years old.

We rise at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, according to the light we have, for we make the most of the mornings, and there is only one hour of difference between the longest and shortest day. All except the infants are employed till 7, when the bell rings for worship; breakfast sharp at 8; children off to school at 8.30. I give out coppers for the marketing, for we cannot get any quantity to buy at one time, and there is a daily marketing. We attend to other household duties till 1, when we dine, and all who are able for work are employed sewing chiefly, or knitting and crochet work. At 3 o'clock to school till 5. If no sick people in the house, I go to the town to the gentlemen's yards and teach their wives and daughters to read, and also religious instruction, for they are not allowed to attend public meetings. Indeed they seldom go out, and, if allowed to go out, they are attended by a host of servants; and it is accounted a disgrace for the wives and daughters of gentlemen to be seen much abroad.

CHAPTER XVIII

Labours and Conflicts, 1866-1867

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson left Liverpool on June 24, and arrived at Duke Town, Aug. 1, 1866.

The Rev. S. H. Edgerley, who had been in charge at Duke Town during Mr. Anderson's furlough, removed to Old Town, and Mr. Lewis, who had been at Old Town, returned to Duke Town.

In a letter dated Nov. 24, 1866, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

Nearly four months have passed away since our return to this country; they have glided by very rapidly. It is almost too late to revert to our arrival and the welcome which we received from the people. They were right glad to see old friends among them again; and we, too, were glad to find ourselves once more where we feel more *at home* than, perhaps, we should be able to do elsewhere on the surface of the earth. . . .

I have never had better Sabbath congregations in Calabar than I have had since my return, with the exception of a Sabbath or two in October, when the attendance was but small. I had the pleasure of baptizing two of the native women at our meeting, preparatory to Communion last week. Both were originally slaves. . . . I have resumed my old work in school. We have between fifty and sixty in daily attendance.

My health continues as it has been for years. Mrs. A. did not like the cold of your climate at all, but she is now reaping the benefit of having endured it for a year. She

is more vigorous now than she has been for many years past. Besides discharging her duties to a household of twenty, and to a few patients who do us the honour of quartering themselves on us, she is able to hold four or five meetings with the native women in their own yards every Sabbath, and also do a little in the way of teaching during the week. . . .

A very barbarous murder was committed the other week by a man named Bassey Africa. One of his wives, the mother of the only two children he has, had somehow displeased him, and he caused her to be flogged to death. The elder of the children—a boy—was long with Mrs. Sutherland. He attends school. Were I to attempt to tell you all I felt for a day or two after the murder, when I saw the little fellow break down time after time when he attempted to read, you would be charging me with *ill-temper*. I frankly acknowledge that such deeds do make my blood boil and my brain burn, and I almost wish I were a man of the sword instead of a man of the word. . . .

In December Mr. Anderson paid a visit to Ikörófiöng. On the 23rd he preached morning and evening in the brick church erected by Zerub Baillie, and at midday visited an Ibibio town. The following day he returned to Duke Town accompanied by Mr. Timson, who came to attend a meeting of Presbytery. Mr. Anderson expressed himself rejoiced to see the work begun by Mr. Baillie so well carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Timson.

The following extracts from Mr. Anderson's Journal relate the efforts he made to save slaves condemned for an unconscious breach of Egbo law:—

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1867.—Went round town as usual in the P.M. Had a conversation with two prisoners, who, it seems, are doomed to die for some breach of Egbo at Ikpa market. They do not deny the breach of the law, but they plead ignorance of the law, and that what they did was in obedience to their owners.

Sabbath, 6. — Had another conversation with the prisoners. Brought their case before the English congregation P.M., and requested our countrymen to use their influence on their behalf, provided we ascertain that their representations are correct.

Monday, 7.—Ascertained that an Egbo proclamation had been made some weeks ago, forbidding the sale of salt at Ikpa market; that the proclamation had not been made at Ikpa, where the prisoners had been located, buying oil for their masters; that their masters had sent them no intimation in regard to the proclamation; and that their slaves knew nothing about it till captured on the charge of breaking Egbo law. In such circumstances, the only course seemed to be to do everything possible for the release of the prisoners. Had an interview with King A. on the matter. He was much more reasonable than I expected to find him. Visited the prisoners too, but could not hold out much hope to them of escape from a bloody death. They are becoming more tranquil in view of the dismal ordeal, and profess to look to Him who hath abolished death.

Thursday, 10.—To-morrow being "killing day" here, felt it needful to make a strong last effort on behalf of the poor men. Went to King A. to plead their cause, accompanied by two river friends. We had little hope of success, seeing that the fatal Egbo sword had been drawn and brandished round the town. After brief *reasoning* on the matter, King A., after the usual oration about the bigness of Egbo, the impossibility of keeping the town in order without *strong* law, etc. etc., asked us this plain question, "What you want me to do?" I replied, "We want you to release the two men, and make their masters pay you as many coppers as you like to demand, for their neglect in keeping their slaves in ignorance of the Egbo proclamation." To our joy he at once said, "I will for that;" and forthwith sent messengers with Egbo drums to release the prisoners, and to put their masters under ban till they pay redemption money for the "heads" of their slaves.

Sabbath, 24.—Was able to-day, through the kind liberality of the Sabbath scholars of the United Pres-

byterian congregation of Princes Park, Liverpool, to put into the hands of our readers here copies of a translation into Efik of an excellent tract by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, entitled (in English) "The Blind Beggar." I used the tract as the basis of my A.M. discourse. The young people began to read it with great avidity. I trust that some of them will be benefited by it.

Thursday, *April* 4.—Visited by our Consul [Livingstone]. Went with him to King A.'s. Had an agreeable conversation on matters in general. We tried to show King A. the folly of *devil-making*, but our arguments were met by the response, "It be we fashion."

Sabbath, 7.—Some of the young men came to the English service evidently with the design of espying the quality of the European attendance. I was glad that they saw our good friend Mr. Consul Livingstone, and a number of the officers of H.M.S. *Oberon*, among the worshippers.

Wednesday, 10.—The twenty-first anniversary of the arrival of the Mission. Called special attention to this fact at our English prayer meeting in the evening.

Sabbath, 14.—Reminded my native auditors of this day 21 years, when Mr. Waddell held the first meeting in Eyamba's palace, presented him with a large Bible, and preached to him and others the word of God. Very few of the natives are alive who were at that day's meeting. Tried to show our native friends their high privileges and solemn responsibilities, choosing as my text Acts xxvi. 22–23. I redelivered the same discourse in English in the afternoon, and embraced the opportunity of giving a brief sketch of the past and the present in connection with our duties in the future.

Tuesday, 16.—A severe thunderstorm this evening. The hulk lying nearest the Mission Hill was struck by the lightning. Happily no material damage was done. The peal which accompanied *that* flash made the mission-house shake, and caused our windows to jingle.

Tuesday, *May* 28.—Heard of two slaves being tied to stakes, to be drowned by the rising tide. Went to King Archibong, but was too late to benefit them. They were already dead. From all that I could learn, they were

a couple of incorrigible thieves. I spoke a little to King A. of the sacredness of human life; and he made me what he considers a very fair offer—viz., that the next time judgment is called for on two such rascals, he will send for me; allow me to take part in the trial; and should all the gentlemen deem them worthy of death, he will *dash* them to me, that I may try to make good men of them. On my way home, while musing on the woeful cheapness of life in Calabar, it occurred to me that the only execution I ever saw at home was that of a man in Dalkeith, on the first day of March 1826 or 1827, for robbing a farmer of a £1 note and a *Scotsman* newspaper; and the question occurred to me, "Were these men, who have been put to death here to-day, better than that William Thomson, who sang a portion of the 103rd Psalm, and seemed so penitent, and prayed so fervently, and with whom the sheriff and the jail chaplain, Mr. Porteous, shook hands so kindly, before he took his place on the fatal drop!" Another thought occurred to me: Two hundred years have not yet elapsed since the waters of the Solway closed over the heads of Margaret M'Lauchlan and Margaret Wilson—*and for what*? The conclusion seems to be, that human nature is not worse in Calabar than anywhere else—in blacks than in whites. The Bible is the true and the only elevator of both. Let us apply it with double diligence.

Wednesday, June 5.—The steepness of the road from our beach to the hill church having been so often pleaded by our countrymen as an apology for their not coming to church, I have devoted a few hours daily, for some days past, in the laying-out and making of a much more level path than any we have hitherto had. I think I have succeeded; and intimated at the meeting to-night, that even a delicate lady may walk hither on the new road without being much fatigued.

The annoyance felt by the worshippers in the town church has for months past been almost intolerable. The proprietor of the site on which it stands never fully concurred in its being consigned to the Mission; and his people have taken advantage of this, and made "the void place" beside the building the receptacle of everything

offensive. I felt impelled to make public intimation on Sabbath, that unless the town authorities do something to relieve us from our grievance, I would be constrained to abandon the place altogether.

Sabbath, 9.—There being no improvement in our "surroundings" to-day in the town church, I intimated that we should not meet there again. Some looked sad, but by far the greater part of the congregation seemed to breathe freely on being relieved from the ordeal of further attendance there.

Thursday, 20.—As usual in the middle of the year, gave school vacation from this day till July 8th. Mr. Lewis went to Old Town about three months ago, and I have had the burden of the school-work on my shoulders. The young man who assists me, William Cobham, is far from being strong, and has been eight weeks out of school during the half-year. I am beginning to find a little relaxation needful. Including classes, evening meetings, and instruction of domestics, I find I have about seven hours' teaching every day in the week, except Saturday, when I teach only three hours. This course, pursued week after week and month after month, without a single day's break, is, I find, somewhat exhausting in this climate. I expect some relief when Mrs. Sutherland returns. Any young man of energy, who has a *passion* for teaching, would find a fine field for the exercise of his powers here. I wish we had such a one.

Monday, 24.—Remembering that it is a year to-day since we last left Britain, how swiftly has it passed away! How much reason have we for gratitude, on a retrospect of the mercies of the year! Oh that we may be enabled to manifest our gratitude, by increased diligence in the work of the best of Masters!

Monday, July 8, 1867.—Resumed school duties after a fortnight's relaxation. My vacation has been variously occupied—in looking after the re-roofing of our church, visiting natives, etc. One day was occupied in visiting Creek Town friends; another at meeting of Presbytery at Old Town.

Saturday, 20.—Atmosphere in a delightful state at present. This has been one of the most splendid summer

days I have ever seen anywhere; so calm, so comfortably warm, and the air redolent of the odour of the orange blossom. Any stranger spending this one day here would conclude that our climate is one of the most delicious on the face of the earth.

Friday, *August* 30.—Had a somewhat unusual experience this afternoon. Off duty in the afternoon on account of sickness—a thing that has not occurred for many years. I neglected my rule on *temperature*, got wet coming over from school in the forenoon, did not change clothing, sat reading and writing for two hours afterwards. Was seized about two o'clock by an attack of what we call British cholera, which continued very severe for two hours. Mrs. A.'s application of simple remedies was successful in checking the disorder; but the terrible retching left me a good deal exhausted.

Saturday, 31.—Able to be in school in the forenoon, but not to go to town in the afternoon. A good number all round attacked as I was yesterday; indeed, the distemper has been prevalent for a week. In the beginning of the week fifteen of our household were prostrated in one day; six strangers, squatting here for various reasons, have been all sick. With twenty-two patients in one week Mrs. A.'s hands have been kept pretty full.

Sabbath, *Sept.* 1.—Durst not venture to go to town; but able for the native services in church from seven till nine, and for the English service in the afternoon.

Monday, 2.—Had a long meeting with the candidates' class this evening. Feel grateful that I see my way pretty clear to the admission of four of them to Church fellowship. The more that one learns of the manners and customs of a heathen population, the more must he admire the power of the grace of God in snatching any of its members as brands from the burning. Instead of wondering that so many have fallen back, I think the true ground of wonder is that any remain steadfast. I trust that our converts are very specially remembered by the Church in the intercessions of the second Sabbath of the month, and also at other times.

Tuesday, 3.—Learned to-day that there has been some proclamation issued forbidding women to wear clothing,

and that, on this account, several of the native females, who are in the habit of attending church, were prevented from doing so last Sabbath. Sent to King A. to make sure of the facts of the case. His reply was, that he and the other gentlemen had forbidden their own women to wear long gowns, as some of them had abused their privilege in the matter; but that the law had never been meant to apply to women going to God's house to hear God's word.

Tuesday, 17. — Considerable excitement to-day on account of what King A. and some of his friends wish to appear as a rebellion of a portion of his subjects. The facts are these: Some time ago there was a squabble among some of the people of the Guinea Company villages. A young man named Enö Ukpong interfered in the strife; Ekpenyong Mesembe gave this youth several blows with his stick; the young man died of his wounds a few days afterwards. His mother, Ekanem Ukpong, a chief woman of the village Ikoriso Ukpong, demanded the death of Ekpenyong Mesembe for killing her son. As the village belonged to Duke Town, the matter was brought to King A. for adjudication. King A. and his friends declare that two things were clearly brought out at the meeting held on the occasion: 1. The palaver did not belong to Enö, and he had no business whatever to interfere therein; and 2. The blows inflicted by Ekpenyong were not intended by him to kill anyone. He was laying about him with his stick on all who were fighting on the other side, and Enö should have kept out of his way. Such being the case, Ekanem's demand was disregarded. She was not satisfied with this, but engaged a man named Otongo Ñkpe to go and shoot a brother of Ekpenyong's, in retaliation for the death of her son. Otongo fulfilled his mission, and shot the innocent man. When this was reported at Duke Town, King A. sent off to summon Ekanem to his presence. The summons was disregarded. Some say that the messengers were maltreated and threatened. On their return, information was sent to Creek Town, and, according to the account given here, both towns agreed to put the village to fire and sword. The village has been burned, a number of people have been killed, and

a number of prisoners have been captured and brought to Duke Town and Creek Town, to be butchered in cold blood.

Wednesday, 18. — In town about two hours to-day, pleading on behalf of the women and children who are in chains in different yards, and who are doomed to die. I can hardly say what will be the result of my intercession.

Thursday, 19.—Again in town on the same errand as yesterday. Heard that a Creek Town man, Hogan Bassy, had sent down two of his prisoners to be sacrificed here—the one to the *manes* of the Eyamba family, and the other to the *manes* of the Cobham family. Both victims were mere girls. In passing King Calabar's palaver-house, observed a young man's head, very recently cut off, placed at the entrance. Proceeding a little farther, I met a procession of Creek Town young men, one of them bearing the head of a young girl, which had just been cut off in the marketplace. I need not record the expressions of indignation with which I greeted the head man of the procession, a son of Hogan Bassy's, and, very lately, one of my own schoolboys. I may mention, however, that I expressed (ironically) my gratification that it can no longer be represented that Duke Town people are more bloodthirsty than the people of Creek Town. "Here I see with my own eyes that the barbarous fiends of Creek Town are equal to their barbarous brothers at Duke Town." The other poor girl was killed too; but I saw nothing of her or her butchers. Went hither and thither denouncing the murders and the murderers.

Friday, 20.—Ekanem Ukpong was executed—in her case I cannot say *murdered*—last night. I consider that she deserved her doom.

Saturday, 21.—Did my best this afternoon on behalf of the poor women and children who are being kept up as sheep for the slaughter; but King A. is inexorable. While I was pleading with him, one of his head men seemed anxious to speak. I paused to hear what he had to say. He gave me the following *information*: "Long time past, when Calabar have war with other country, we no kill the women. They divide them among all men for

town. Then they keep in mind that Calabar kill their husbands. Then one morning all Calabar find that every man for town who sleep with these women all die! These women cut all their throats one night!"

King A. himself defended the killing of the children, because, when they grow up, they will fall on some scheme to revenge the death of their fathers. Need hardly say that I felt depressed. How earnestly was the prayer presented—

"Oh, let the prisoner's sighs ascend before Thy face on high:
Preserve those in Thy mighty power that are designed to die!"

Sabbath, 22.—Reading Mark's Gospel in order at the English service just now. The passage for this day—without the slightest scheming on my part—was the account of the murder of John the Baptist by Herod. I took the aid of Rev. Dr. Thomson (his discourse in *Christian Treasury*—a discourse which I had the privilege of hearing when in Edinburgh) in depicting and improving the scene. I had something, however, to stir my spirit in discussing such a theme which Dr. T. had not. He had not seen the gory heads of slaughtered innocents in the streets of Edinburgh a day or two before he preached on the subject. He, happily, could not say what I sadly did say, "Such bloody scenes have been enacted daily and nightly for some time past, and are likely to be enacted daily and nightly for some time to come, unless we Europeans can do something to check the lavish outpouring of human blood." The river gentlemen responded cordially and nobly to my appeal. Fifteen of us—*i.e.*, thirteen river gentlemen, Mr. Lewis, and myself—went in a body to the king, to implore him to abstain from killing any more of the prisoners, especially innocent women and children. His demeanour and language were outrageous. He denied that we had any right to interfere between him and his people. As for the prisoners, he declared it to be his settled purpose to kill them all. We expostulated, but in vain. He became quite excited—told us that some of the villagers had run away to other countries, but that he should send for them, and make war upon those countries if they refused to give them up. "Then, when I catch them

all, suppose it be man—I kill her; suppose it be woman—I kill him; suppose it be little child—I kill him." The blood of every European present was boiling with indignation during the delivery of this speech, and I began to fear there might be an explosion on the part of some. I am happy to say, however, that there was not a word uttered by any European present inconsistent with the sacredness of the hour or the solemnity and seriousness of the occasion.

Monday, 23.—S. E. informed me privately, near sunset, that orders had been given to kill several women and children during the night. He also named one young man in whose yard some of the prisoners were chained, and informed me that the young man (A. C.) would be very glad to allow them to escape if he dared. At that moment two river gentlemen made their appearance. I gave them the hint, and they went forthwith to the house indicated—saw one woman strongly chained, and a little girl, the woman's daughter, sitting beside her. They at once broke the chain and took woman and daughter on board one of the ships. We heard of other three persons who were also to be killed. About eight o'clock we commenced to hunt for them, but could not find them. I left the party about ten o'clock. There were seven or eight river friends present then. Shortly after I left them they were joined by the rest of the river gentlemen, and the chase was renewed. Dwelling-houses, cask-houses, and hovels of all sorts were ransacked. One suspicious-looking door in the house of J. B. was broken open, and a woman, advanced in years, was found heavily chained. The only way of capturing her was to cut through the large post to which she was chained. This was done, and she was at once marched to a boat—chain and all—and put on board one of the ships. Three persons were thus saved from a bloody death. The blood of our river friends being fairly up, they resolved on going to King Archibong's to have another talk with him. They roused him up at midnight, and, I am informed, gave him such a lecture as he had never heard all his life before. There was no Sabbath restraint on his unwelcome and untimely visitors now. They "broke fairly out on him," whatever

that may mean. They did not, and would not, leave him till he promised that there should be no more killing of women and children.

Thursday, 26.—From 7 till 11 P.M. at a meeting of Europeans on board the *Lagos* to consult as to the disposal of our refugees, it was agreed to send them to Fernando Po in the steamer, Captain Croft kindly agreeing to take them free of charge. A message was received from King A., to the effect that when he made his promise on Monday night, or Tuesday morning, he did not know that the supercargoes had by strong hand taken possession of some of the prisoners; that if those rescued were sent to him, *pro forma*, he would at once return them to the white men, and would also give up the other three of whom we were in search on Monday evening; but that, if those already on board were not returned to him, he would kill the other three, and more. It was agreed that it would be better to save six lives than three, and intimation was sent to the king that his stipulation should be complied with.

Friday, 27.—The three refugees were presented to the king this morning, and he kept his promise, by returning them at once to the deputation which waited on him, and by producing and handing over the other three prisoners. All the six were despatched to Fernando Po, to care of Mr. Consul Livingstone. We also sent a letter to the Consul, requesting the favour of an early visit, and entreating him to use his endeavours to put a stop to the barbarities of King Archibong and his friends.

Saturday, 28.—*Sounded* a considerable number of the freemen to-day, both old and young, in reference to King A.'s dealing with the captured villagers. The answers were wary, but in general satisfactory. Were the question put to all the freemen of the town, "Is it right to kill these prisoners?" an overwhelming majority would emphatically answer, "No!"

Monday evening, *Oct.* 7.—Hear that nine prisoners have been butchered to-day, and that fifteen are to be killed to-night.

Tuesday, 8.—Have certain information to-day of the killing of only two prisoners last night, and one of these

was Otongo N̈kpe, the person who shot the brother of Ekpenyong Mesembe. No European objects to his execution.

Wednesday, 9.—More killing during the night; but I cannot ascertain the exact number. A splendid summer day this.

Saturday, 12.—Have been busy during the week in writing and rewriting the Shorter Catechism in Efik for a new edition. Have been engaged in teaching this Catechism daily for twenty-eight years; and the longer I teach it and *learn* it, the more do I value it.

Tuesday, *Nov.* 5.—River gentlemen and myself called by King A. to his house at 8 A.M. When we assembled, we found nearly all the freemen of the town in attendance. The king wished to hear all that white men had to say against him; and then they were to hear all that he had to say against them. The whites at once retired for a few minutes, and agreed to say that we had requested the Consul to come over to settle all palavers, and that, in the meantime, we declined entering into any discussion with him on any matter whatever. This being intimated to him, we at once left the company of the natives to their own meditations and discussions.

Tuesday, *Dec.* 3.—Mr. Consul Livingstone arrived yesterday in H.M.S. *Oberon*. He summoned a meeting on board to-day—of both whites and blacks—to hear what complaints they had to prefer against each other. The slaughter of prisoners in cold blood by the native authorities was clearly established, and was declared by the Consul to be a breach of treaty with the English Government. He imposed a fine of twenty puncheons of palm oil as the penalty. This is the best lesson—at least the most effective—that King A. has ever got, and, as a precedent, is invaluable.

CHAPTER XIX

A New Church on the Mission Hill

Mr. Anderson's Journal during the early part of 1868 is chiefly given to the describing of the erection of the new church on the Mission Hill:—

Sabbath, Jan. 5, 1868.—The year has opened on our work promisingly, though the vexation of the king and several of the gentlemen about the steps taken by me for the protection of life does not seem at all abated.

Monday, 6.—Glad to see the *Moultan* on her way up the river, seeing that she brings with her our long-desired and needed new church.

Thursday, 9.—Very busy day getting up new church from ship to hill. All the river gentlemen exceedingly kind and obliging in the loan of longboats and Krumen.

Wednesday, 29.—Laying the *foundation* of our new church. Captain White presided at the ceremony, and placed one of the corner pillars in proper position. Mr. Lewis and I both engaged in prayer—I before the placing of the pillar, and Mr. L. afterward.

Monday, Feb. 10.—The roof of the new church finished at four P.M. Felt thankful when I saw the last carpenter reach the ground in safety.

Tuesday, Feb. 11.—Glad to learn that the twenty puncheons have been duly paid to the Consul by the natives. This is one of the best lessons they have ever got.

Saturday, 29.—The work begun on January 29th was finished a week ago; the new church was erected; all that remained was the finishing of the painting. That was finished in the beginning of the week, and all is dry

now, and all is quite ready to receive a congregation to-morrow. One kind river gentleman lends us seats for about 100, and we have put planks in such a way as will accommodate as many more. We all feel deeply indebted to river gentlemen for the loan of Krumen, carpenters, and painters. We are under very special obligations to Captain White for his daily superintendence and labour during the whole time of the erection of the building. But for his deep interest and unceasing vigilance, the work would not have been completed either so speedily or so well. For all kind friends who have aided us in the work, I present the prayer of Paul for Onesiphorus: "The Lord grant that they may find mercy of the Lord in that day."

Sabbath, March 1.—A day to be remembered by us. Held the usual Efik service this morning in the old church—now to be designated the schoolhouse. Went to town and held usual meetings there. At 4.15 P.M. a large congregation—that is, for Duke Town—assembled in the new church. All the seats provided yesterday were occupied, and it was needful to extemporise a considerable number more. The floor also had its complement of squatters. I had sent a verbal message to our friend Bishop Crowther, at Bonny, intimating that I should be glad to have him preach the opening sermon; but he did not hear of my message (if he heard of it at all) till it was too late. I expressed to several friends my readiness to ask any brother in the Mission to preach on the occasion, should it be specially desired by members of the congregation; but the feeling was that I was the person on whom the service seemed naturally to devolve. I spoke a few words in Efik at the close. The collection, in English money, was upwards of £12. It was afterwards made up to about £13, 13s., besides 8 brass rods, about 100 black coppers, and 2 teaspoons.

The service was altogether a happy one. I was glad to learn that some of our oldest and most experienced members felt it to be the happiest they had ever attended in this country. Some of them felt that the Spirit of the Lord was with us of a truth, and that our earnest prayer, "Fill this house with Thy glory," had been heard and

answered. All our river friends, as well as natives, are delighted with the appearance and the accommodation of the edifice. The only drawback, both to appearance and comfort, is the want of glass in the window-sashes. That privation will not be so much felt, however, while the dry weather continues. We all feel a deep debt of gratitude to the Mission Board for their great kindness in procuring for us and forwarding to us our much-prized sanctuary.

Sabbath, 8.--Our first Communion in our new church. We had a very comfortable season. Remembered that John Sago was with us at our last Communion. That was his last Sabbath in the sanctuary below. We have confidence that he is now drinking new wine in the kingdom of our Father.

Who can tell whether our small company of thirty-one shall ever all again on earth surround the holy table!

I concluded the service by repeating most of that fine production of one who went to glory at an early age—Rev. Mr. Lyte—beginning:

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide."

Sabbath, 22.—Our fourth Sabbath in our new church. Several of our great men made their first appearance in it this afternoon. Adam Archibong, Yellow Duke, and several of their friends were with us—I can scarcely say "worshipped with us." It is so far good that they now know the way to church. The attendance has hitherto been larger than ever it was, or indeed could be, in the old church.

Saturday, *April* 18.—In usual turn round town to-day, found Yellow Duke in great distress on account of the death of his first (his earliest) wife. She died rather suddenly last Saturday, while he was at a distant market. She was coffined and put into the grave on Sabbath, but the grave was left unfilled till Yellow Duke should come home. He arrived on Wednesday evening, sent at once to one of the hulks for the magnificent brass coffin which he had got prepared for himself, had the body raised and transferred to the new coffin; and the funeral rites were proceeded with in the usual way.

Sabbath, 19.—After morning service in church went to

Yellow Duke's, where I found a large congregation, to whom I spoke of death, judgment, and eternity. Mrs. Sutherland had also large assemblies of women in Yellow Duke's different yards. Public services well attended to-day.

Friday, 24.—Mrs. Anderson able to be out in verandah to-day for the first time since Wednesday week. She had continuous fever for nearly eight days. We have no medical man in Mission or river. It is matter for gratitude that there has been no very urgent necessity as yet for professional aid; still, it is satisfactory to have someone within reach on whom one can fall back in any case of emergency. Mrs. Anderson is very much prostrated, but is in fair way of recovery.

Sabbath, June 14.—Our church benches arrived last week, and were brought up and fixed in their places. This gave the church quite a home-appearance to-day. It was an additional gratification that the benches were pretty well filled.

Friday, 19.—Gave school children their midsummer holidays.

Monday, July 6.—Used to devote a day once in six months, during our school vacation, to a friendly call on board each ship in the river. Have scarcely been on board a single ship for eighteen months, finding my work to be chiefly with the people of the town. Went round the shipping to-day, however; was kindly received, and had a little pleasant and, I trust, profitable intercourse with captains, supercargoes, and others. Distributed among them a number of illuminated Scripture cards, kindly supplied by Miss Hood, a Berwickshire friend.

Tuesday, 7.—Resumed school labours this morning. The youngsters all as glad to resume their labours as I am to be again at work among them.

Sabbath, 19.—Mr. Goldie with us to-day, and preached in Efik in forenoon, and in English in afternoon. Excellent discourses both. Our only regret was that, owing partly to Egbo being out, and partly to rain, the attendance was much smaller than usual.

Sabbath, Aug. 16.—While God's work was being carried on in one part of the town, Satan's was being carried on

in another. King Archibong had a runaway slave tied to a stake in the creek during the forenoon. His death by the flood-tide was slow enough, but sure.

Friday, Sept. 4.—The house of our constant friend, George Duke, was accidentally burnt down last night. Visited him to-day. Finding him sitting among the ruins, but very composed, and acknowledging the hand of God in the matter. George's bearing under the calamity reminds us very much of the demeanour of that remarkable man, King Eyo II., under a similar affliction.

Friday, 11.—Conversed to-day with ten candidates for Communion, and had much satisfaction in regard to all. Some of them would like to acknowledge themselves as on the Lord's side by being baptized, although they do not consider themselves fully prepared as yet for partaking of the Lord's Supper. My idea is, that the same moral and spiritual conditions are requisite for both ordinances; that nothing less is required to qualify an adult for baptism than faith in Christ and love to Him, and that nothing more is necessary in order to qualify for the Communion table. At the same time, I think that if an intelligent individual feels himself impelled to crave baptism, whilst he would like a little time for further consideration and self-examination ere he take his place at the Lord's table, his desire may be properly and safely complied with.

CHAPTER XX

Refugee Widows—Duke Town at War with Ökóyóng

THE gospel was doing much directly and indirectly for the elevation of the women in Calabar. It had been, and still was, the custom of the country that the widows of chiefs should remain in seclusion until their husband's Ikpo, devil-making, or funeral rites, were finished. Sometimes these were delayed for years. "During this time the widows were never allowed to appear in public, nor to wash, and often suffered not only from want of cleanliness, but from want of food." At length these women began to recognise their grievances, and in 1868, both at Duke Town and Creek Town, the revolt of the widows began, of which the details are chronicled by Mr. Anderson in his Journal. He also gives an amusing account of King Archibong's futile expeditions against Ökóyóng, a tribe inhabiting, in scattered villages, the country between the middle reaches of the Old Calabar River and the Ikörófióng farms on the Cross River.

Monday, Sept. 21, 1868.—Some six or seven years have elapsed since the death of Bassy Henshaw. His widows, fifteen or sixteen in number, have been kept as prisoners ever since. *Three* of them could stand it no longer, so they took "legbail" during the night, and came up to the mission-house for protection, which was at once accorded them. The path of duty in the matter seems abundantly plain. Probable results must not affect us.

Wednesday, 23.—Great preparations going on in town

for war with the Ökóyóng people. The Calabarese, especially the Creek Town people, have a long list of grievances to lay at the door of the Ökóyóng people, which seem to them a just cause of war; but we have no means of ascertaining what charges the Ökóyóng people can bring against them.

Thursday, 24.—Received the following letter from our friend George Duke, from which it is satisfactory to learn that he has discarded all dealings with the war-doctors and their charms:—

Sept. 24, 1868.
OLD CALABAR, DUKE TOWN.

MR. ANDERSON,

DEAR FRIEND,—I write to inform you that I shall be going to the war with Calabar for them country they war with. Ekodi-eto and all Calabar wish to go, so I write you to know something about my side, because I have not the war medicine, only God is my medicine. Maybe God will help me for the war, and say the same with Mrs. Anderson.—I am, yours truly, GEORGE DUKE.

Monday, 28.—Most of the men having left the town, or being about to leave it, it has been placed under the charge of the women. Several of the *amazons*, in their military attire as city guard—that is to say, with fathom worn as men wear theirs, with cudgel or old matchet in hand, or old rusty musket on shoulder, and wearing men's hats or capes—came to see the runaway widows, and seemed quite delighted that they had escaped. They had not laid aside their womanly hearts with their female attire.

Tuesday, 29.—The Eyamba family and their retainers, and Henshaw Duke with his, all in full war uniform, came up in the evening to hold a meeting for special prayer ere they should embark in their canoes for the seat of war. All seemed solemnised. I read a few passages, gave a short exhortation, and prayed with them. Upwards of 100 musketeers were present.

Saturday, *Oct.* 3.—The war fleet returned to-day, making a great noise and a great show, as if something great had been accomplished. The result seems to be that Duke Town has lost about twenty men in various

little engagements in the bush; and that they have brought with them, as trophies of their prowess, six or seven heads of Ökóyóng people who had been prisoners for weeks at Ikoneto, and who have been butchered in cold blood! It is only due to Duke Town to say that the Archibong family alone are responsible for this atrocity. Our friend George Duke thus laconically announces his return:—

Oct. 3, 1868.

Mr. Anderson,

My dear Friend,—I to inform you that I come home from war. I bring my life, which God please me.

George Duke.

Thursday, 15.—"What is to be done with our criminals?" is a question that often obtrudes itself on the attention not merely of great statesmen—I wish it were confined to them. The question has often been proposed to me, but seldom (if ever) more forcibly than in a letter just received from big Adam Duke. He says:—

Duke Town, Old Calabar,
Oct. 15, 1868.

Rev. W. Anderson,

My dear Friend,—I have taken my little time to write this lines to complain this for you. There is one of my man have done very bad thing; he been go to Cameroons with his master, and he give him money for one puncheon of palm oil, and he chop half puncheon of that oil, and his master bring him to me when I already to go for Ökóyóng war. I have not time to see about that matter; I tell his master to keep him till I return, and his master send him to stop for plantation until I come. But when I come back he thief one other young new boy been come from Cameroons with his master, and go sell the young man for seven thousand black coppers, and spend that coppers in foolish way, and chop every bit of it. The same time he run away, and for that place he run to, he thief one goat, and some cloth from a case. I been send to seek, and they find him and bring to me last night. He live here for my yard. But now the man that he been thief his goat want me pay for the goat; them that have cloth want me to pay for his cloth; and then Cameroons young man I going to try if that man been buy him will give the man back to me, and get other coppers. I not talk to the man yet, if he will let me pay him to buy that young man back. I

have to pay double, according to our fashion, all that I lost and the half puncheon oil for one bad slave, and the money that I been buy him, besides other debts he owes plenty. So I like you to send one man or boy, woman or girl, to ask him for all what I talk against him. If I tell lie against him, you can know one time; and if your man find all what I say be truth, you can tell me what to do for such slave. Perhaps I go punish him according to our fashion go, be hard. So you can tell me better to do. If he go out from my hand again, any things he do, thief or spoil, they ask me to pay; and if he go thief other small or big man or woman, they go ask me for every things he do. So I beg you send to ask him what I say against him, so you may find out what I say if I lie or I talk truth. BIG ADAM DUKE.

It frequently puzzles one to say what ought to be done with such a character.

Monday, Nov. 9.—How time flies! Twenty-nine years to-day since I left Greenock for Jamaica. Went to town in the evening, on invitation from Thomas Eyamba to attend the funeral of his grandmother. Found an immense crowd present, but the greater number were so much under the influence of strong drink, that any religious service in their presence would have been casting pearls before swine. Went with a select company to the room where the corpse was lying, and engaged in devotional services there.

Saturday, 14.—Another widow up to the mission-house for protection. Not a slave-girl, but, as George Duke describes her, "the very biggest woman in all the town." She was a wife of Egbo Bassy, who died a number of years ago, is the sister of David King, "full free," and closely connected with all the big families of the country. Forgot to say that one of Bassy Henshaw's widows, now with us, is a daughter of the late King Eyamba.

Sabbath, 15.—Another of Egbo Bassy's widows came to us last evening. Our premises will soon be full, but the store is emptying in proportion as the premises are being filled. The path of duty seems quite plain in the matter.

Monday, 16.—A great lady—once King Archibong First's queen—came to us in the evening, to beg us to place David King's sister under her protection, as it would do the town big shame were that madam to be in hiding

at a white man's house. Mrs. Anderson referred the matter to the refugee herself, and as she was quite secure, and was also inclined to accompany her queenship, she left us with thanks for the sanctuary offered her by us. This dealing with the matter augurs well for the poorer ladies who still cling to us.

Tuesday, 17.—Still they come! Jane Archibong, widow of Thomas Hogan, who died, I think, about ten years ago, and whose "devil" is not yet made, came and cast herself on us for protection.

Wednesday, 26.—Mail arrived to-day, bringing to our aid Mr. Robb and the Efik Old Testament, Dr. and Mrs. Robertson, and Mr. Lawson. We feel grateful to Him who has sent and brought them hither, and our prayer is that they, both the persons and the books, may be made abundant blessings to Old Calabar.

Saturday, *Dec.* 5.—Great preparations making for another expedition to Ököyöng.

Monday, 7.—George Duke and his people came up to the schoolhouse in the evening, that they might be commended to the care of God during the ensuing campaign.

Wednesday, 9.—Had to conduct service thrice to-day on behalf of our warriors. We had first Thomas Eyamba and his company, then Andrew Cobham and his, then Henshaw Duke and his. The *war* is not popular at all. It is urged on by the king and one or two more. It betokens improvement that band after band, all accoutred for combat, come to the sanctuary to implore God's blessing and protection. I told the bands in succession that I could not pray that they might kill plenty of their enemies, that I can only pray that the enemy might not be allowed to kill them. Some of them were so honest as to tell me that that was all they wanted; that they did not want to kill a single person; all they care about is that their own lives may be spared.

Saturday, 12.—Round town as usual afternoon. Women on guard everywhere; drumming and dancing in some places. The slave girl of one of our refugee widows had a few words with her mistress, and she forthwith went aside and ate some of the poison bean. Nobody suspected

what she had done, and she concealed it till it was too late to do her any good. Thus she rushed before her time into the eternal world.

Sabbath, 13.—Excellent turn-out of women to-day in church, both forenoon and afternoon. Hundreds of them were in church for the first time. The decorum they maintained was admirable. It was a solemn thought. This is the first time that multitudes of these have ever heard a sermon, and this sermon may be the only one that they may ever hear.

Friday, 18.—Gave the children of the school their Christmas holidays. Distributed a good number of books as prizes. Mrs. Sutherland was ready with her usual donation of shirts and frocks, and Mrs. Anderson gave fifty of the most constant attenders a very good dinner. Capital bookmarks, with mottoes in Efik and in English, from Auchtermuchty Sabbath scholars, were bestowed on all who had books.

Sabbath, 20.—As the men are still at the war, we had again large congregations of women, both forenoon and afternoon. Their attentiveness and quietness of demeanour in church are somewhat remarkable. Oh that the way were prepared for their regular attendance Sabbath after Sabbath!

Wednesday, 30.—Our Duke Town warriors returned this morning, after a campaign of three weeks' duration, from the seat of war, all jubilant, as if laden with the spoils of victory. I believe it to be a fact that thousands have fallen before their victorious swords and cutlasses—I mean thousands of small bushes, with a sprinkling of big trees. In so far as I am able to learn, the expedition has been bloodless—except among fowls and goats. Most of the young men are utterly ashamed of the whole affair, and beg me to be silent when I begin to congratulate them on their prowess in war, and on their safe return from the scene of conflict. There were weeks of preparation of arms and ammunition; weeks of sponging the European traders for the commissariat department; weeks of apprehension, on the part of many, that their skulls might, ere long, ornament the juju places in Ököyöng; prayers for protection offered both to the Lord and to Baalim; the grand

muster of army and navy; the sad farewell, etc. etc.—and all for what? *For the clearance of a few acres of brush-wood!!* And yet the question *will* present itself: "Could *the war* have had a more satisfactory termination?" I feel it a matter of great thankfulness that the result is just as it is. From the manifest feeling of the young men, it is evident that there is no danger as yet of Archibong being worshipped as a hero. Mr. Robb gave us an able lecture in the evening on "The Genuineness of the Books of the New Testament." The lecture was highly appreciated by the gentlemen of the river.

Friday, Jan. 8, 1869.—Had twenty-one of our native members at a tea meeting in the evening. It is the first *soiree* we have held with them here. We made an exhibition of Scripture prints, which formed a fine theme for converse for a portion of the time. The provision for the body pleased wonderfully well, and that for the mind seemed also to be greatly enjoyed by our guests.

Saturday, 9.—One of the coldest mornings I have ever felt in Old Calabar. The thermometer stood at 68° at 7 A.M. I have *heard* of its being so low, but I do not remember of having *seen* it so.

Wednesday, 20.—Mr. Goldie gave us his contribution to our present course of lectures and readings this evening, by giving us an admirable lecture on "Castles in the Air." The theme was very suitable for the audience, and was well fitted to profit all who heard it. I learn that Creek Town people have not managed matters so well in regard to the Ökóyóng war as their Duke Town brothers did. They have not limited their operations to the killing of the bush. They have killed several of the enemy, and the enemy has killed at least one of them. While it is matter of regret that any lives have been sacrificed in the affair, it is matter of thankfulness that the loss on either side has been so small. I forgot to mention, under the proper date, that the reason assigned by Duke Town people for abandoning the field was that some of the Ökóyóng people had come to them with the symbols of submission, and begged them to "let palaver done," and that they had acceded to the request.

January 30.—Great rejoicing to-day among our refugee widows, and among their sisters in town too, on account of the arrival of the gunboat *Speedwell*, with Her Majesty's Acting Consul on board. They have looked forward to his arrival, in hopes that he would be both able and willing to do something in their favour.

Tuesday, Feb. 2.—Having received no intimation, such as I had reason to expect, from the Acting Consul in regard to any public meeting to be held for the settlement of palavers, I drew up and forwarded to him an official letter representing the great hardships to which the widows of the town have been, and are, subjected. Numbers of them have been kept as prisoners for five, six, seven, and even eight years—and that for no crime; prohibited from washing their bodies, changing their clothes, cutting or combing their hair, etc. etc.; that a number of them, who have no relatives of influence and property, are half starved; that some would have been wholly starved had they not been supported year after year by Mrs. A. and Mrs. Sutherland; that we had seven of them at present in our yard, who had thrown themselves on us entirely for protection and support; and that I was anxious to know how I was to dispose of them.

Thursday, 4.—One of the seven widows left us to-day, under promise from King Archibong that she should be sent back to us in a few days. "Her husband's devil-making is just going on, and it is needful for her son's sake, that he may be able to claim his share of his father's property, that she should take a part in the concluding ceremonies of the *ikpo*, but she will be sent back to you unharmed in a few days." Of all this we believe scarcely a word; but as King A.'s messengers prevailed on the lady to consent to go, we did not feel that we had any right to prevent her. We told her and the messengers plainly that we could not stop her if she was willing to go, and that we could not eject her from our yard if she wished to stay. She went.

Friday, 5.—*Speedwell's* steam up; evidently about to take her departure; not a word of reply to my letter of the 2nd. At the latest moment, in the heat of the day, the Acting Consul paid us a most hurried visit to say good-

bye, and to mention to me that he had spoken *privately* to King Archibong about the evils of devil-making, and that King Archibong had charged him to say to me that I might keep my mind easy about the widows, for in a few weeks at farthest all the devil-making will be over, and they will be all set at liberty. We shall see.

Saturday, 6.—Great lamentation to-day among all the widows. They are astonished as well as distressed that a messenger from Queen Victoria (herself a widow) should have come and gone without uttering a syllable in their behalf, though their case was brought before him. In their estimation, anything said privately to King A. amounts to nothing. What they expected, and what some of us in the Mission expected, was that a public declaration and protest should have been made against the barbarities and superstitions connected with the devil-making. Had this been done, the whole body of our intelligent young men would have been greatly strengthened to urge on the work of reform; and the widows, whatever might have been the immediate result of the protest, would not have been crying bitterly and wringing their hands, as many of them are doing to-day, under the impression that a representative of England has despised and ignored their appeal to him for help. We can only tell them to look to the supreme Power, and to pray Him to send them help from on high. Our trust is that He will send "enlargement and deliverance," and that ere long.

Friday, 12.—Twenty years to-day since our first arrival here. While there is much around us still that is distressing and depressing, yet have we reason for gratitude that the country is not altogether what it was when we first saw it. The seed sown has not been all lost. It is great matter of comfort to feel assured that there are with us in this land—that there are in other parts of the world—and that there are already gathered *home*—some who will be everlasting monuments of the power of the blessed gospel, as testified and as received in Old Calabar.

Thursday, 25.—Greatly honoured to-day, having no fewer than two D.D.'s with us. Our good friend Bishop Crowther came last evening in the *Mandingo*, and spent

the day with us. He walked with me round town, and gave a number of our gents several good counsels, which it will be to their profit to remember and carry out. On our return from town we found *Dr.* Robb at the mission-house, on his first visit since receiving his degree. Long may he be spared to wear his honours!

Monday, March 1.—The widow who left us on February 4th, on the promise that she was to be returned to us in two or three days, has sent us word that she can't come back to us, as King A. has retained her as a secondary wife. Thus has he fulfilled his promise in that matter; and no doubt the other promise sent me through the Acting Consul, in regard to all the widows, will be equally well observed.

Saturday, 20.—Round town as usual in the afternoon, announcing the approaching Sabbath. I find an unusual number of church-goers, and also of others, to be under the influence of a prevailing distemper, so that there will be little necessity to-morrow for the hebdomadal sham sickness which has been so common of late.

Friday, 26.—Some eight or nine years ago I opened up a nearer and better way to Henshaw Town spring, whence we draw our drinking water, in order to lighten the toil of our water-carriers, as well as of those from Cobham Town and Duke Town. The new road was considered by nearly all the community as a great boon. But an old superstitious gentleman at Henshaw Town discovered that it was giving umbrage to the god of the spring and of the hillside—Nsungko Mungko by name—so that it had to be abandoned. Years have passed away, however, since that old gentleman went "to his place"—the old road was getting worse and worse—his godship Mungko seemed to be falling out of remembrance—I longed to have another turn at road-making; so, having taken counsel with all the rising young men connected with Henshaw Town, and finding them to be on the right side, I took several of our retainers, with matchets and hoes, to-day, and we reopened the near cut, to the great joy of the water-carriers.

Sabbath, April 25.—Glad of an accession to the Mission in the person of Mr. Ashworth. We trust that he will be

long spared, and be made an abundant blessing to Old Calabar. Greatly rejoiced, too, to learn that Captain W., a member of the Church, and a large consignee by steamer which brought Mr. Ashworth, refused point-blank to receive a particle of cargo from the mail till the Sabbath should be over. And glad, too, to learn that when the captain of the mail received Captain W.'s message, he stated that he wished that all the supercargoes in the river would act in the same way.

Monday, 26.—*Three* of our widows have vanished. It is supposed that they had got themselves taken on board the steamer during the night, and that they are off to Fernando Po. We hear that one of the widows in town has been killed. Sundry threats have been used in regard to those who are with us, so that we cannot wonder that all who can get away from the country take their departure. No appearance yet of any fulfilment of the promise made three months ago in regard to all the widows.

Saturday, 15.—Found Cobham Town in great commotion this afternoon. James Bassy, eldest son of the late well-known Egbo Bassy, a rising trader, was on his way to market in his big canoe, which had been overloaded with goods and people. The sea-breeze was somewhat strong, and the water was a little *angry* not far from the junction of the Cross and Calabar Rivers. The canoe gave a lurch, at once filled, and sank. James and two or three more were "scarcely saved," but eleven of his people were drowned. James was brought home in a very exhausted state. Many were expressing great joy on account of his safety and that of a few more; but great numbers of the relatives and friends of the lost eleven were weeping and lamenting, "refusing to be comforted."

Sabbath, 16.—When in town to-day, called on James Bassy. Gave thanks, and prayed with him. He is in a very subdued mood, and solemnly promises to be henceforth a new man. Of one thing in particular he declares himself fully convinced, viz. that God only is the hearer of prayer. His people, when sinking, cried out to *Ndem Efik* to save them, but there was no response. He cried out to the God of heaven. He heard, and saved. Oh

that James would adhere to his resolve, and from this time forth be a true servant of the one Jehovah!

Tuesday, 25.—Held our English prayer meeting this evening, as the mail is expected to-morrow. Our good friend Captain White being about to leave us, we commended him to the special care of Providence. He has been a great help to us during his sojourn here, especially in the erection and painting of our new church.

Tuesday, June 8.—Received to-day a splendid pulpit Bible, and a Psalm and Hymn Book to match, as a *dash* from our kind friends the Sabbath scholars and Bible class of our highly esteemed friend and brother, Rev. Mr. Cairns, of Stitchel. I exhibited the volumes this evening at the Efik prayer meeting, when our young men were very emphatic in their expressions of admiration and gratification. The Bible is by far the finest volume that most of them had ever seen. It will match the new church better than the faded volume which we have used hitherto.

Sabbath, 13.—Another mail steamer arrived to-day. Glad that our friend Captain W. again stood firm, and declined removing an ounce of cargo before 12.30 A.M. —that is to say, till half an hour after midnight to-night.

Tuesday, 22.—One of our female candidates heavily chained to-day, for no other reason that we can discover, save that she wishes to abandon the evil practices of the country, and lead a quiet pious life. Glad that she is enabled to endure her trials so patiently. She has given us much satisfaction since she joined our catechumen class, and I trust she will remain steadfast to the end.

Thursday, 24.—As we are enjoying our midsummer holidays just now, Mrs. Sutherland and I went off to spend a few hours at Old Town. But we received an unexpected addition to our company; for the mail came in sight. Having landed Mrs. Sutherland at Old Town beach, I went on board the mail, and was greatly delighted to meet Dr. Robertson on board. He was so greatly changed for the better that I scarcely recognised him at first glance; sorry that he had to allow Mrs. R. to go northwards. If her voyage benefits her as much as her husband's has benefited him, it will be matter of

thanks to us all. We spent a pleasant afternoon at Old Town.

Sabbath, 27.—A few Cuban exiles were in church with us this afternoon. It was the first time some of them had ever been in a Protestant place of worship. Their story is very touching. How grateful should we Britons be for civil and religious liberty!

CHAPTER XXI

The Diffusion of the Gospel and of Ardent Spirits

An account of mission work in Old Calabar would be incomplete without some reference to the drink traffic as a hindrance to the progress of Christianity. Mr. Goldie wrote in his Journal, under date Thursday, May 6, 1869:—

We have now a monthly line of steamers from the Clyde, in addition to the mail line,—another link connecting us with the great world outside, and multiplying the channels of intercourse with home. So far pleasant! It is, however, sad to tell that the chief cargo of the Clyde steamers for the oil rivers, as they are called, is ardent spirits, and I learn that this is fast becoming the chief cargo of the mail line also. The slave-trade formerly wasted poor Africa, and the flood of "firewater" poured amongst her tribes is now carrying on her destruction. Our nation, after taking a leading part in the former traffic for many years, at length awoke to a recognition of its criminality and cruelty, and put an end to it; it has yet to awake to a sense of the criminality and cruelty of the latter. The Hudson's Bay Company, for the protection of the Indian tribes of its widespread territories, prohibits the sale of ardent spirits to them. No such law has been yet enacted, nor perhaps can yet be enacted, for the protection of the poor negro tribes. For this we must look to the more advanced principles of Christian nations.

The chief men of the Umon tribe, which lies immediately above us, on the line of the river, when they get a cask of rum into their town, do nothing but keep on daily drinking till they empty it. A young man, a candidate for Church fellowship, was lately at Enyöng, another tribe

up the river, making market. On his return, I asked him if he read his book or spoke God's word to the people while amongst them. He replied that one or two lads were willing to hear; but as for the chief men, it was of no use to talk to them, for they were always drunk. I have not the least doubt that there are those in the membership of the Church who have a far greater capital embarked in this traffic than the capital contributed by the benevolence of the Church for the salvation of these tribes. Our societies and congregations, in their annual reports, enumerate the number of Bibles issued annually, and the number of missionaries sent into the field. A terrible *per contra* is presented by the Excise and Custom-house returns of the number of gallons of spirits manufactured and issued; and were the share which the membership of the Christian Church has in this manufacture and traffic given separately, our large evangelistic efforts, on which we are apt to plume ourselves, would, I fear, look very small beside it.

It is sometimes alleged that modern missions meet with a very limited success. I do not stop to examine this allegation; but, supposing that it is quite true, there is no ground for surprise, but there is cause for redoubled effort, seeing that Christian nations do more, much more, by pushing, in their traffic, the diffusion of intoxicants throughout the world, for the support of Satan's kingdom, than they do by all their evangelistic efforts for the establishment of Christ's kingdom. The Chinese missionaries have frequently lifted up their testimony against the opium traffic, in support of which we even went to war with China. The following statement occurs in a memorial signed by seventeen chaplains and missionaries, a large number of European merchants and influential natives of various castes, and presented to the Government of Bombay some years ago:—"We believe it to be a lamentable fact in the history of British India, that the transfer of any new territory to the English Government has generally been followed by a speedy and marked increase in the number of liquor-shops, and a removal of restraints to the spread of intemperance among the people. If we mistake not, the revenue from this

source, and the prevailing intemperance, have generally soon increased manifold; and it can hardly be doubted that in this respect the territories still under native rule would compare most favourably with the English territories. This fact, so much to the prejudice of the English Government, your memorialists contemplate with pain and regret. In their view, it goes far to counterbalance the benefit which results to the people of this country from the introduction of British rule."

Nay, so great is the evil caused by the use of the "fire-water," that, as we learn from Williams' *Narrative*, and other sources, the rulers of native tribes of various places, when brought to see their true interests, have prohibited traffic therein for the protection of their people. As to my own field of labour, I can bear witness that the use of strong drink is as great a hindrance to the evangelisation of these tribes as the heathenism of the country; and this strong drink is almost entirely supplied by European traders, by far the greater part of our own countrymen. The importation of strong drink is as effectually working against our efforts, and as effectually serving the cause of the kingdom of darkness, as the idol priest, or the juju man with his dark and bloody superstitions.

When the rum cask and the Bible are presented to a heathen people, which is the more likely to be accepted? And when the former is accepted, what hope is there for the latter? We are sent forth to overthrow the wall of heathenism by the spiritual weapons furnished to us, and this barrier to the spread of the gospel is recognised and allowed for by those who mission us; but there is another bulwark of Satan's kingdom which is not recognised, quite as difficult to overthrow as the former, namely, that of strong drink. The kingdom of darkness is thus doubly protected; and let the Christian Church know the fact, and calculate on this opposition. If we do so, the wonder will not be that the gospel is making little way, but that it is making way at all. And the sad, melancholy fact remains, that this second wall of protection of Satan's kingdom against the influence of the truth, this double barrier to the spread of the gospel, is reared by men professedly Christian, nay, some of them truly amiable and

Christian men. They thus not only pull down with one hand what they build with the other, but they pull down a great deal of what is built by others.

In thus asserting that those who manufacture and diffuse intoxicants throughout heathendom do more—even the Christian men amongst them—for Satan's than for Christ's cause, I do not charge this upon them as their *purpose*. It is in the way of traffic they pour forth this river of death. They could not do so large a business without it; and they have, I daresay, never thought seriously of the matter;[1] and the evil wrought is far away out of sight. But surely we are accountable for the inevitable consequences of any course of action, whether these have entered into our design or not; and surely the pleas, "It is in the way of business," "Others will do it though we should not," should never be listened to at the bar of Christian conscience. They will not be allowed at the bar of the great Judge of all.

I feel keenly on this matter, and we have a right to remonstrate strongly. We are sent here to bring these tribes to the knowledge and obedience of the truth, and

[1] It is pleasant to be able to record instances of merchants who, on thinking seriously of the matter, have given up the traffic. Captain Lugard in his work, *The Rise of our East African Empire*, says: "Possibly my readers may not know what kind of stuff this gin is which is imported into West Africa? In Nov. 1892 I was staying with a Glasgow merchant, one of the class of men it does one good to meet—practical, honest, and straightforward. He told me that he had been engaged, not in the manufacture of the liquor, but merely in its transport; yet, when he discovered the real facts about it, he resigned all connection, however remote, with its exportation, rather than soil his hands in such traffic. A Liverpool merchant, trading with the West Coast of Africa, carried out a similar resolve. The former one day stated to a friend, that a whole case of this stuff, as it stood on the ship's deck, did not cost more than 2s. The friend was incredulous. To prove the truth of his statement, he had the exact details calculated. The total cost was 1s. 9½d. This included the wood, the making of the packing-case, the nails, bottles, corks, labels, transport charges, *and the liquor*. Deducting all the extra items, what was the cost of the actual spirit? He told me it was, absolutely and literally, *poison*" (vol. i. pp. 214–5). In the *Nat. Rev.*, March 1896, Miss Kingsley gives an analysis of a sample of trade gin, which shows 39.35 per cent. absolute alcohol.

we have given our lives to the undertaking; but we find our efforts strongly and strangely counteracted by the strong drink imported by professedly Christian men; so that not only are double means required from the benevolence of the Church, but our lives are *expended* for but half of the result which might otherwise be secured. Oh for the eloquence of a *Duff* to go through the length and breadth of the land, to awaken the Church to her duty, and, shall I say it, to her sin! When the Church is awakened, she has power to arouse the nation, to bring to an end the curse of Africa.

In a communication to the *Record*[1] Mr. Anderson observes:—

I see that Mr. Goldie's remarks[2] on the rum trade are exciting interest. It is a favourable symptom that attention is paid to such representations. When Mr. Goldie mentioned "members of the Church," I do not suppose that he meant members of the United Presbyterian Church or of any particular denomination, but simply men making a Christian profession. I do not know that the Clyde steamers are greater sinners than their sisterhood from the Mersey, but there can be no doubt of the grand fact, that *the strong drinks imported into this country from England and Scotland* (with a small quantity from Holland) form one of the chief, if not the chief of the instruments used by the Arch-Enemy for retarding or preventing the civilisation and evangelisation of the people. *But for the British rum trade*, I feel confident that long ere now the native membership of the church at Duke Town would have been reckoned by hundreds instead of tens.

In his Journal, under date Aug. 24, 1870, Mr. Anderson gives an account of a "surprise visit" to a native yard where drinking was going on. The mingled humour and pathos of the scene are vividly brought before us, and Mr. Anderson's readiness of resource and tact in turning

[1] *Record*, Dec. 1869. [2] *Record*, Aug. 1869.

the pictorial tract into a text suitable for the occasion cannot but win the admiration even of those who may not like the sermon :—

At Edĭbe-Edĭbe, west, in my forenoon rounds, I had what I do not think I ever had before—*a tipsy congregation.* I entered a large yard unexpectedly, and beheld fourteen or fifteen men, with two or three women, all in a state of great excitement, gulping down rum—I think Glasgow-made rum—with great avidity. When I appeared, jar and glasses vanished in a twinkling; and the headman among them, whose religious susceptibilities seem to have been deeply awakened by the drink, commanded order, asked me if this was God's Sunday, furnished me with two stools, one to be seat, the other to be table, and requested me with shaky politeness to speak to them the word of God. I made no allusion to their condition or to what I had seen, but drew out of my pocket a few copies of a pictorial tract entitled *Drink and Death.* The illustration presented a view of a man discovered by his friends lying either dead-drunk or drunk-dead, I can hardly say which, for really I have not read the tract; and having given a copy each to a few of the more sober members of the company who could *read the picture*, it served me as a text from which to enforce "the present truth," viz., that the drink which God provides—water—is good for body, soul, estate; and that the man-made drink—rum—is ruinous to all three. Closed as usual with invitation to all to come to church to hear the gospel.

A missionary looks at the drink traffic from a standpoint different from that of the trader or the administrator; but by an inductive study of all the facts connected with the drink traffic, I think it might be possible for missionary, trader, and administrator to find common ground for arriving at a solution of this difficult problem, which affects so profoundly the civilisation or social well-being as well as the evangelisation of native races.

The recent consular reports from West and East Africa supply valuable data. In his first "Report on the Administration of the Niger Coast Protectorate, Aug. 1891 to Aug. 1894" (Africa, No. 1, 1895), Sir Claude Macdonald refers to the evils which, he says, are "general throughout the Protectorate,"—cannibalism, twin murder, sacrifice of wives and slaves on the death of a chief, the poison ordeal, etc., many of which, in Old Calabar at least, have been virtually put a stop to wherever mission stations have been established for any length of time. But Sir Claude thinks that "the strong arm of the law of civilisation and right" is needed to "back up" the efforts of religious missions, which, he allows, "have worked persistently and well," in order to put down the evils "arising from the predominant native belief that might is right." It is curious to observe that both Consul-General and native belief, though from different standpoints, identify might or "the strong arm" with right! Civilisation and heathenism have thus one point of agreement in creed!

I quote Sir Claude's own words on the drink traffic:—

"The evils of the liquor traffic in West Africa have been much spoken of, and the fact that the revenue of this Protectorate, as well as that of all the West African Colonies, is to a great extent dependent upon this traffic, has been considerably commented upon. There is, however, something to be said on the other side. In the first place it must be remembered that this liquor traffic has formed a very considerable part of the import trade of this part, at any rate, of the West Coast for upwards of a century, and that to suddenly put a complete stop to it would very seriously affect the entire conditions of trade, if it did not paralyse them altogether, and would certainly not assist the cause of temperance to an appreciable degree; for the natives manufacture a liquor from the

palm tree which is as potent, under certain conditions, of fermentation as anything that has ever been imported into the Protectorate. In the present conditions of trade it would be impossible to substitute any other import duty without altogether ruining the trade of the Protectorate. It must be remembered that at present it is the liquor traffic that supplies a revenue which enables the Administration to deal with the many crying evils on which I have touched but too lightly, as anyone who has dwelt amidst them can testify. . . .

"From my own experience I can state that the African native would certainly appear to be fully aware of the advantages of temperance.[1] I have seen more drunkenness in some of the larger towns of Great Britain in the course of one hour than I have in the eight years I have been connected with Africa, East and West[2]; this does

[1] Sir Claude must have forgotten his experience of the chiefs of Ogrugu, as narrated by his private secretary, Captain Mockler-Ferryman, in his interesting and valuable account of Major Claude Macdonald's mission to the Niger, etc., in 1889, entitled *Up the Niger*. It is worth quoting. "The chiefs arrived soon after daylight on the following morning to get their presents, and when they had received the usual donation of cloth, the old headman thanked the Commissioner profusely, but said that he had forgotten to give them any gin. The Commissioner replied that it was against the principles of the British Government to encourage the drinking of spirits. The chief, however, was not to be denied his drink thus easily, and, after much coaxing, he and his men were allowed a glass all round to drink the Queen's health. Better hands at tossing off a tumbler of neat gin I have seldom seen" (pp. 231–2). In a footnote (p. 231) the writer says: "The importation of cheap and vile spirits into the seaboard countries of the Niger Protectorate has, for the past century or more, been the utter ruin of the natives. Most of the people of the Delta have become confirmed drunkards, and, as a consequence of intercourse with Europeans, have gone back instead of advancing in the scale of civilisation. It would be unfair while on the subject not to mention the philanthropic efforts of the Royal Niger Company in abolishing the liquor traffic in their territories." Sir G. Taubman Goldie, the Governor of the Company, has declared that there is no hope of the civilisation of the natives unless the West African liquor traffic is totally abolished.

[2] To compare the drunkenness to be seen in towns in Great Britain with that to be seen in African native towns is misleading, because the effects of drinking in Great Britain are to be seen chiefly in the streets, whereas in

not go to prove that the liquor traffic is anything but bad, but the evils thereof, I would suggest, are exaggerated; they are certainly not to be compared with those which are being suppressed by the help of the money raised by taxing the said traffic" (pp. 7 and 8).[1]

Africa it is to be seen chiefly within the yards (or compounds), though, with the progress of civilisation, as evidenced by the establishment of gin-shops in Duke Town, the effects of drinking may now be seen in the streets. It is the missionaries, who visit the yards, and take the drinkers by surprise as Mr. Anderson did, and who are acquainted with the habits of the people in a way that the consular agents do not have the same opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, who can give the most reliable testimony to the prevalence of drunkenness and to the quantities of drink, whether European or native, drunk by individuals. See Bishop Tugwell's letter in the London *Times*, May 4, 1895, in which he gives a few specimen facts out of instances "which would fill columns of *The Times* were they at my disposal." Governor Carter's reply does not disprove the Bishop's statements. It is impossible within brief compass to give the Bishop's and the Governor's facts, and the statements of such bodies as the African Trade Section of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, and the Native Races and Liquor Traffic United Committee. I can only refer those interested to the file of that invaluable paper, *The African Times*, which devotes considerable space to the subject, and, while impartially giving the views of all parties, favours what makes for the welfare of the natives. *Cf.* Miss Kingsley's Art., f.n., p. 449.

In a recent interview with a correspondent of the *Record* (quoted in *African Times*, Nov. 1896), Bishop Tugwell says of the Colony of Lagos: "I feel that efforts ought to be made to restrict the importation of spirits, especially in view of the opening up of the country by railways. In three years' time we shall have a railway from Lagos, striking northwards through the interior until it eventually joins the Niger; and unless something is done to prevent it . . . the traffic in spirits will increase enormously. It is often said that the evil is exaggerated; that you will see more drunkenness in Liverpool or London on one Saturday night than in a whole month in Lagos, and so forth. Yes, that is true; but you don't look for drunkenness in the streets of African towns, save on the occasion of some feast; people there drink in their houses, and if the critics would inspect the compounds they would tell a different tale. But we want to prevent the evil. The Africans are naturally a sober people, but they are becoming more drunken; and if the natives in the interior are to be saved, something must be done, and done at once."

[1] In Mr. Goldie's last letter to me, dated May 30, 1895, he says:—"I read with much interest your articles in *The Woman's Signal* (Ap. 11, 18, 25, 1895, on 'The Drink Traffic in the Niger Territories'). They tell of what is done beyond Calabar; and of the words you quote condemnatory of the drink traffic, those of Sir Claude's private secretary [given in the preceding footnote]

In his second Report, that for 1894–5 (Africa, No. 9, 1895), Sir Claude returns to the subject, and writes in a tone more favourable to the abolition of the traffic:—

"Could the liquor traffic be entirely and immediately done away with, and a sufficient revenue be obtained from other sources, I for one would be very glad. This much-to-be desired end is at present, and so far as this Protectorate is concerned, I regret to say, not feasible. . . . Were this spirit traffic a thing of yesterday it could be stamped out in a day; it has, unfortunately (together with firearms), formed the staple import trade of these regions for upwards of a century; to endeavour to do away with it by a stroke of the pen would, I submit, do more harm than good, and defeat the aims of the philanthropically inclined. To do away with it gradually and by slow degrees is, I think, possible and preferable. I may add that the importation of trade spirits for the year 1894–95 shows a decrease when compared with 1893–94, of 836,817 gallons, representing a loss to the revenue of £41,840, 17s." (p. 13).

This decrease, however, was due to special causes—to a bad oil season, combined with universal slackness of trade and the low prices of African produce, which brought about a falling-off in both export and import trade generally. But in the preceding years there was a progressive increase. Gin (geneva) and rum are the liquors most largely imported. The quantity of these imported in the year ending July 31, 1892, was 1,350,751

are the most severe. What Sir Claude states in his report is true; but he shows that it is nothing to the purpose, by confessing that the custom-house dues, paid chiefly by strong drink, defray the cost of the government of the Protectorate, and adopts the argument of those who defend the opium traffic, 'We cannot do without the revenue it yields.'

"You suggest that we might take action here. At last Presbytery it was agreed that a pamphlet [in Efik] be printed and circulated, giving the opinion of travellers on the evil of the traffic, and the efforts some native tribes have made for their own protection."

gallons; March 31, 1893 (eight months), 1,371,517 gallons; and March 31, 1894 (twelve months), 2,609,158 gallons. The *Missionary Record* (Oct. 1895, p. 276) remarks:—

"The rapid increase in the quantity of ardent spirits poured into the Protectorate is the chief feature of its commerce. Is this the kind of protection which a British Protectorate gives to the native races?"

The views of missionaries and administrators have been given. It is desirable also to give the views of merchants and traders engaged in the traffic. I take from the report in the *African Times* of October 1895 the remarks of a representative merchant, Mr. Ellis Edwards, who presided at a meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce on September 27. He said:—

"To my mind, the West African liquor traffic is a great evil, but it is a most difficult matter to deal with. If the British Government were alone on the West Coast of Africa, questions of quality and supply could be easily dealt with; but this is not so. We have Germans on one side and French on the other, and if we stop the importation of liquor into British colonies the bulk of our trade will pass into the hands of other nations. The business, as you know, is a peculiar one. A trader from the interior demands an assortment of goods in exchange for his produce, and if he cannot get spirits in such an assortment in one place, he will go to another where he can. In the event of such action, we should lose not only the trade in liquor, but the whole of the produce, which our foreign neighbour would get. In such circumstances, in many places on the coast, our stores might as well be closed. Some have suggested increased duties as a remedy, others a Government monopoly; but neither of these, in my view, would cure the evil. The only way of restricting the traffic would be by an international agreement as to a policy, in respect to dealing with liquor, which shall include France, Germany, Portugal, and the Congo Free

State. . . . Every unbiassed mind must admit that the importation into West Africa of alcohol in large quantities is calculated to have a most deteriorating influence upon the natives, and that it is most desirable to prevent excessive consumption. . . . The disease is of long standing, and a sudden change of policy might ruin the trade."

A Memorial[1] from the Native Races and Liquor Traffic United Committee to the Colonial Secretary, dated March 14, 1896, urged the pressing need of the adoption of more stringent measures for the prohibition or restriction of the liquor traffic, and added:—

"While strongly in favour of total prohibition as being the best and wisest course in the interests of the natives of Africa, we are not unaware of the difficulties at present lying in the way of legislation. We would call your attention to the variety of duties imposed in these colonies, which appears to us anomalous and without any apparent justification. The *minimum* duty imposed under the Brussels Act is 6½d. per gallon, but in the various Crown Colonies and Protectorates on the West Coast this sum has been increased to sums varying from 1s. to 3s. per gallon. In Great Britain, it should be remembered, the duty is 10s. 6d. per gallon. We believe, and in this opinion we are supported by experts, that even the highest of these duties is inadequate to restrict the traffic materially. We would therefore strongly urge that there should be a constantly increasing duty, commencing at not less than 4s. per gallon, and that the duty should be uniform in all the Crown Colonies and Protectorates of the West Coast." The memorialists further called attention to the resolution, passed at the Congress of the International Law Association, held in Brussels last year, appealing to the several European Powers interested in Africa, to take such action as would secure enforcement and adequate extension of the principle established in the Brussels General Act of 1890–91. The co-operation of other Powers—notably France and Germany, portions of whose territories intersected the

[1] See *African Times*, May 1896.

British territories—was desirable, and the Committee therefore ventured to impress the importance of joint action for the imposition of the higher duty recommended. Should all efforts to obtain such co-operation prove unsuccessful, the Committee asked that H.M.'s Government should take the initiative in the British Crown Colonies and Protectorates, and reminded the Secretary of State that in some cases *the appeal for prohibition and restriction came from the natives themselves.* Mr. Chamberlain replied on April 17, "that H.M.'s Government are quite ready to agree to the imposition of higher duties, but that no satisfactory settlement . . . is possible, unless the French and German Governments are also willing to increase the duties in their possessions to the same extent. H.M.'s Government are in communication with the French and German Governments, . . . but no agreement has yet been arrived at."

I shall conclude with a quotation from a remarkable article on "The Liquor Trade with West African Natives," in the *African Times* for April 1895. The *Times* is a commercial and trading chronicle, and in no way identified with temperance reform, so that its testimony is all the more striking:—

"There is no doubt in the minds of experienced and practical men that the supply of intoxicating liquor to the native races is equivalent to the demoralisation and degradation of the races concerned, and that the first condition of progress is to keep alcohol out of their reach.[1]

[1] In his interesting address on "Britain's Work in Central Africa," on Dec. 8, 1896, Sir H. H. Johnston sounds a dissentient note:—"Although I am almost fanatical in my advocation of the white man's abstaining from alcoholic stimulants in tropical countries, I do not range myself among those who assert that great harm has been done in West Africa or in South Africa by the liquor traffic. . . . I hold the opinion, strangely enough, that although alcohol is most harmful to the white man, it is in small doses actually beneficial to the negro, if he inhabits hot, low-lying districts of a malarial nature. In tropical America, I believe, the negroes have almost unrestricted access to alcoholic stimulants without any ill results. On the West Coast of Africa and

This is not a temperance fad or a philanthropic counsel of perfection. It is the judgment of unromantic men of business, that an essential preliminary to successful administration is to prevent the supply of spirits to the natives. A century ago, Adam Smith wrote of the trade in rum which the American Colonies carried on with the Coast of Africa, 'whence they bring back negro slaves in return.' The conscience of the world has since been so far aroused that the return cargo of those days is no longer possible. It is but a step further to realise the fact that to sell a man to a master who has a commercial interest in

in certain parts of South Africa, I understand it is the same; yet who can with truth assert that any of these black races have been injured thereby? Where can you find finer physical specimens of humanity than the Kruboys of West Africa or the Kaffirs of Natal? Strange to say, from my own experience, drunkenness among the negroes along the West Coast, where we hear of millions of gallons of spirits being imported, is a much less common incident than in the Protectorate of British Central Africa, where we so rigidly control the importation and sale of alcohol, that I may safely assert the negro inhabitants of this Protectorate get no strong waters from the white man." The *Scotsman*, Dec. 9, remarks: "He (Sir H. H. J.) has a large body of opinion, including the opinions of African explorers and administrators, adverse to his view that the liquor traffic has not been a serious source of harm to the black races of West and South Africa." "F.R.G.S. Scot.," in *Scotsman*, Dec. 12, writes: "The Krumen I know little of, but the Natal Kaffirs I do know, and, admitting his fine physique, I say that it is mainly due to his forced abstinence from alcoholic stimulants. . . . In the malarial districts of Portuguese tropical Africa I found the natives to be, almost without exception, more weakly and less finely developed than in the southern countries, and in these places the Portuguese place practically no restriction on the sale of drink." With regard to the Kruboys, of whom I have some personal knowledge, it is misleading to class them with the habitual dwellers in "hot, low-lying districts of a malarial nature." So much of their time is spent in their canoes on the water, or working cargo on board vessels trading on the coast and at trading beaches, that their manner of life is entirely different from those who dwell in the lagoons, or amid the mangrove swamps of the delta of the Niger, or even the estuary of the Old Calabar River. Their manner of life is as different from the other West African river and coast tribes as that of the fishermen on our Scottish coasts from that of salmon-fishers in our rivers. The Kruboys do not need drink to improve their physique, which is magnificent; and whatever be their drinking habits, which depends very much on their opportunities or temptations, I have found the Kruboys employed by our Mission temperate, as a rule, both in eating and drinking.

taking care of him, and who may be even kind, is fraught with consequences less terrible than to sell him to the domination of his own drunkenness, which in the case of the negro is surely merciless" (p. 54).

The facts and opinions which have been given form only a small contribution to that inductive and historical study of a difficult problem which appears to me to be necessary. The missionary, the trader, the administrator, the politician, and the philanthropist have all a right to be heard, and, by carefully sifting the facts and opinions brought forward by all, it will, I think, be possible to arrive at the truth of the matter, and by and by reach a satisfactory solution of the problem. There is already a considerable consensus of opinion as to the need for restriction in the interests of the natives as traders, and in the interest of other trades, such as the cotton and the hardware trade. A consensus of opinion in the interest of the natives as human beings, and in the interest of their social, moral, and spiritual welfare, is still more desirable, and is, I am persuaded, on the increase.

CHAPTER XXII

Customs New and Old—The Year of Losses, 1870

OLD customs were dying hard, and new ones were being established with difficulty. The visit of Consul Livingstone in the end of 1869 helped the reform movement of the women, but "ikpos," or devil-making, still continued to be kept up, and "big days" to be engaged in.

Sabbath, July 25, 1869.—The mail steamers seem destined to distract us a good deal Sabbath after Sabbath. The *Lagos*, however, brought Mr. Lewis to us; which we felt to be a sort of compensation for the discomposure caused by her arrival.

Sabbath, August 1.—Usual meetings and attendance. Mr. Lewis concluded the native forenoon service, and showed that he had not forgot his Efik amid his multifarious studies and engagements at home. He conducted the English service, and gave us a very suitable discourse.

Friday, 13.—An Egbo proclamation made to-day in regard to the widows of the town. The "two or three weeks" specified by King Archibong in January as the time after which they should all be set at liberty, have not yet (it seems) elapsed. They are to be kept under more restraint than ever, and are not to leave their places of imprisonment under pain of death.

Friday, Sept. 10.—In my visitations to-day at what we call Bassy Henshaw's Town, fell in with rather an unusual spectacle among the native population, viz., a mother surrounded by *six* of her children. She sent for her husband soon after I entered, or rather, had seated myself on a stool by the doorway, and I had a long *crack* with the

family. I found that the couple had had eight children, and that two of these had died in infancy. This led me to speak of the world to which their two little ones had gone, of the Great Shepherd who gathers the *lambs* in His arms and carries them in His bosom, and of what they, the parents and the other children, must do if they wished to get to that "fine country."

Tuesday, Nov. 9.—Her Majesty's ship *Growler*, with Her Majesty's Consul on board, arrived. We trust that something will be done, or at least spoken, now in behalf of our refugees, and on behalf of many still kept as prisoners in the house of the dead.

Thursday, 11.—Consul Livingstone called a general meeting of natives, missionaries, and merchants at King Archibong's this morning, for the discussion of various points on which he supposed we were all interested. The Consul spoke well on two very important matters closely connected with the progress of the people: 1st, The evils of devil-making, including the barbarity of compelling widows to continue for years as prisoners, amidst discomfort and filth; and 2nd, the propriety of women going decently dressed to market and to church. He enlarged on both points very well. The great body of the natives present were of one mind with the Consul on both points. King Archibong got very furious with me, as he considered me the instigator of all the agitation made for changes in their "country fashion." He charged me with being a great harbourer of runaways, which is in a sense true; but he wished it to appear that I am in the habit of sheltering bad slaves, i.e. *criminals*. This led me to challenge King A. and all his supporters to name a single criminal whom I had ever refused to give up to the authorities of the country when required to do so. To this challenge there was not the slightest response. As the Consul's speech was not generally understood, Mr. Goldie generously relieved me of a difficulty by getting up and delivering, in Efik, an excellent address against devil-making, and some other evils, of which the Consul's statements and counsels were used only as a groundwork.

In regard to the dress-wearing, King Archibong asked me rather sharply if I had ever known of him preventing

any woman from wearing a gown at church on Sunday. I was thankful to be able to answer, "No, King Archibong, I have never heard that you did so; but I know that your laws and customs are such that many women are afraid to put on gowns lest you make palaver with them." King Archibong responded, to the great joy of multitudes of listeners who were deeply interested in the matter, that "there is nothing to hinder any woman from wearing a gown on Sunday from her house to church, and from church to her own house."

This permission does not extend to the wearing of dresses at all times and everywhere, but it is a permission which will doubtless become expansive; and as it is a step in the right direction, we are grateful for it. Good will result from this day's *palaver*.

Saturday, 13.—Two of the "princes," as agents for King A., were early at us this morning with a message to this effect: "That King A. wishes to be good friends with me and all the Mission; and that there is only one thing makes him vexed with me, viz., that I do not always report to him when runaways come to me, and that I have allowed some of the runaway widows to get to Fernando Po."

I associated Mr. Lewis with me in the negotiations with the young men. The following extracts from documents which we exchanged will indicate the results:—

MISSION HOUSE, *Nov.* 13, 1869.

King Archibong's word sent to us this morning by P. D. and P. E. is very good, and we agree to it. It is the old bargain between town and Mission. When any slave runs away and comes to mission-house, then the missionary must tell either the slave's master, or, if he do not know who is his master, he must tell the king, and hear what both parties have to say; and when palaver is set, he must send slave back, unless the master want to punish him for nothing.

WM. ANDERSON.
D. E. LEWIS.

King Archibong II. promises that, in the event of those widows now in Fernando Po returning to Old Calabar, no palaver shall be made with them on account of leaving their husband's house or the

country, but that he will protect them from any native whomsoever, and that they shall not be prohibited or prevented from attending divine service in decent apparel every Sabbath. W. Anderson and D. E. Lewis promise, on behalf of the Mission, to do what they can to induce the widows to return to Calabar, and to place themselves under King Archibong's protection.

P. D. WM. ANDERSON.
P. E. D. E. LEWIS.
Pro KING ARCHIBONG II.

In the evening I called on the king for the first time for many months. He was quite pleasant, but I eschewed *politics*.

Friday, 19.—Rains now over. Roads dry and pleasant, and weather not yet too hot; so I spent above four hours in the forenoon in visiting the little villages or settlements on the south side of Henshaw Town. The whole district is very beautiful, but I have not yet discovered anything like a town in it. It occurs to me, however, that these beautiful roads are not kept clear for nothing, or even for a small thing. Therefore have resolved to traverse them as completely as possible during the present season.

Saturday, Dec. 4.—Usual walk round town to announce the Sabbath. The cloud which has long been gathering seems ready to break. The great devil-making for the king's brother Eyo—who died, I think, five or six years ago—is to be begun in earnest to-morrow. Saw King Archibong, and expressed to him my regret that the affair was to begin on a Sabbath. He seemed very cordial—assured me that he was very sorry for that himself—and explained that as to-morrow is the day of the Calabar week nearest the new moon, on which ikpos for *men* must necessarily begin, he could not help it; but he gave me his promise that while the ikpo continues, whatever may be going on in town,—I understand him to mean that even should Egbo be running,—nothing shall be allowed to prevent any man or woman from coming to church who may be disposed to do so. I expressed my thankfulness for this assurance; for, if honestly meant, it will lead to a great improvement on old times, when no woman dared appear on the street, and our only Sabbath congregation consisted of a few men and trembling boys.

Sabbath, 5.—Aroused early by an immense firing of cannon. Alas! our British men-of-war have taught the people that there is no evil in firing guns on the sacred day. Brilliant flags are fluttering everywhere throughout the town. We have had our usual services; but more, we have had the usual attendance, with this happy difference, that the majority present to-day has been composed of women—*native* women! This is a great improvement on bygone days.

Sabbath, 12.—Again usual services and attendance, and again the majority *women*. Between services—from 9.30 till 1.30—spent over at Bassy Henshaw's Town. A few boys were with me, and, aided by them, I went into every accessible quarter where human beings were to be found, uttered a few of the most important truths of the gospel, and offered a brief prayer. Was rather surprised when, at the close, my young lads informed me from their jottings that we had been in twenty-one places, and that our auditors, "not counting any twice over," had been 378. The town and suburbs are literally crammed at present with people from all the surrounding quarters, who have come either to make or see the ikpo.

Thursday, 16.—To-morrow being a big Egbo day, I gave our young people their Christmas holidays a day earlier than was purposed. Very poor this time in the *prize* line—no books, no pictures, no toys, no dresses. I made a distribution of a few of our fine new native books to a number of the most deserving. Distributed also a few fish-hooks and teaspoons.

Saturday, 18.—According to the days of the Calabar week, one of the biggest plays of the occasion fell to be held to-morrow, but feel grateful that King Archibong has been prevailed on by Europeans and natives to postpone it till Monday. To show our appreciation of this concession, the most of the Europeans gratified the native gentlemen this evening by becoming for a while spectators of their exhibition. The crowd itself, which could hardly be below 8000, was to me a most interesting and affecting spectacle. Time after time I sighed out to those near me, "Oh to have all these to preach to to-morrow!"

Sabbath, 19.—Attendance not so good to-day. Symptoms of exhaustion seem visible everywhere. There has been a very large amount of drinking, though I have not seen a single person drunk. Drinking, dancing, whirling, night-watching, and excitement, are now in the case of multitudes succeeded by great languor. I have never seen such a sleepy congregation in Calabar as I had this morning, and I told them so.

Monday, 20.—With most of the Europeans near, went this evening to see the play which was postponed from yesterday. There was a splendid display of silk, beads, ribbons, and large parti-coloured umbrellas. We felt it but right to countenance their harmless tomfoolery by looking at it for a little—on this ground: They had done what they considered a great thing to please us; why should we not do what we consider a very small thing in order to please them?

Thursday, 23.—Great women's dance to-day. The burden of the affair seems now to be over. Matters have been more comfortable during its progress than we could at one time have expected. King Archibong has in this matter kept his promise, for I have not heard of either man or woman being kept from church or prayer meeting since its commencement.

Friday, 31.—The *great* devil-making only terminated two days ago. Another affair of the kind begins to-day, viz., that for the king's son Efium, who was, while he lived, one of the very best of our schoolboys. His ikpo, however, will be but a small affair. During the late celebration we were teased time after time by reports of persons being killed for the dead. On one occasion it was confidently reported that the representatives of an Ibo tribe were in the town, who refused to eat any flesh save human, and that King Archibong had actually given them a man to eat. The river gentlemen as well as myself have made all diligent inquiry into the matter, but we have not discovered any foundation for the report. The Duke Town gentlemen deny that the king had done what was imputed to him; but, unhappily, the humanity and veracity of a number of them are pretty much on a par—neither the one nor the other being *absolutely*

beyond suspicion; so that such stories, even when they cannot be proved, cause us a good deal of painful solicitude. . . .

1869 is fast passing away. Oh that to-morrow may introduce the best New Year that Calabar has ever seen! Of 1870 may it be recorded in the annals of eternity, in regard to every station and every preaching-place in the whole land, and that in reference to multitudes, "This man and that man were born *then*, this man and that man were born *there*! Amen."

The year 1870 opened hopefully. One new ordained agent—the Rev. John Granger—was added to the staff, and left for Calabar on March 4. But ere the end of the year he and Messrs. Timson and Lewis died, and the losses "created a crisis in the history of the Mission."

Monday, Jan. 3.—Resumed school to-day, after a fortnight's vacation. Most of our young people here dislike vacations.

Sabbath, 9.—Thirty years have passed away since I first addressed a black congregation. I find that during these long years I have discovered nothing more interesting to myself, or to those who have heard me, than the simple truths of the grand old gospel. I felt a favourite—"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve"—as new and refreshing to my own mind to-day, and also to my Calabar congregation, as it was to me, and appeared to be to a Jamaica congregation, in January 1840.

Friday, 28.—Ephraim Duke, who has been one of the leading men of the town for twenty years, died this morning—another victim of rum.

Saturday, 29.—Round town as usual afternoon. Found a number of the people solemnised on account of the death of Ephraim Duke. Some of his boon companions look grave, admit that drink killed him, and forthwith go to the rum bottle for consolation. Many, many a Sabbath has the word been preached to Ephraim in his own house. In one respect he was better than his neigh-

bours, for he generally summoned his wives to hear along with himself; but, alas! the word never seemed to profit him.

Sabbath, 30.—After forenoon service in church, went to Edïbe-Edïbe (north) and Henshaw Town. Met about forty people in all, to whom I spoke of guilt and mercy. Fell in with one woman, very sick; but, to my delight, found that her mind was pretty well stored with gospel truth, and that she seemed to be leaning on the one Saviour as her support in the day of trouble. She had been for some time, unobserved by me, an attender at our town meetings, and had also learned a good deal from Mrs. Sutherland. I could not well explain why I walked out to that quarter to-day till I saw this poor sick woman; but when I left her I could say to the youth who accompanied me, "It must have been the Holy Spirit who moved me to come here to-day, that I might do a little good to this woman, and get a little good from her." I remembered that it is written, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

Monday, Feb. 7.—Delighted to-day by a visit from Bishop Crowther and Rev. Mr. Caiger from Sierra Leone.

Sabbath, 13.—Mr. Caiger preached in the afternoon to the English congregation. This enabled me to go over the creek at midday, when I called at twenty-three houses, and had a little serious talk with about 180 persons.

Friday, 25.—Out among the farms of Efut and Edïbe-Edïbe about seven hours to-day. I find no towns or even villages in the district, but am glad to see that there is a desire on the part of many to have a schoolroom and a teacher within an easy distance from their dwellings. A *worker* might do well in such a locality. To a *drone* it would be quite an elysium.

Tuesday, March 1.—At Henshaw Town forenoon. Sorry to see a great devil-making being carried on for our late church member, John Sago. I could assure his mother, his sister, and his widow, that if John were only allowed to come and speak to them he would at

once put a stop to all their nonsense. But, "It be we fashion."

Sabbath, 6.—King Archibong and several of his friends attended church to-day—the first time for years. It was his violation of the Sixth Commandment which led to a rupture of the friendly relations which had subsisted between him and me. I could not help regarding it as a *coincidence*, that, owing to his entrance while the congregation were repeating the Moral Law, the first salutation he heard from 250 voices, after taking his seat, was, "God says, Thou shalt not kill." He and his friends were very attentive during the whole of the services, especially during the dispensing of baptism, which was a new thing to them.

Tuesday, *April* 5.—Glad to welcome a new brother—Rev. Mr. Granger—to this field of labour.

Sabbath, 10.—The twenty-fourth anniversary of the arrival of the Mission. Preached in Efik, forenoon, from Isaiah xxi. 10, on what I represented as the motto of Christian minister or missionary: "That which I have heard of the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, have I declared unto you." I gave a brief account of the origin and early days of the Mission. Glad that King Archibong was present (for the fifth Sabbath morning, with the exception of one day, when he was sick) and heard what I had to say on the matter. I could ask all present, with a good conscience, if we in the Mission had not made it our great and constant endeavour to prevail on all in the country to hear and obey the word of the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel. Mr. Granger, who had newly arrived, preached a capital sermon in the evening from that other motto, "For me to live is Christ." Glad that we had what we consider a good turn-out of Europeans. They seem to share with me the opinion that in Mr. Granger we have "the right man in the right place."

Tuesday, *May* 10.—On an exploring expedition in the Efut quarter from 8.30 A.M. till 2 P.M. Fell in with several settlements, the inhabitants of which seem delighted by a first visit from a white man.

Thursday, 12.—Our preparatory meeting for Communion on Sabbath. Dr. Robb and Mr. Edgerley

happening to be "within the bounds," kindly took part in the service.

Tuesday, 17.—Somewhat amused while on a visit this forenoon to Henshaw Town. I observed that our little friend, who glories in the appellation of *Captain* Duke, had procured a pair of smith's bellows and a large assortment of blacksmith's tools, and I asked him what he meant to do with them, seeing that there was no smith at hand. He replied quite coolly, "Oh, I done send to Enyöng to buy one blacksmith"! The artisans of our native land may well be grateful that, whatever other hardships they may be called on now and then to endure, they are not liable to be sold or bought in any other way than by voluntary, temporary contract, and that, too, only in reference to their *work*, not in reference to body and soul.

Wednesday, 18.—Must plead guilty of being "an observer of times." Remembering to-day that twenty-two years have elapsed since we left our mountain home in Jamaica. While feeling quite *at home* in Africa, and willing to spend and be spent for the benefit of those around us, we often think and speak of the Gem of the Caribbean, its lofty mountains and luxuriant valleys, its glorious sunrisings and sunsets, its crowded sanctuaries and hallowed Sabbaths. Our last look at Rose Hill church through tear-bedimmed eyes from the road on Woodside Hill, and the weeping company of old and young who travelled with us from our little manse to Port Maria, on the 18th of May 1848, are still fondly remembered by us.

On June 10 Mr. Timson died of pleurisy at Ikoneto, after twelve years' service in Calabar.

Saturday, *June* 11.—We were startled shortly after the hour of noon by the intelligence of the death of Mr. Timson. He left this place last Saturday to all appearance in his usual state of health, and this afternoon he is in his grave!

Monday, 20.—Held our English prayer meeting this evening, on account of Messrs. Granger and Lewis being

about to leave this station—Mr. Granger[1] for Ikoneto, Mr. Lewis[2] for Old Town.

Monday, July 11.—Resumed school-work, after a fortnight's vacation, under a new arrangement. At a station like this, with (it is supposed) about 6000 people in our immediate neighbourhood, it would be well that *at least* one active, enterprising, well-trained European teacher, willing to devote all his time and energies to school-work, be permanently stationed. The missionary, when there is but one, would find the other work of the station sufficient for all the time and strength he can devote to it. As matters are, we must just do the best we can ; and our new arrangement is, that William Cobham take charge of the school

[1] Mr. Granger died at Ikoneto of fever on December 9, 1870.

[2] Mr. Lewis died on August 9. Mr. Anderson wrote of him in a letter dated August 15, 1870: "Our departed brother came to Old Calabar for the first time early in 1865, and spent three years here. He then went home for the double purpose of recruiting the bodily frame and prosecuting his studies with a view to ordination. He returned to us in the end of July last year, and was associated with me at this station till the third week of June, when he left Duke Town for the purpose of occupying Old Town, left vacant of Europeans by the departure for home of Dr. and Mrs. Robertson. When his removal to Old Town was first mooted, I was disposed to object to the measure ; but as soon as I saw that he expected ordination on going to that station, and that he considered his declining to go thither would be equivalent to an indefinite postponement of his ordination, I dropped all objection, and did what I could to forward his views."

Mr. Goldie wrote: "He was a man of much energy and life, giving himself earnestly to his duties, and at the same time diligent in his studies here and during his furlough at home, with a view to ordination. Of late he had an addition to all this. He expected Mrs. Lewis to join him with their youngest child, and set himself industriously to repair, with the aid of a carpenter, a house at Duke Town, so as to commence housekeeping when she came. This he had got accomplished when Dr. Robertson's leaving for home called him to Old Town, and he immediately set-to to put the house in order there. I have no doubt that these labours induced sickness, which has had the sad result we now lament, and which furnishes a warning. Mr. Z. Baillie laboured diligently in manufacturing bricks, and in building a church and dwelling-house, and when he had finished them went home to die. Mr. Timson had just got into his new house at Ikoneto, in the building of which . . . he had necessarily much labour and harassment, when disease laid hold on him, which speedily issued in death. All victims to overwork."—*Record*, November 1870.

A.M., while I attend to household visitation and other work ; and that I take the school P.M., while William officiates as a Scripture reader in town and elsewhere.

Saturday, 16.—A long conversation with King Archibong, during which I made a strong remonstrance in regard to *Egbo* being abroad on Sabbath. He reiterated his assurances that no Egbo runner would molest any person, man or woman, on the way to or from church on God's day. "But when they hear the Egbo bell, they are afraid to venture out ; and how are they to know that they will not be molested, unless they have your promise made *to them* on the subject?" No reply. "The best thing you can do is to stop all Egbo proceedings on God's holy day."

Monday, *August* 8.—A sad bereavement to-day. Mr. Lewis died at Creek Town about 12.30 P.M. He meant to come here for a change on Friday last, but was prevented by the delay of the boat in which he was to come down the river. But for this delay, his last days would have been spent—where the most of his time in Calabar has been spent—with us at Duke Town. He is greatly lamented by the people here, especially by the invalids, as he has done a good deal in the *doctoring* line lately.

Sabbath, 14.—Both A.M. and P.M. endeavoured to improve the departure of Mr. Lewis. Intimated that I looked on Mr. Lewis's death as a trumpet-call to all the young men to prepare for their change. "We old men may be called on to bury a number of you youngsters ere our time come. European attendance good, and a great improvement in the river. *No work going on, though a steamer here.* The steamer's captain and several of his officers and men worshipped with us. This is as it should be.

In a letter dated August 15, 1870, Mr. Anderson records the death of Mr. D. E. Lewis, and then goes on to say :—

"The question will force itself on my attention, What effect is likely to be produced on the minds of the young men of the Church by our repeated bereavements? I cannot help fearing that in the case of some the effect will be injurious. I do fear that the deaths of our junior

brethren will have a tendency to damp the *missionary zeal* of some of both students and preachers, who, had our clime been notably healthy, would have been disposed to cast in their lot with us. But this ought not to be the case. The things that have befallen us should, I think, rather *fire* young men of holy zeal and generous aspirations, and impel them to rush to the rescue. It would be a grand triumph for Satan were the evil spirits who hover around 5 Queen Street, especially during this month and the next, able to report in Pandemonium that they had played their cards so well that not a student or a preacher of the United Presbyterian Church will venture forth to be "baptized for the dead" in Old Calabar. How gratifying to the Arch-Enemy to learn from his subtle emissaries that they had thoroughly *frightened* Mr. A., who had repeatedly on his knees vowed to devote himself to the work of the Lord in Old Calabar as a missionary; and Mr. B., who once purposed to go there as a doctor; and Mr. C., who had once resolved to offer his services to the Mission as a teacher and evangelist! But I hope and trust that there are among your young men right noble and heroic spirits, who will not allow themselves to be made the laughing-stocks of the devils—that there are Messrs. D. and E. and F. and G., of whom the tempters will be constrained to confess that they can make nothing, seeing that they are as stubborn and mulish as the veteran who hailed of old from Tarsus in Cilicia; who have imbibed so much of his spirit, that they are actually declaring to all who would dissuade them from their purpose, "We are ready, not only to suffer, but to die in Calabar, for the name of the Lord Jesus." Should not this be the spirit of every soldier of the cross?

Did any of Havelock's Own falter when led on to the rescue of countrymen and countrywomen in Lucknow? Did that noble man, James Braidwood, captain of the London Fire Brigade, shrink from effort because firemen had fallen at their post on previous occasions? Did any of the Light Brigade—the immortal Six Hundred—flinch when the trumpet summoned them "to the charge"? Did lifeboat crew ever turn a deaf ear to the strain, "Man the lifeboat"?

And shall the cadets of the army of the Captain of salvation remain unmoved, when from the graves of departed comrades the cry is shouted by comrades worn and weary, "Come over and help us"?

Years have passed away since I read with deep interest the graphic account given in the newspapers of the presentation by the Queen in person of the Crimean medals to the heroes who had returned from the scenes of conflict and of victory. The question occurred to me at the time —it has often occurred to me since—Did any of these brave men on that great day, when—in the presence of masses of the population, including princes and princesses of the blood, the *élite* of Britain's nobles and legislators, and multitudes of young soldiers who had never "seen service"—they received from Her Majesty's own hand their well-earned decorations, express or feel anything like *regret* for having fought and bled for their country and their Queen? I trow not. Another scene opens on the view—a greater day, a greater assemblage, a greater Sovereign—and on that day, "when the King comes in His glory, seated upon the throne of His glory, and all the holy angels with Him," with the crown of righteousness to bestow upon all His faithful followers, will there be a single feeling of regret in the minds of any of His servants, soldiers, missionaries, or martyrs, because they have done too much or suffered too much for Him? I feel convinced that, if it be possible for any painful feeling to enter into the hearts of any of the human inhabitants of the world of glory, the only reason of its existence would be that the subject of it had done so little, expended so little, endured so little, for the sake of Him who sits in the midst of the throne.

I borrow a sentiment from a Jamaica brother, greatly beloved: "Crowns, immortal crowns, are to gained here"—in Old Calabar. Let not those who might be—who should be—candidates for the golden honours throw their opportunity lightly away.

Our bereaved sister, Mrs. Lewis, who arrived yesterday, August 23, in the mail steamer, and who considers the best thing she can do is to return home by the same steamer, came to spend the afternoon with us. Our

evening prayer meeting was held with special reference to her and her little ones. Mr. Edgerley and Mr. Burnett (Primitive Wesleyan brother from Fernando Po) took part in the service.

Friday, 26.—As the *Mandingo* did not leave till 3 P.M. to-day, we have had the pleasure—though pleasure tinged with sadness—of Mrs. Lewis's company for two whole days. She is wonderfully supported. Partly to take up her attention, and partly that she might have something more of Calabar to remember than her sorrows, I took her round Duke Town A.M. to-day, calling on King Archibong and on several other gentlemen. All showed her the deepest sympathy and the greatest kindness.

With reference to the losses, the Rev. Dr. MacGill, the Foreign Mission Secretary, in the paragraphs prefatory to the Report for 1870 regarding the Calabar Mission, wrote :—

Of few men connected with our Church did it seem more fit to say that they were indispensable, than of William Timson, David Lewis, and John Granger. These three missionaries have been removed in quick succession, an inadequate number having been left behind; and it is one of the hardest problems given to be worked out by the Mission Board, to find others to be helpers of the living, or the successors of the dead. For a decade of years we have been asking for ordained missionaries whom we might send to Calabar. During that time we have sent *one*, and he has died. Within that period, indeed, others have been sent—a medical missionary and two teachers; and of this class of agents previously in the field, two have been ordained, the one of whom [W. Timson] has been taken, and the other [S. H. Edgerley] left. Of this same class, whose preparatory studies for the ministry have been conducted, not in this country, but in Calabar, there were two, one of whom is hopefully advancing, and the other, having finished his preparations, was on the eve of his ordination. He [D. E. Lewis] has been taken, and the other [James Lawson] has been left. We have other faithful agents in

the field, but only four ordained missionaries [Anderson, Goldie, Robb, and Edgerley], who have all been there for periods varying from fourteen to twenty-four years. This remnant of four evangelistic missionaries, out of seven, is all that remains of the primary agency, *which the Church has virtually bound herself to supply, in taking and keeping possession of such a field*, and in saying over it to the Hearer of prayer, "Thy kingdom come." All missions must contend with death as certainly as with sin; and surely we must not faint in our warfare in a time like this, when the same six months which tell us of three missionaries falling in our front rank in the *mission* field, in the service of Christ, tell us of many more than three hundred thousand not refusing to fight or to fall, in the battlefield, in the service of an earthly nationality. In such days we are not to lay down the weapons of our warfare and to confess that our courage is gone.

God tries and tests the Churches as well as the nations; and when He has smitten our most difficult mission once and again and a third time . . . we are called to humiliation, but not to cowardice. . . . We may take occasion from these sad events to inquire whether they be not rebukes, and whether the very number we send, or fail to send, to Old Calabar, is not an index of the lack of zeal in the heart of the Church, and of the restraint of prayer.

Are we not too prone to find the only explanation of our disappointments in the malignity of the climate? . . . We cannot say that one of our lamented brethren would have been still in life had they been ministers at home.

The Church dares not yield to these untoward events, but must meet them with increased prayer and courage, as well as wise precaution. Each of the brethren who has laid down his life in that land has said, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." In the same spirit the surviving brethren are meeting the crisis, and are calling for an addition of one medical and four evangelistic missionaries, and the question remains, Is the Church prepared, and has she

men among our students, our licentiates, and our younger ministers, ready to be baptized for the dead, and to obey this call?

In support of the Appeal from the Presbytery of Biafra, Mr. Goldie wrote:—

In 1864 eight ordained missionaries were in the field; nor was that number in any degree beyond the requirements of the Mission. Now there are only four. . . . With a wider field under cultivation, we have but one-half of the labourers. Two consequences result from this: the work unduly presses on those who remain, while at the same time it is necessarily less efficiently discharged.

The four are all needed to supply present vacancies. And we must look beyond these. Mr. Anderson and myself cannot hope to be continued very much longer in the field, and it will take a new-comer from one to two years to gain a ready use of the language, so as to be able efficiently to take charge of a station.

Mr. Anderson, who was working without male European assistance, wrote in his Report:—

Unless help be sent soon in the shape of one or two vigorous, valorous young men,—if accompanied by young women of kindred spirit and energy, so much the better,—I fear that ground will be lost rather than gained at Duke Town.

Both Mr. Goldie and Mr. Anderson survived in active service those then in the field in Calabar, and, with the exception of Messrs. Beedie and Cruickshank, those who entered the service up to the date of their death in 1895, when they left the staff of ordained men reduced as it had never been since 1870. Since September 1892 there has been no addition to the *ordinary* staff of ordained European missionaries, when nine in active service stood on the

roll, and eight were in the field. Since that date, two, Messrs. Mackenzie and Goldie, have been removed by death; and three, Messrs. Luke, M'Donald, and Marwick, no longer connected with that mission; leaving four, Messrs. Beedie, Cruickshank, Deas, and Dean, one of whom, Mr. Beedie, is on furlough, and another, Mr. Deas, at present (December 1896) in charge of the Training Institute, available for station work. Duke Town is at present in charge of a recently-arrived medical missionary; Creek Town has an ordained and a medical missionary at it, and Ikörófiöng an ordained missionary; Ikoneto and Adiabo are in charge of native pastors; but Ikòtana, Emuremura, and Ungwana are vacant of any European agents at all—a crisis graver than that of 1870.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Rebuilding of Henshaw Town—Illness of King Archibong II.—The Blood-men in Duke Town—Interposition of the Court of Equity—Death of Eyo VI.

Sabbath, Jan. 1, 1871.—Usual meetings and attendance. How much reason have I for gratitude on review of the past year! My strength scarcely now what it was a few years ago. On Sabbath, November 27th, I was able to take only a part in the services of the day: but how many brethren would be glad were they able to record to-day, "Unfit for full duty only one Sabbath during the past year"! But I can do more than this. I can gratefully acknowledge that I have been unfit for duty only one Sabbath during, I think, the past twelve or thirteen years. Must recall, too, to-night the bereavements of the Mission during the past year. The youngest taken—the oldest left. There is a mystery here; but to my mind the mystery consists more in what has been permitted by Providence to befall us, than in what has been absolutely inflicted on us. How many bereaved families in Germany and France to-day adoring the hand of Providence in their losses, yet marvelling that the demon of war should have been let loose on them for the gratification of a very few individuals! Whatever they may think of the policy of William and Napoleon, they ought to be ready to say, "Just and true are *Thy* ways, Thou King of saints!"

In a letter of 16th January Mr. Anderson wrote:—

I have dated this from Duke Town *Manse*. We are now in the new premises which, in 1866, we were authorised to have erected. I still like the old house better. The

expense has been three times more than I could have wished; but the house is by far the best and the strongest in the country, and fifty years hence (in 1921) it may prove to have been the cheapest.

At the beginning of 1871 Dr. Robb spent some time under the roof of Mr. Anderson, where he passed through an attack of fever—"an experience," remarks the *Record*, "he has often had before, especially during the first forty months after his arrival from Jamaica, his residence in which did not render him proof against the malaria of Africa, though he did not succumb to it." The *Record* for June 1871 contains the following:—

> He (Dr. R.) glances at the question, whether we should not look again for [European] agents to Jamaica, and mentions the following suggestive facts: that there have been connected with the Calabar Mission nineteen persons domiciled in the tropics, only three of whom have died; and that of fifteen who came direct from Europe ten are dead, the surviving five being females, including two who with their husbands are now in Britain.

The Mission Board has never tried the experiment of sending volunteers for Calabar to Jamaica for a year or two as a preparation for Africa. To make the test a real one, recruits would need to be sent to the low-lying malarial districts, not to the healthy hill-stations. Mr. Jameson suffered from fevers in Jamaica, and died of fever in Calabar, and it appears to me not improbable that he might have died of fever had he remained in Jamaica. Both Messrs. Anderson and Goldie were several times at death's door from fever in Calabar, though they seem to have enjoyed good health in Jamaica; and Dr. Robb himself, owing to fevers, had eventually to leave Calabar and return to Jamaica. Organic soundness and good

general health, with Providence and prudence to guard them, are the physical requisites for Calabar.

We return to Mr. Anderson's Journal.

Sabbath, Feb. 5.—A day of rather special interest. Mr. Esien Ukpabio preached the morning sermon. A very excellent discourse it was, and listened to with respect and interest by the native audience. The *caste* feeling is nothing here compared with what it seems to be in India, but is sufficiently strong to be mischievous at times. The freemen of this morning's audience did not appear to despise the message or messenger, though they well knew that he had once belonged to the humblest class in the community.

Friday, 17.—Present at an interesting conference between the young men of Henshaw Town and our esteemed friend Captain Hopkins, at present Acting Consul for Her Britannic Majesty in this part of the world. Henshaw Town lies about half a mile from the mission premises, nearly south by west. It has been a mere village ever since I came to the country, though in old days it was a town of some importance. Lately, some of the young men, whose forefathers dwelt there, have returned to the locality, and begun "to rebuild the old wastes." Whatever occurs within half a mile of the mission premises must be a matter of interest to the missionary and to the Mission.

King Archibong has sanctioned the rebuilding of the town, but the young men fear that he would not sanction several regulations which they wish to make, such as—that twins shall be treated like other children; that substitutionary punishment be strictly prohibited; that women shall be permitted to wear clothes at all times; that no work or marketing or Egbo procedure be permitted on the Sabbath, etc. Hence their anxiety for the moral support of Her Majesty's Consul and the European residents and traders. Captain Hopkins seems to be very much of my own mind in the matter, viz., that "Young Calabar" should receive every encouragement in his project, *always provided* that he abstain from doing anything which might justly be construed as an act of rebellion against King Archibong.

Saturday, 18.—Round town as usual, announcing the Sabbath. Saw King Archibong for the first time for several weeks. He has been very unwell. Spoke a little of the importance of preparing for the great change. He hears in silence, but evidently disregards what is said.

Friday, 24.—Went round town to-day to announce Sabbath, that it might not be said, as hinted last Saturday, that Egbo arrangements had been made in ignorance that next day was Sabbath. Talked seriously, perhaps severely, to King Archibong about this perpetual interruption to our work by Sabbath profanation by Egbo. I said, "King Archibong, all men know that you are sickly. Now, I know that here—and I think that in some places at home too—we Christians beg God plenty for you; we ask Him to make you well, and to spare your life for a long time; but I tell you the truth, King Archibong: when I hear about Egbo coming up so often on Sunday—and he can't do so if you no will—the thought comes into my head, Perhaps we Christians must change our prayer, and say to God, 'O God! it be no use to beg any more for King Archibong, for he no will to hear what Thou sayest, and he no will to stop his Egbo from spoiling Thy holy day. Better take him away, and give Calabar another king, who will help us to do Thy work, and will not allow old fashions to stop that work.' Now, King Archibong, do you wish me to pray so in church on Sunday, and to beg all my Christian friends at home to pray so?" A most emphatic, "No, I no want that," was the reply. "Then you must not let us be troubled any more on God's day." "Nothing will trouble you next Sunday."

Friday, March 3.—King Archibong kept his word. No Egbo annoyance last Sabbath.

Sabbath, 5.—Communion again round. A very comfortable day, save for the heat. Had the curiosity to take a thermometer with me to the pulpit in the afternoon, at 3.30: when about to commence Efik discourse it stood at 97°, at the commencement of the English service 96°.

Saturday, 11.—King Archibong began to expatiate to me to-day, on my weekly visit, about the presumption of the Henshaw Town "boys" in wishing to have a king for themselves. He "no will for that." "But, King Archi-

bong, these 'boys' no ran away from Duke Town; I think they tell you before they begin to build Henshaw Town." "Yes, but they no tell me they want to have a king for themselves." "But, King Archibong, you often say that every man be king in his own house in Calabar; so, if two or three houses join in one, say they want headman for all of them, what harm in that?" "They want to do bad thing for us in Old Calabar; we no well." I knew what the hint referred to, having been informed by others. King Archibong and friends fear that Henshaw Town men contemplate some changes in Egbo, and that, if a headman be recognised among them by Europeans, they will be wanting a share of the komey (or tribute) paid by the shipping. I said to King A. that I thought the young men wanted to do good, and not evil, to Calabar. "They tell me five things they want to do in their town: they want to stop all idiong (sacrifices to idols or imaginary deities). Well, you be a man for idiong; but suppose George Duke or any man in Duke Town tell you he no will make idiong in his own house, will you compel him to do so?" "No." "Then (2) they want their women to wear proper clothes; do you want to stop that?" "No, but that no be we fashion." "True, but the young men want to begin God's fashion, which they can't keep in another man's town. And (3) they want to stop all work, all play, all Egbo, on God's day, that man may have nothing to do on God's day but do God's work, hear His word, etc. Anything bad in that?" "No, I no want anything to spoil God's Sunday." "Then (4) they no want to kill or send away twins. And (5) they no want to flog or to kill one man because his master or some other man do wrong. I think all these five things are quite right, and that you, King Archibong, no will try to make them do what is wrong." "No." "Well, that is all that they tell me they want to do; they no want to have king past you, or king same as you. In our country every town has its headman (mayor or provost), and its own particular fashions, but Queen is over all. So, suppose Henshaw Town have its own fashions and its own headman, it is only one town; you be king for country." "We see what come up by and by."

Tuesday, 25.—Took Mrs. Anderson[1] on board the *Biafra* in the evening, bade her farewell for a time, and bade adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Roe, who are returning by same vessel to their island home, Fernando Po.

Wednesday, 26.—At Consul's court, held on board one of the trading vessels. King Archibong and friends were prevailed on, I am happy to say, very easily, to enter into treaty for the abolition of substitutionary punishments. Henshaw Town application was then taken into consideration. The young men stated their wishes, purposes, and claims in a very masterly way, but it was evident that King A. suspected that they meant more than they expressed. He heard their statements, however, with great good temper; he seemed, indeed, to be in exceedingly good humour; but "we no will for two kings, for we be all one family," was the most that could be got from him and his supporters.

Sabbath, 30.—Induced by King A.'s remark, above quoted, to pay particular attention to the Henshaw Town part of the congregation, and I noticed that more young men came to church from the small village of Henshaw Town than from the large town of Duke Town; that they are much better dressed than their Duke Town cousins; and that more of them use their books during the service. I am sorry to say that none of them are Church members —I think all are polygamists; yet a community under such regulations as they propose to make would be a great advance on such a place as Duke Town, as it has been for at least a quarter of a century. I trust that they will be enabled to conduct their affairs with discretion, and that they will be successful in wresting themselves from the grasp of Duke Town heathenism.

Friday, *May* 5.—Just got to Henshaw Town in time to save a poor woman's life. Heard a sound of wailing in one of the houses as for the dead. On stepping into the yard, found a woman lying partly beside, partly over, what

[1] Mrs. Anderson, who left Old Calabar for Scotland in poor health, returned in September greatly benefited by her visit. "Few have done or continue to do more self-denying and efficient service for Old Calabar than Mrs. Anderson" (*Record*, Oct. 1871).

appeared to be the dead body of another woman, and lamenting bitterly the death of her sister. She kept hammering away with her fists on the head and chest of the supposed corpse, bawling the while, "Give me back my sister." Some other women were loitering about, viewing the scene with utter indifference. I stood for a little, overawed by the sacredness of sorrow, and marvelling at this new way of manifesting grief for a departed relative. But, lo! when there was a lull of the tempest for a few seconds, the corpse opened its eyes! I suspected something amiss, and demanded an explanation, when I was informed that last evening the fellow-slave (hence claimed as *sister*) of the screaming mourner had gone out on the river in a small canoe, in company with the woman whom I had looked on as dead, and that in a little while the so-called "sister" had been seized and killed by a crocodile, whilst her companion escaped. On her appearance in the morning without her companion, the poor woman had been seized by this frantic damsel, and beat till nearly dead, every *thud* being accompanied by the cry which had arrested my attention, "Give me back my sister." The half-murdered woman was the slave of a different family from that of her assailant. She was renewing her operations, but stopped on my declaring that, if she laid her hands on that woman again, I should use my influence to get her hanged. The poor victim was speechless, and all but pulseless. A few blows more would have finished her, and about half a dozen of other grown-up women looking on with utter unconcern! I gave them a volley of my *best* Efik. I then got hold of the young men, reported what I had seen and heard, prescribed as I best could for the poor victim, and had the satisfaction of seeing the termagant sitting fast bound hand and foot to a large post when I was leaving the town. I knew that she would not be too severely dealt with.

Saturday, 6.—Usual turn round town afternoon. King Archibong asked me if to-morrow be God's day. "Yes." "I am sorry for that; for big Egbo must live for Antaro Young's devil." "Well, king, you know what God says about His day." "Yes; I will try to stop him." He at

once called one of his young men, and sent to the head of the Young family, to say that as to-morrow is God's day, he had better put off the big Egbo till Thursday, *i.e.* till the return of the Calabar day of the same name as to-morrow.

I also went off to the same gentleman. He is one of the old school. He represented to the king's messenger, and also to me, that he had his goats all ready for the feast; that multitudes of visitors from other places expected the chop to-morrow, so that he must keep the day; but as it would be God's Sunday, he would not wish any Idem (Egbo runner) to parade the streets, so that no one who wishes to go to church shall be molested by the way. Even this concession, when compared with former days, is matter of thankfulness.

Sabbath, 7.—The young men of Henshaw Town took a strong measure to-day in the right direction. They had made a proclamation yesterday that they would allow no water to be carried from their spring to-day. Notwithstanding the proclamation, a multitude of Duke Town damsels went as usual at low water for their accustomed burdens, but found the spring fenced in and its gate locked, so that they had to return to their homes with empty jars, or else go to Duke Town spring for water, which, however, is not so well liked as that from Henshaw Town.

Sabbath, 21.—A day of solemn interest. Text, native service, A.M., Isa. xliv. 3, 4, 5. After sermon, four of our young people—two male and two female—were received into Church fellowship by the ordinance of baptism.

Monday, 29.—King Archibong seriously ill. He summoned a meeting of gentlemen to-day, at which he implored them to aid him in discovering who was killing him with ifŏt (witchcraft). No one could tell him who was doing so; but they issued a proclamation to this effect: that whoever it be who is making the king sick, he must put away the ifŏt at once!

Tuesday, 30.—King A. sent portions of his clothes to-day to his brother, Adam Archibong, for distribution among the various families in town, that the mbia-idiong connected with these families may try to discover who is

causing the sickness. It is rumoured that the "blood-men" are to be appealed to. The town-people, especially those belonging to the families of Queen Archibong, Prince Duke, the Eyambas, Iron Bar, etc., are evidently alarmed, and consider that mischief is brewing.

Friday, June 2.—Great *idiöng* made by the Eyamba family to-day. The abia-idiong hints that one of King A.'s female domestics is the cause of his illness; but, from prudential considerations, it is agreed not to report her.

Saturday, 3.—The Duke family made *idiöng* to-day, which pointed to same author of illness as did yesterday's operations, namely, to one of the king's female domestics. This was reported to him to-day; but when he heard it he became quite furious,—declared that it could be none of his own people, and named several parties whom he himself suspected of damaging him with iföt—Queen Archibong, Ephraim Adam, Prince Duke, Prince Eyamba, and Okien, and one or two more. The gentlemen hurried away from the conference rather unceremoniously. The blood-men belonging to King A.'s clan now pouring into town. The king has named the above parties to some of his underlings; and they are declaring that, if they can lay hands on any of the parties named, they will hang them at once, as the Creek Town blood-men did Egbo Eyo. Took my usual walk round town in the afternoon, to announce Sabbath. All the town in commotion; all preparing weapons of war. Some carrying off their effects to the plantations. I invited the blood-men, who were all quite respectful in their bearing towards me, with all others I saw, to come to church to-morrow. Learned at a later hour, when several refugees came to spend the night on the mission premises, that the blood-men had been well supplied with liquor, and that they were plundering right and left, and that guards were placed round the town, to prevent any others from getting to the mission-house.

Retired at usual hour, but restless. While tossing about, it flashed on my recollection—doubtless in answer to prayer for Divine guidance and aid—that I had seen somewhere in print, "No more bodies of armed men to come into Duke Town." Where can I have seen that? In some Parliamentary Blue-Book. Oh, to have the Blue-Book here! But

was it not in one of our own *Missionary Records*? A sleepless missionary may follow the example of a sleepless emperor, and study "the book of the records of the chronicles" (Esth. vi. 1). I got up about eleven o'clock, got a light, and pored over several volumes of the *Record* of the United Presbyterian Church. After considerable search, *Eureka!* on page 119 of the *Record* for August 1851, I thus read: "Article 2.—That no more bodies of armed men are to come into Duke Town." I went to the refugee in next apartment, and assured him that he was safe. He too read with joy the above clause. I felt so happy that—I slept soundly.

Sabbath, 4.—Supposing King Archibong to be unfit for business, and considering the work to be one of necessity and mercy, I wrote as follows:—

"*Sabbath, June* 4, 1871.

"DUKE TOWN GENTLEMEN,—My friends, I was very sorry last evening to see so many of the blood-people come into town. After I come to my house I begin to remember that some treaty live about that thing between you and our Queen, so I search and find that treaty. All of us white men know that the blood-people cannot come into town. Suppose king or gentlemen, no call them to come in. So, as your friend, and to prevent palaver with Consul, I tell you that there is such a treaty. Some of you may have forgot about it. You may find it among the king's books. It is dated February (I think the 15th) 1851, and signed by gentlemen of Duke Town and about twenty chiefs of the blood-men. In the second article of that treaty it is agreed by you all, 'That no more bodies of armed men are to come into Duke Town.' So you see this coming into town of the blood-men is a breaking of treaty; and the best thing you can do is to send them quietly away, so that there may be no new palaver between you and the Consul.

"Another thing: see that there be no giving of *eseve*; for you are bound by treaty, as well as God's word, not to kill the innocent.

"As some of you see yesterday, my back pain me very much, so that I am not able to go back to town to-day.

Better you all, like good gentlemen, come to church, hear God's word, and beg Him to make King Archibong's sickness done.—I am, gentlemen, your true friend,

"Wm. Anderson."

To this I received the following reply:—

"*June* 4, 1871.

"Wm. Anderson, — Dear friend, King Archibong and all gentlemen say when the all plantation blood-men come here, we shall stop them to do any things bad for town; because they heard that king have sick, so that make they come and see king when they come up here, we will not let them do any bad, and we no let them stop but three days for town; they come for see king only for sick, and king self say nobody will do any bad for town.

"King Archibong and Gentlemen of D. T."

This reply is very smooth and plausible, and quite worthy of a place in the annals of Calabar diplomacy, but it tallies ill with the fact that a ring of sentinels has been encircling the town all night to prevent anyone from leaving it. I observed several of the warriors on guard, not far from the church, while we were holding our morning meeting. I went to them, pencil and paper in hand, and told them that I should feel obliged by their enlightening me on four points: "Your names? Whence come ye? Who sent you here? For what purpose are you planted here?" But I had scarcely mentioned these four points when they vanished. At the close of public worship in the evening I called the attention of our river friends to the state of the town, informed them of the existence of the treaty referred to, and requested them to use their powerful influence for the preservation of the public peace. My appeal to them was, as it had been on all previous emergencies, very cordially responded to, and on the morning of

Monday, 5th, I received a note from Mr. Muir, Chairman of the Court of Equity, kindly inviting me to attend a meeting of the Court, which was to be held in the forenoon.

This Court is entrusted by the Consul, under sanction of Her Majesty's Government, with the oversight of the natives in regard to the observance of treaties; so that the state of the town was quite a legitimate matter for their consideration. Attended the meeting; repeated my statement of last evening, and showed the Court the abstract of the treaty regarding the blood-men as given in our *Missionary Record*. With scarcely a word of discussion it was agreed to suspend all trading operations immediately; to keep up the suspension so long as any blood-men were in the town; and to write at once to King Archibong, informing him of this resolution, and adding, that if the blood-men be not sent out of the town by sunset this evening, the members of the Court will write, by steamer leaving to-morrow at sunrise, for the Consul and a man-of-war, and certifying that if this step should be rendered necessary, a heavy fine would assuredly be inflicted on the town. I am informed that King A. was very indignant when this communication was made to him; but he soon felt his helplessness. The great majority of the inhabitants rejoiced at the interposition of the whites, and King A. (as usual) had to yield to the demand made, and a double, or rather triple, proclamation was forthwith issued, to this purport: "No blood-men to be brought from the plantations; those in town must go away at once; and the person who is making the king sick must desist." But for the prompt interposition of our European friends, I believe that some fearful work would have been done. This is not my own opinion only. Some of the most intelligent natives feel quite certain that, but for this interposition, there would have been a renewal of the scenes described in the *Record* for August 1852.

The people of *Uda* (King Archibong's mother is from that locality) came to town to-day with their most powerful *mbiam*, and dispersed a quantity of it in the market-place, in order to counteract the evil influence which is causing the king's sickness.

Tuesday, 6.—The blood-men avowedly leaving the town, but I suspect that numbers are only doffing their war dress and assuming the appearance of *civilians*. But the authorities have reported to the Court of Equity that the

town is evacuated by the plantation people, and I have no evidence on which to found any counter statement.

Wednesday, 7.—Refreshing, amidst local disagreeables, to have a visit from our excellent Gaboon friends ; some faces among them well known, others new — Messrs. Marshall and Murphy and partners, and Mr. Gillespie and Miss Boughton. Delighted to see in Mr. Gillespie a lineal descendant of the great and good Gillespie of the venerable the Westminster Assembly of 1643. May the descendant prove to Gaboon what the ancestor has been to Britain! Along with our *foreign* friends—should I call them so?—we had two of our own fraternity, Dr. Robertson and Mr. G. Thomson [architect] from Glasgow. May each in his sphere be made a blessing!

Thursday, 8.—In town in the forenoon. The town has somewhat the appearance of a camp. There seem to be "breakers ahead" somewhere. No confidence is felt in the king. It is not known what his next freak may be.

Friday, 9.—Have good information that the king's retainers renewed their covenant of blood to-day, and that they are ready to perform any deed of violence which he may recommend. The fear of the white men alone keeps him in check. Many feel grateful to me for my letter of Sabbath morning. But for it, they say, mischief would have been on that day.

Saturday, 10.—Another oasis in the desert, in the shape of a donation of books from friends in Alloa. This is not the first time that my library has been replenished from that quarter. Spurgeon's two ponderous volumes on the Psalms, M'Leod's *Christus Consolator*, and Beecher's *Addresses*, are well worthy of grateful acknowledgment. Another benefactor sends Memoir of that grand apostolic man, W. C. Burns, latterly in China.

Sabbath, 11.—Usual services, and nearly the usual attendance. Externally all quiet, but the minds of the people are not so.

Monday, 12.—Poring over biography of Burns, and on that account ashamed to speak of being *Mondayish*. It would be well were our friends at home, when offering special prayer for missions on the second Sabbath of the month, or at any other time, to have in view the important

sentiments so well expressed on pp. 386–7 of this admirable and remarkable man.[1] How true is it that "it is possible to lose the life of faith even while seeking the propagation of the faith,—to leave house and home and kindred for Christ's sake and the gospel's, and yet in a heathen land to breathe little of either the love of Christ or the grace of the gospel"! "Brethren, *pray for us*."

Thursday, 15.—Ekri Tabaka people came to town to-day with their biggest juju. They paraded the town, drumming, dancing, and gesticulating like madmen. They were accompanied by the king's family juju. Surely all evil influences must be banished from the neighbourhood now, and the king must forthwith recover from his illness, even although the Edinburgh physician pronounces the case hopeless! If King A. would only take the advice of the white doctor, and keep quiet, and be in all things temperate, he might linger on for a long time to come; but he aggravates his distemper (heart disease) by fretfulness and bursts of passion.

Wednesday, 21.—Saw King A. to-day for the first time for several weeks. He is much thinner than when I saw him last; but he is suffering no pain, and was in a wonderfully placid, even cheerful, mood to-day. I spoke to him a little on the all-important subject, but in reference to that he seems unimpressible.

Sabbath, 25.—Church more densely packed at the native service this morning than I have ever seen it before. A number of the great ladies were present for the first time, each accompanied, of course, by a large retinue. In such an attendance as that to-day, Mrs. Sutherland sees something of the fruit of her house-to-house perambulations and instructions. The *ladies* themselves were, on the whole, what may be called *well dressed*,—thanks to Mrs. Sutherland's efforts for that,—though some of them were both barefooted and *bareheaded*! The attendants are mostly in native attire.

Wednesday, 28.—King Eyo of Creek Town died on Sabbath last. He was the last survivor of the old men at Creek Town, and I trust that with him the night of heathenism has in great measure passed away from his

[1] See October *Record*, p. 633.

quarter of the country. Some of our intelligent young men here are already predicting "better days henceforth for Creek Town." May it be so! As for Duke Town, I fear that the old *régime* will not pass away with King Archibong. There are too many freemen of the same stamp for that. If Henshaw Town men prosper, however, and be not over-elated by their newly-acquired influence, the work may be expected to make progress here, independently of Duke Town. I should like, ere I go hence, to see the whole of the surrounding wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose.

CHAPTER XXIV

Changes in Old Calabar—Death of Mr. Ashworth, 1871—Mr. George Thomson's Sanatorium—Ordination of Ukpabio, 1872—Arrival of Rev. D. Campbell—Deaths of King Archibong II., etc.—"Young Calabar"

On Aug. 8, 1871, the first anniversary of the death of Mr. Lewis, Mr. George Ashworth, the European missionary teacher at Creek Town, died from debility following a slight gastric derangement, after a little over twenty-seven months' service in Calabar. In his last letter to the Foreign Mission Secretary, dated June 27, he wrote:—

I have cause to thank God for the excellent health and strength I have enjoyed since I came to Old Calabar. I have not had one day's sickness, and I prefer both the climate and the country to that of my own. Of course we cannot expect all constitutions to be adapted to a tropical climate like this. "Some have come out here that ought to have remained at home," is what some people tell us, as if God's servants were not called upon to face danger, and even death, that the heathen may be brought to life eternal.

Dr. Robertson, writing of his death, remarked, "The will to serve long was taken for the deed"; and Mr. Anderson, writing on Aug. 10, said:—

To us at Duke Town the event appeared to be very sudden. We never heard of his illness till he had been dead eight hours! It might be well to return to our old custom of signalling from one mission-house to another, though, to be sure, the progress of vegetation in some

measure prevents this. Mr. Ashworth was of an ardent poetic temperament, which is, perhaps, not the best for a climate like this. I have no doubt that it suits him well where he is to-day. . . .

Our repeated bereavements may have a damping influence on the minds of some of the young men of the Church. This ought not to be the result. Surely no youth belonging to the United Presbyterian Church needs to be informed, though it might be well that all, both old and young, were occasionally reminded that "*the post of danger is the post of honour.*"

May He, in whose hands are all hearts, incline some—yea, many—of the youth of the Church to buckle on their armour, and to come forth to "the help of the Lord—the help of the Lord against the mighty"! . . .

At this time appeals for four missionaries (two of them ordained), besides a medical missionary for Old Calabar, were appearing in the *Missionary Record.*

On Dec. 22, 1871, Mr. Anderson wrote a letter, addressed to Rev. J. Law, George Gray, John Chisholm, James Duncan, and R. Elliot:—

FRIENDS GREATLY BELOVED AND ESTEEMED,—I addressed you in this manner about the beginning of the year, when it was judged necessary for Mrs. A. to take a voyage and a change for restoration of shattered health. She speaks very warmly of the reception which she met from all old friends in what is in some measure to her a strange land. She feels especially indebted to you for the munificent donation which you subscribed for her. £10 in money and a quantity of goods beside was what she never dreamed of receiving from you or from any other. She was quite astonished when Mrs. Chisholm handed her the above-named sum as a contribution from you whose names are at the head of this page, and also (she thinks) from one or two others. May Eskbank not suffer for the liberality manifested towards us! "Blessed be ye in basket and store, in going out and coming in."

You will have heard ere now that she arrived here

safe and sound on Nov. 1st, having had a new experience at sea, however, viz. a taste of shipwreck. The *Biafra* was mercifully preserved, while other vessels, as good and strong, foundered. The last week of October was to me a very anxious one. We began to look out on the 22nd, and expected the *Biafra* every hour, but she appeared not. After an anxious watch of a week, we concluded that something had gone wrong. On Oct. 30th a steamer rounded Seven Fathoms Point. There she comes at length, yet, when she approaches, it is surely not the *Biafra*. A telescope enables us to read *Lagos*,— we hurry on board — what can have happened? The mind is made up for the worst, and it is a relief to hear, the moment we step on board, "The *Biafra* disabled in a gale in the Channel—put back to Falmouth for repairs —will be here in a week." Letters from herself soon put all right. The *Lagos* left A.M. Wednesday, November 1st; so we thought, Well, four or five days more and we may again look out for the *Biafra*. In three hours, however, my little people come jumping into my room to say, "Ma k'edi! Ma k'edi!" "Mammy is coming! Mammy is coming!" All right, though unexpectedly at the time, she comes, and we have renewed reasons for grateful acknowledgments to the Ruler of winds and waters. Hymn 104, U.P. Hymn-Book, suitable to us. She feels greatly benefited by the change, and continues active and vigorous as in her earlier days.

Matters are moving on pretty smoothly with us just now. King Archibong is always wonderfully civil, but immersed in superstition. Would to God that it were otherwise! I often remember what Mr. Law said to me when I was spending a day with him in Innerleithen in 1857—"It would be a great matter to get some of your kings converted. The soul of a slave is doubtless as valuable as that of a king, but from his position a converted king could do more good than a converted slave." Notwithstanding the coldness of some of our great men and the opposition of others, our influence is being extended. We have had larger congregations on Sabbath at Duke Town this year than during any previous year. There are some of whom we have good hope, even although

they have not become members of the Church. There is a young man, of whom till lately I knew but little, a slave of an apostate member of the Church, and manager of his master's business. Some months ago he was sent to one of the interior markets, but would on no account trade on Sabbath. It came to his master's ears that he (the slave) had lost some splendid opportunities of both buying and selling, owing to his Sabbath-keeping. On his return he was called to account, and acknowledged that he had not traded on God's day, as his heart would not allow him to break God's law. His master was very wroth—chained him to a post on a daily allowance of a morsel of yam and a glass of water, declaring that he should remain there till he should promise to trade as other market-people do. A week passed away, but no promise of *amendment* could be wrung from the lad (Asuquö Etifit). His services were again needed, and he went off again to market, avowing to his master, as well as to others, his resolution never to trade on the day of God. I knew nothing of all this till weeks after it had occurred. Though not a member of the Church, I wish all who are so would walk as consistently as he. . . .

We are withal rather presumptuous here. We are preparing a Memorial for next meeting of Synod, urging on in our small way the union of the Churches. I sometimes said in services at home—and we are all of the same mind on the matter—"Here is a small town with, say, 3000 to 4000 inhabitants—and, behold, 2 Established Churches—1 or 2 Free—1 or 2 U.P.—a Baptist—a Congregationalist—and a Methodist—7 or 8 churches and ministers: now, it is a downright shame to see the means of the Church frittered away in that style," etc. etc. Here is poor Duke Town, with its 6000 inhabitants and the 60,000 belonging to its plantations, with only one church and one minister! Is this right?

In the Annual Report for 1871, Dr. MacGill, in giving details from the pen of Mr. Anderson regarding Duke Town, said:—

Mr. Anderson continues to labour with unabated

vigour in preaching and teaching, and has done even more in visiting from house to house than during former years. He refers to another period of his own "unbroken health"; and, as an evidence of the great benefit Mrs. Anderson derived from her brief visit to this country, notes that in a great measure she has renewed her youth. Miss Patterson, a new European agent from Jamaica, after teaching for four months at Duke Town, was removed to Ikoneto, where her services are much required. Mrs. Sutherland, to whose indefatigable and most useful labours among the women Mr. Anderson always bears the most emphatic testimony, has been following out her wonted winning and persistent course of usefulness in visiting her own sex. She has thereby drawn many to the house of God, and "has continued," says Mr. Anderson, "her great work among the masses of women who are *not allowed* to attend either church or market." . . . A very fine spirit, due to the influence of the Mission, has fallen on the headmen of young Henshaw Town. The chiefs of the town, over whom our missionary has gained a pleasing and just ascendency, are desirous of "raising the tone of morality among their people, and delivering both themselves and their dependents from the reign of superstition." To the influence of this movement, in a great degree, Mr. Anderson ascribes the fact that the Sabbath attendance at Duke Town during 1871 has exceeded that of any other period; and he is thankful for the past and trustful for the future.

The statistics for the year are as follows:—

European Female Teacher—Mrs. Sutherland.
Native Teachers—William Cobham and James Ballantyne.

Members	47
Sabbath attendance in Church	400
Candidates	14
Sabbath-school pupils	150
Day-school pupils	120

Contributions—£51. 18s. 0½d.
Out-stations—Henshaw Towns (North and South), Efut, and Edïbe-Edïbe.

With reference to the day-school, Mr. Anderson said:—

William Cobham has been nominally in charge of the school; but owing to his absence for a month at Dr. Robb's Training Institution, and to repeated attacks of sickness since, which have prostrated him somewhat, I have had a good deal of the teaching work to attend to myself. The attendance has not been encouraging. Our proximity to the shipping, and especially now that we have four or five steamers monthly, gives strong inducements to our rising young men, and particularly to the more energetic among them, to abandon continuous study, and devote themselves to commerce.

In the general introduction to the Report of the Old Calabar Mission for 1871, Dr. MacGill wrote:—

Our mission in West Africa has proved a trying one. It has cost life as well as labour and funds; but, with all our regrets over those graves, to which no less than three were added during the year before last, yet no labourer in that insalubrious and depressing climate has ever hinted at abandonment. On the contrary, all our brethren in the field unite in urging its claim, and in asking additional labourers; and from their near and vivid view of the obduracy of the field, and of the inadequate number who labour in it, repeat words which have an awful pathos there, however coldly they may be uttered here: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." After many earnest appeals repeated for years, we have succeeded in obtaining the services of one missionary, the Rev. Dugald Campbell, who has completed his medical as well as his theological curriculum, and has put himself at the disposal of the Mission Board for Calabar. As Duke Town has the strongest claim on his services, whether regard is had to the number of agents there, or to the amount of the population, it has been resolved that he be located at that interesting station as the colleague of Mr. Anderson.

It is only justice to the Mission Board to mention their cordial appreciation of the services of George

Thomson, Esq., architect,[1] who, after a long and deeply-cherished interest in the Old Calabar Mission, has spontaneously devoted himself, and no small amount of time and means, to the solution of a problem, in practically resolving which he hopes to provide our own and other missionaries on the West African coast with an asylum where they may find shelter from fever and death without returning to this country. Without attempting to answer his own earnest questions upon this subject by correspondence, he resolved to go and see. Accordingly, at his own charges and at the risk of his life, he has gone to try the country, and to find some mountain retreat for the missionaries, far above the miasma of the climate. . . . He has swept along its coast; he has ascended its rivers; he has visited its mission stations far and near. He has done what few attempted before; he has climbed its mountains, and has found, as he thinks, a summit [Cameroons] where a debilitated missionary, by dint of breathing fresh air, without returning to this country, might by God's blessing obviate a fatal fever, and prolong his days for future service. Though no official correspondence has taken place between Mr. Thomson and the Mission Board, yet the Board, considering the importance of the enterprise, and the self-denial displayed in the attempt to carry it into effect, has authorised their Secretary . . . to express their cordial appreciation of an undertaking so disinterested and an object so important.[2]

It is a matter for regret that the United Presbyterian Church has never taken steps to establish a sanatorium for its missionaries in Calabar, as other missionary societies working on the West Coast have done. A change to another station does not mean a change of climate. A regular holiday change each year is even more necessary

[1] Uncle of the Rev. W. C. Thomson, who laboured in Calabar 1849–1866. See *Memoir of George Thomson, Cameroons Mountain, West Africa.* Edinburgh: A. Elliot, 1881.

[2] The following year it is intimated that the Board had given a donation of £150 to aid Mr. Thomson's undertaking (*Record*, June 1873).

in Calabar than at home; but such change and rest are impossible to be got in Calabar itself. A few days' trip to Opobo in the mail steamer is all that can be got now that Calabar is one of the termini of the West Coast boats, and the boats for the South-West Coast no longer call at Duke Town.

The Report goes on to notice the ordination of the first native pastor:—

There is yet one other fact in the history of this Mission which we hope will render 1872 a memorable year, and that is the ordination of the first convert of the Old Calabar Mission, Ukpabio, to the Christian ministry. Every month goes to deepen the conviction of those who think most anxiously on the subject, of the necessity of developing a native ministry. While our experience in Calabar has gone to prove that West Africa, and Central Africa too, beyond the eastern mountains seen in clear weather from our mission stations, can be converted to Jesus Christ, yet that experience has also demonstrated that we have no right to expect this to be done without a native ministry. The first ordination, therefore, of an African negro to read and to expound that Efik Bible which our Mission has given them, in a language having not one scrap of literature when that negro first saw our missionaries, is an epoch in the history of Calabar which calls for devout thanks to God.

Esien Esien Ukpabio was licensed on January 9, and ordained by Mr. Goldie on April 9, the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Mission. A vigorous ordination charge was delivered in Efik by Mr. Anderson from 1 Tim. iv. 14–16, and the congregation was addressed by Mr. Edgerley.

In anticipation of the arrival of a colleague, Mr. Anderson wrote a letter,[1] in giving extracts from which Dr. MacGill said:—

[1] *Record*, Jan. 1873.

The Rev. W. Anderson, writing under a recent date, begins the following communication with allusions to his abundant labours. He is entitled to do so, for his work comprises constant and exhausting occupation as a schoolmaster as well as a missionary, his conviction being that one of the most effectual means of exerting Christian influence upon the Efik race is in the school, upon the minds and hearts of the rising generation.

Mr. Anderson wrote:—

At the risk of being considered egotistical, I feel it but right to state that, owing to the sickness of one of my teachers and the opening of a second school by the other, the burden of the work of the day-school devolves almost continuously on me. I wish the attendance were greater than it is, but at the same time I find it sufficient to tax all my energies, when viewed in connection with my other work. I have three full services on Sabbath, besides Sabbath school to attend to both forenoon and afternoon. I have four evening meetings to conduct weekly, palavers to settle now and then, and house-to-house visitation, in so far as I can overtake it. My Saturday half-holiday is devoted to preparation for Sabbath, and announcing its approach to the natives. Days, weeks, and months sweep past so quickly that I have often to leave past and future to take care of themselves. I am rejoicing in hope that, ere many weeks more pass away, a brother possessed of youth and vigour will relieve me from several of my present engagements.

In glancing over my recent very brief jottings, I find that deaths have been occurring at the usual rate among both Europeans and natives; that there have been several bad cases of administering the *esere*, which led to the usual amount of remonstrance and condemnation on the part of the Mission; that there have been reported to us, but without that proof which would warrant a charge of breach of treaty, a number of murders of twin children; that one twin was saved and brought to the mission-house, where it died in a few days; that there have been several cases of murder among the natives—one a very

bad case, for which a prince of the blood (a son of the late King Eyamba's) was condemned to die, but he made his escape to Fernando Po; that two native women were lately admitted to the fellowship of the Church. I find two very pleasant entries—one in reference to a young man,[1] not a member of the Church, who was put in chains by his master for refusing to trade, when at the interior markets, on the Sabbath. He was kept chained to a post for a week, in expectation that he would give in and promise to act like others in time to come; but he was firm, and was at length released unconditionally. A few Sabbaths ago I observed that his master and he were sitting quite near each other in church. . . .

When lately visiting Henshaw Town North—it is separated from Duke Town by a small creek—I was earnestly requested by several of the influential men there to send over a teacher daily for the instruction of their children and people. They expressed themselves quite willing to build a schoolhouse, if I would ask King Archibong's consent, and get it, to such a step. The population is, I think, from 300 to 400, and there is a larger proportion of children among them than among the Duke Townites; so I promised to do for them what I could. On an early day thereafter I took over James Ballantyne with me to begin operations. On my recommendation, one of the headmen gave us the use of his yard, in order that we might see whether a considerable number would attend regularly, before they should be at the trouble of erecting a schoolhouse. For a time James had between 50 and 60 pupils daily, 10 or 12 of them adults; but latterly, owing to numbers having gone off to the plantation, the attendance has been from 20 to 30. The population of that suburb is very fluctuating.

After having considered the matter for a long period, we have introduced a change in the hours of public worship in the afternoon. The heat has often been so great from two o'clock to four that neither natives nor

[1] See *ante*, p. 497. Asuquö Etifit Nsa, now an elder in Duke Town Church. There is an interesting letter from him in the article, "Young Men at Duke Town" (*Record*, May 1873).

Europeans could engage in divine service with comfort; so we meet in the afternoon at the following hours:— Sabbath school, three; Efik service, four; English, five. The change has been kept up for some time, and we find that it answers well.

Our friend Mr. George Thomson had held a meeting with the young men connected with the Church, and had given them a good deal of information about societies of young men in Scotland, whose object is to use efforts for the spread of the truth in destitute localities, and had suggested to them that it would be well were they to go and do likewise. This led them to request me to call a meeting to consider the subject. When that meeting was held, ten of the male members of the Church formed themselves into a society for Christian work, and agreed to rules and regulations which they had previously requested Mr. Thomson to prepare. The work then agreed on was the regular visitation of the town and surrounding settlements. This work had been engaged in before, but in a desultory manner. Their formation into a society gave a fresh impulse to their efforts, and has proved very beneficial.

Of the arrival of the Rev. Dugald and Mrs. Campbell on July 7, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

They had been long looked for, and our rejoicing on account of their arrival was proportionately great. We earnestly pray that both may be long spared to each other and to the important work on which they are entering.

Mr. Anderson wrote as follows, on Aug. 28, 1872, regarding the deaths of Archibong II. and David King, and Charles Haddison:—

I embrace the earliest opportunity of intimating to you that King Archibong II. died here, after a reign of thirteen years, on Monday evening last, the 26th inst. This is the date given *officially*, but many allege that he died the previous day. All agree, however, in regard to the fact that he is now in his grave.

Mr. Anderson received, in answer to questions about the king's health, the two following notes, the one signed by "Big Adam," the king's secretary, and both signed by George Duke:—

Aug. 26, 1872.

Mr. Anderson, My dear Friend,—It is not so. Except yesterday king had so much strong sick, and we have not allow any persons to go inside the king's house. Yesterday I been over yon to doctor house. One time doctor come and give medicine, other time he give me medicine to give king; but now king very sick.

George Duke.

Duke Town, Old Calabar,
August 27, 1872.

Mr. Anderson, My dear Friend,—I am very much sorry indeed to write you this few lines for let you know that our King Archibong II. is no more here: the death has carry him away. Now he is died, in truth. Just now I trusting you well.—Yours very truly,

Big Adam Duke and George Duke.

From all that I can hear, I conclude that King Archibong has died as he lived, without God and without hope. I visited him Saturday after Saturday for many years, but he avoided as much as possible anything like attention to the truths of the gospel. Four Saturdays bygone I have not been permitted to see him. I suppose that he and his attendants knew that I would "make palaver" about the *idiong* by which he kept himself surrounded. His brother, Adam Archibong, now blind, will probably be his successor as king. I do not anticipate that the change will affect the operations of the Mission.

Another death took place on Sabbath morning [Aug. 25], viz., David King, king of Ikörófiöng. David was the first *man* who was baptized at this station, but he has been neither a comfort nor an ornament to the Church. He ran well—or at least appeared to do so—for a few years, but fell away—alas, how sadly! In company with Mr. Campbell I saw him about a week before his death. Mr. Campbell warned him that his end was near; and I

reminded him of past privileges and professions, and entreated him to make renewed application to the blood which cleanseth from all sin; but he seemed utterly callous. I prayed with him briefly, but there was nothing like an *Amen* from him. In some respects his deathbed was surrounded by a deeper gloom than that of King Archibong. Both have been men of blood, but King Archibong has not to deplore apostasy from the truth.

On the 19th inst. one of our Church members, Charles Haddison by name, entered on his rest. He has led a quiet, consistent Christian life for six or seven years. What a difference between his deathbed and those of the heathens at no great distance! He died in faith, committing his spirit with almost his latest breath into the hands of the great Mediator. These solemn dispensations call upon all of us to work while it is day. The night cometh.

On Sabbath, 14th ult., three young women, natives of neighbouring countries, were received into the fellowship of the Church by baptism.

During this month and the last we have had no fewer than *six* marriages, which we look upon as indicating progress.

Mr. Anderson gave in the *Record* for May 1873 some touching sketches of Young Calabar, which revealed something of the heart of the minister as well as of the youths in whom he was so deeply interested, one of which is subjoined:—

James Ballantyne has just been thrown on me by Providence—was bought by Henry Cobham, perhaps fifteen or sixteen years ago, when little more than an infant—a little slave—found wonderful attraction at school—dozed away for days and nights at the mission-house—then missed by Henry, sent for, beat, cursed, tied to a post—when loosed, would remain about his master's premises till he saw he was forgotten—off to school and the mission premises again—again missed, sent for, scolded, beat, tied to a post. Up to us again—another capture—another escapade (this may be amusing to read, but it causes the big salt tears to course down my

cheeks)—till at length, when I had spoken to Henry the twentieth time in his behalf, he (Henry) exclaimed, to my satisfaction, "That little boy too bad boy; I no fit to keep him; he run away all time; I no want to see him no more; let him stand for you." So he has "stood for me" —is now about twenty years of age, I suppose—is a member of the Church—has assisted William Cobham and myself in school for three years or so—can write tolerably good English—can parse any common English sentence—is now at the second conjugation Latin Grammar—writes very full outlines of my Sabbath discourses, both Efik and English—and promises to be a useful agent of the Mission.

In the Annual Report for 1872 it is noted:—

Mr. Anderson's district has in it now, its politics, its incipient public opinion, its antagonisms and affinities, if not its factions. The influence of the gospel has stimulated any thought or enterprise it has attained above mere trade in palm oil and rum. The extent of the moral changes already produced consists of a thousand details, difficult to be realised or numbered. It is saying much, but it is after all a feeble understatement of the fact, to affirm that the change produced is worth the labour of thirty years.

After referring to the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and the death of Archibong II., Mr. Anderson says:—

A brother of King Archibong, known as yet by the name of Adam Archibong, is likely to be his successor. Already he executes the office of king. Adam is nearly if not altogether blind; and he will prove as a ruler very much what his *Cabinet* will make him. One of our old scholars, who now styles himself Prince Eyamba, seems to be already installed as Prime Minister.

Our Henshaw Town young men have for a considerable time been desirous to have a king of their own, and to be an independent community. But they have damaged their cause very much by precipitate action. Their best friends both in the Mission and in the river advised them

to go on quietly building their town, drawing to it a large population, clearing off all debts to the shipping, increasing their trade, etc., till they should be able to command the respect of all neighbours and rivals, and *then* to consider any change in their position. But, instead of acting thus, they determined some months ago that they would have a king immediately. So they procured a sort of crown from a Dutch supercargo, and a few weeks ago they crowned their headman, calling him King Henshaw III. This aroused the hostility of Duke Town, whose grandees seem determined that no one in their neighbourhood, save one of themselves, shall bear the English title of "king." They are quite willing that the headman of Henshaw Town, like the other headmen of all the other towns in the whole region, should exercise regal or even imperial authority; but to call such a one by the name of "king" is, they say, an infringement of their prerogative. The young premier of Duke Town, with great diplomatic skill,—aided, however, by some masked European,—enlisted the white traders and the whole Egbo fraternity on the side of Duke Town *versus* Henshaw Town. The result of this coalition is that Henshaw Town has been compelled to surrender the crown and the regal title for the present. No one, so far as can be ascertained, denies the abstract right of the Henshaw Town people to act as they choose on their own territory, but there can be only one opinion as to the inexpediency of their late movement. They will be subjected to a heavy fine, not, *it is said*, for making a king, but for a serious breach of Egbo law in connection with the matter. The fine will likely be such as will cripple their resources and their energies for years to come.

Some time ago they requested the Presbytery to send them a teacher. They named Miss Patterson, as one whom they would like to have among them. The Presbytery granted their request, in expectation that they would contribute liberally for Miss Patterson's support. In their present circumstances it is not likely that they will be able to do much in the way of contribution.

In regard to the day-schools, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

Owing to the long-continued sickness of the senior native teacher [W. Cobham], the senior missionary has had to do duty as schoolmaster for ten months during the year. This has been a very serious hindrance to the very important work of visitation from house to house. Indeed, the question has often forced itself on the missionary, whether it would not be better in the circumstances to keep school only once a day, for two and a half or three hours, that he might be able to devote other two or three hours to household visitation. . . . There is also a small school of from 20 to 30 scholars, taught by one of our young men at Henshaw Town (North). It is but right to mention here that there are several small schools in the town taught by immigrants from Accra quarter, so that the 120 or 130 names on the roll-books of our mission schools must not be looked on as the *secular education gauge* of the kingdom of Duke Town.

Old Town, Walkerwood,[1] Qua, etc., will henceforth be more immediately under the superintendence of our vigorous young brother, Mr. Campbell, just as the Creek Town out-stations are under that of the junior brother there, Mr. Edgerley. Efut and Edïbe-Edïbe farms have been visited weekly by several of the native members of the Church.

The Rev. D. Campbell devotes a portion of his time to medical and surgical work; he has for about six months relieved his senior brother from most of the duties connected with the English services, both on Sabbath days and week days; he has been diligent in the study of the Efik tongue, and has so far mastered it as to be able to conduct the *reading* department at our Efik services on Sabbath. Mrs. Sutherland's work among the women has necessarily been interrupted by her quinquennial trip to the north. It is hoped she will return with renewed vigour for the prosecution of her important labours.

[1] A station, about two miles from Old Town, sustained by the liberality of Captain J. B. Walker, F.R.S.E., a trader in the river and member of Duke Town Church.

CHAPTER XXV

Abolition of Sabbath Market at Duke Town, 1873

THE year in 1873 was rendered memorable by the abolition of the Sabbath market at Duke Town, as the result of influences long in operation there. Mr. Anderson wrote a glowing narrative, "dictated by his own joy and gratitude, over what had been achieved."

OLD CALABAR, 25*th March* 1873.

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Come and see." I concluded my note to you of the 10th inst. with the expression of a hope that even I might live to see better days in Duke Town. I had no idea then that the "better days" were so near. On the 15th inst. I took my usual Saturday's walk through the town, to announce the approach of Sabbath. It was about 10 o'clock when I called at Adam Archibong's. I found him surrounded by the other headmen of the town. Adam at present exercises the regal power, and it is expected that he will soon assume the regal title, and be styled King Archibong III. I gave him and his councillors the usual salutation, made the usual announcement (of Sabbath), shook hands with Adam and two or three more, and took my departure. On leaving the yard, one of the younger gentlemen came and asked me very softly, "Has the king told you?" "Told me what?" "That he is going to stop Sabbath market!" "Oh, he told me that some time ago, but he has said nothing about it just now." "But he has already given orders that Egbo is to be blown immediately—no market to-morrow or on any Sabbath coming!" I was surprised and delighted, I cannot tell how much. "But as he has not spoken to me on the matter, do you think it

advisable that I go at once and thank him, or wait till I hear the proclamation?" "Better go now; it will please him well to hear what you have to say." I returned at once, but I did not return thanks in the usual way, as for a personal favour. I adopted a benedictory style, and, while acknowledging the intense gratification which I had felt on hearing such "good news," expressed my desire that the God of heaven would accept of the tribute now paid to His honour by the king and gentlemen of Duke Town, that He would lead them to comply with *all* the requirements of His holy Word, and bless them in all their interests. All of them seemed happy on account of the step they had taken; though, doubtless, some of them value the approbation of the white man as much as that of God.

In a short time the Egbo drums were heard—sound how often detestable! in this matter how delectable! —and first in the crowded market-place, then at other public places of the town, and afterwards on the Mission Hill, the royal proclamation was made: "Henceforth on God's day no market to be held in any part of Duke Town territory; no sale of strong drink, either native or imported, in doorways and verandahs; no work; no play; no devil-making; no firing of guns; no Egbo processions or palavers, etc. etc. Any person violating the provisions of this proclamation will be subjected to heavy Egbo penalties."

It will be noticed that the proclamation is strictly of a negative character, but it implies much that is positive. It implies rest from worldly toil; it implies time and opportunity for the great body of the population to attend the public services of the sanctuary, and such other means of improvement as we may be able to provide for them, such as district meetings, Sabbath schools, and Bible classes. It would be difficult, I think, to overestimate its value. I rejoice in it "as one that hath found great spoil." I consider the 15th of March 1873 as second in importance only to 15th February 1850, when human sacrifices were abolished by Egbo law.

On the following day, Sabbath 16th, we had a greater crowd than on the previous Sabbath. Both church and

schoolroom were filled to overflowing, service being conducted in both places simultaneously. There must have been 600 present. On Sabbath last, the 23rd inst., the crowd was greater still. We think it well that so many of the people are busy at present in the plantation. From eight till nine we had services in both church and school —both places packed full. At 9.15 a fresh congregation filled the church, and service was resumed. On each of these two Sabbath afternoons we have had 500 at the services. All the audiences of both days were exceedingly attentive. Many, especially of the great ladies, have appeared deeply interested.

For years past Mrs. A. and I had given up all hope of ever seeing such days in Duke Town. There must have been an expectation of a change, however, and a good deal of quiet preparation for it, though we knew nothing of it. We infer this from the fact that most of the free women appear in church in decent apparel. Queen Archibong is the only one, however, who wears gloves.

Our Sabbath work is somewhat laborious, but the pleasure of seeing such numbers and such interest almost prevents any feeling of lassitude. I deeply feel the solemn responsibility which the conjuncture involves. Our earnest prayer is for wisdom and energy, to enable us to improve it. We tremble lest anything should occur to obstruct the flow of our present precious tide of opportunity. It is but proper to say that Mrs. A., Miss Patterson, and our Jamaica friend Mrs. Fuller, as also our three native teachers, do noble work in our crowded Sabbath schools, and in conducting the exercises at one or other of the simultaneous meetings. Mr Campbell has for several Sabbaths been engaged in the very important work of itinerating among the villages.

With thankful hearts, albeit in some respects "like them that dream," we look around us on Sabbath, and say, "What hath God wrought!" We pray that ere long we may see numbers earnestly inquiring the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward. In humble faith and hope, we sing—

"The Lord of us hath mindful been,
And He will bless us still."

The Rev. Hugh Goldie, whose life had been all but despaired of in the end of 1872, accompanied by Mrs. Goldie, spent two months with the American missionaries at Gaboon, of whose work he wrote an interesting account in the *Record* (March 1873). The usual period of five years' sojourn in Calabar being about completed, and medical advice recommending a visit to Britain, he and Mrs. Goldie, accompanied by Miss Diboll, arrived in Liverpool on May 23. On July 6 a welcome reinforcement for the Calabar Mission set sail. Dr. Robb, Mrs. Sutherland, and Mrs. Timson, returning after furlough, were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Beedie, Mr. Thomas Campbell, and Mr. Alexander S. Morton, appointed respectively to Ikörófiöng, Creek Town, and Duke Town, in the capacity of teachers or catechists, going out for the first time.

In a letter to John Chisholm, Esq., dated June 21, 1873, Mr. Anderson mentioned the death at Creek Town on June 5 of Miss E. Johnstone, who had laboured long and successfully in Calabar. Referring to church attendance, he wrote:—

Church continues to be very well attended, though, alas! but few seem disposed to renounce heathenism and embrace Christianity in its wholeness.

Alluding to his sermons, he said:—

In looking over all my papers the other day, I wondered a little to see that I have so few discourses written out. I speak best (that is, most comfortably) from mere skeletons—and I have lots of them. However, the thought occurred to me some time ago that unless all my friends die before me, perhaps some of them may like a memento of me when I am away—so I picked out twenty of my sketches for the purpose of *writing out as spoken.*

Writing to Mr. Chisholm on Oct. 11, Mr. Anderson referred to the death of Mrs. Timson:—

On the 20th Sept. our amiable and gentle sister, Mrs. Timson, was taken from us. She came here eighteen years ago as Miss Barty. She was about three years a member of our household. She was tall and slender—too narrow-shouldered for this climate—but a most pious, modest, amiable girl. She became Mrs. Timson. She had four or five children—a twin-birth, however both still-born. After her husband's death she went home in very feeble health, and *should never have returned to Africa.* She arrived here on Saturday, Aug. 9, with Dr. Robb and others, and on that day six weeks she was taken away after a week's fever. No fatal termination was looked for till Friday night. On Sabbath morning her remains were committed to the tomb in the lone family cemetery at Ikoneto, and there she slumbers beside her husband and three of her children.

I trust that Mrs. Timson's death will not frighten anyone on account of our climate. I believe that she might have lived a few years had she remained at home; but Dr. Robertson, Mr. Goldie, and I warned the Mission Board that she was not a fit subject for Africa. A hundred others—*with broad shoulders and expansive chest*—might live here as well as at home, with occasional trips to any cold region.

In the notice of Mrs. Timson's death in the *Record* (Dec. 1873) it is said:—

She had returned to this country about two years ago, and having, under medical advice, prolonged her stay beyond the usual period, she returned to her chosen work, without any medical interdict. . . . All who knew her intimately attest, in the most unhesitating terms, her devotedness to the work to which she had given her life. Indeed, when the idea was presented to her, of relinquishing the mission field for the sake of attending to the children who were thrown on her sole parental care by the death of her husband, she replied to the suggestion by

a flood of tears, and said that she had given herself to Calabar, and had never recalled this surrender. The three children, aged seventeen, fifteen, and eleven, are now cast on the care of the Church; and the trust, we doubt not, will be practically realised.

In a tender funeral sermon, Mr. Anderson said of Mrs. Timson:—

Her unassuming piety, her prayerfulness, and her attachment to her Bible, with her simplicity of character,—for she was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile,—secured our highest estimation. I question if there was a better-thumbed Bible in Old Calabar than that belonging to Margery Barty. We have known her as maid, as wife and mother, and as widow, and can testify to the excellency and propriety of her demeanour in each relationship which she sustained. . . .

One wonders why she was permitted to return to Calabar *only to die*. Whatever may be thought or said of human arrangements, we may rest assured that He who holds the keys of Hades and of death doth all things wisely and well. Her corporeal vigour was never very great, even when she was at her best—I refer, of course, only to what she has been in this climate; and yet it is quite possible that she may have received from the Master a higher commendation than that which He shall bestow on some of us who possess far greater bodily strength. I have no doubt that He has said of her, "She hath done what she could." What could an angel expect more? Let us all endeavour to merit such a plaudit. . . .

In the letter to Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Anderson referred to the new teacher, Mr. Morton, who was connected with Dalkeith:—

Mr. Morton is getting on exceedingly well. He is just the man we need for the station here. *His heart is in his work*—and that is the great thing. He likes the children, and they like him. He promises fair to master the language in a short time. He and I read together daily,

taking Greek and Efik alternately. (The two languages are not quite the same!!)

The letter also contains reference to the progress of the work:—

Matters are moving on very comfortably at present. Church crowded twice each Sabbath. But friends must not forget that the work to be done is very great. The abolition of Sabbath market, etc., was well, but only indicated the fall of one or two outposts of the enemy. Polygamy and slavery are the Malakhoff and Redan which will demand many a fell struggle ere they fall.

I gave great offence to the authorities lately by not preventing some of those whom they claim as slaves from getting away to Fernando Po. I tell them that I cannot act as policeman or public informer for them—that all I can promise is that I shall take no active part in helping their slaves to run away from the country. This, however, hardly satisfies them. My path of duty in the matter seems quite plain.

The following "spontaneous testimony to the Christian influence of the Mission at Duke Town" from natives of Sierra Leone, Cape Coast, and elsewhere, resident in Old Calabar, addressed to Mr. Anderson, appeared in the *Record*, Jan. 1874:—

. . . God has blessed your labour in a degree the extent of which you are little aware. We in the town have seen, and testify, how in former days one could hardly know the Sabbath from any other day in the week; for nearly at every turn of the streets you saw drums beating, songs singing, dancing going on, market-keeping, etc. But now how great is the change! A stop has been put to all these things, through your unwearied efforts in representing matters to the king and chiefs, and showing them how it is against God's law for all these things to be done on the Sabbath day. More also, there is now a surprising fondness in the whole town, among male and female, to

attend divine service on Sunday; and as we see them marching up the hill in single file, and sending their servants to hurry up others who were not ready in time, we cannot but wonder with open mouths, and say, "What hath God wrought!" and as we go to the service, we are also greatly surprised to see that the once-neglected church of Duke Town, and the unoccupied seats (together with the schoolroom), can hardly be sufficient to contain all that go to the worship of the Lord.

Permit us then, sir, to offer our hearty congratulations to you for the zeal and untiring exertions among these people, for whose well-being you have already spent twenty-four years of missionary labour towards the advancement of Christ's gospel and the glory of God's kingdom, and also for the success of the Mission of which you are a member. We also hope that these people who now go to church may not only be attendants, but by your preaching and teaching be soon converted to true followers of Christ. And may God grant you health and strength, not only to labour in Duke Town, but to be a blessing to all the inhabitants of Calabar!

In the Annual Report for 1873, Mr. Anderson, referring to day-school work, said:—

One thing has been a bone of contention between the native gentlemen and us for many years, viz., our persistency in *teaching* as well as *learning* the Efik tongue. They wish us to teach their children English, and English only. We have never felt it to be our duty to do so. This has led several of our headmen to employ some of the Accras as teachers or family tutors. Three of them we know to be thus employed. The competition will doubtless prove beneficial in the long-run. The training and teaching of our native teachers require a considerable amount of evening work from Mr. Morton and myself.

Referring to the out-stations, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

These are the Efut farms and the Edïbe-Edïbe villages, all lying within a radius of three or four miles

from the Mission Hill, and the two Henshaw Towns, one of which is a suburb of Duke Town on the north-east, and the other a village a mile distant on the south-west. This latter merits a sentence or two. It has a population of, it is supposed, about 500, either in the *town* or belonging to it. It affects to have its own king, and its own laws and customs. Its headmen give us, in various ways, great encouragement in our work. Fully the half of our Sabbath congregation is from Henshaw Town.

Mr. Anderson wrote to Mr. Chisholm on November 13, 1873:—

. . . I think I have mentioned to you that Consul Charles Livingstone came on us unexpectedly last year as a boarder. He lived with us a very canny life from April 1872 up till the 18th ult., when he left us to go home to enter on his retiring pension. He was troubled with a bronchial complaint all the time he was with us, but otherwise his general health was good; and on the 18th ult. he left us in good health and spirits to go home with Captain Croft—one of the most vigorous men connected with the African coast—with whom I have crossed the ocean three times. He also was in capital health when here—quite proud of his splendid new steamer *Ethiopia*: this was her first voyage.

On the arrival of the *Africa* on Sabbath evening last, the community here was startled by the intelligence—"Consul Livingstone and Captain Croft both dead from yellow fever on this side Cape Coast." I am not quite sure of dates—I think Livingstone died on the 27th—was buried at sea. Croft twelve hours later, and was buried on shore at Idda or Whyda—could not make out which. . . . The dispensation will afflict Dr. Livingstone when he hears of it, if he hears of it on earth.[1]

Matters moving on in pretty much the old way. All in the Mission well at present. Mr. Morton well, and doing well. Mr. Beedie has had a sharp attack of fever,

[1] Dr. Livingstone died a few months before, May 1873. Regarding Charles Livingstone, see Blaikie's *Personal Life of David Livingstone* (1880), pp. 88–9 and *passim*.

but is getting round. My right shoulder is rheumatic. If so in our comfortably warm climate, what would it be in your cold climate? So I reason.

No, not intending to publish—but beginning to forget what is meant by some of my [shorthand] marks on my skeletons—so in order to have something to *read* (when unable to *preach*) without requiring to *spell* the words, I have copied out twenty-five of my most important discourses,[1] which I can use at short notice—here or elsewhere.

[1] These perished in the fire in 1882.

CHAPTER XXVI

Labours, 1874-1876—War between Duke Town and Henshaw Town

WRITING on the 1st of May 1874, Mr. Anderson sent the following extracts from his Journal:—

Thursday, Jan. 1.—No such inbringing of the year here as you had in Edinburgh. . . . At ten forenoon I preached in King Archibong's yard to the largest assembly of worshippers I have ever addressed in the town. With one exception, the multitude were deeply attentive. King and queen were both present. Oh for a ripple of the wave of revival by which Edinburgh has been blessed!

Thursday, 22.—Saddened somewhat to-day on receipt of intelligence of departure of a right noble fellow-worker when I was in Jamaica, George Millar, Esq., long Principal of the Academy at Montego Bay. Many hearts in Jamaica will be softened when they hear—doubtless they have heard ere now—of his departure. In regard to myself, I have said saddened *somewhat*, for really I do not feel now as in earlier years when friends are taken away. At my time of life I feel the death or funeral of a friend to be something like bidding him good-bye as he embarks on the homeward-bound mail steamer. A steamer or two more, I must pack up and follow.

Thursday, Feb. 5.—Over creek to-day at what I call Henshaw Town North. Have not been there for several weeks. There is a large population in the town. Some of the headmen are—or profess to be—anxious for a school to be opened among them for their children. One or two of the native members go over on Sabbaths and hold meetings in several of the houses, but this scarcely satisfies our friends.

Sabbath, 8.—Attendance to-day very cheering. Cobham Town people were present in a body, the first time for years. Queen Archibong, and a great number of ladies in her train, also put in an appearance. An old story, the Sixth Commandment, forenoon; our Lord's Ascension, afternoon.

In a paper entitled "Retrospect of a Quarter of a Century"[1] Mr. Anderson reviewed in a characteristic way the changes that had taken place in Duke Town during the twenty-five years he and Mrs. Anderson had laboured there:—

For a long time the work was of a very "uphill" kind indeed. We had sometimes very interesting meetings, and sometimes my hearers would favour me with their remarks on what was said. One day, when I had been speaking on the greatness or glory of God, Henry Cobham observed, "I think God has no night." . . . One Sabbath morning I found Henry quite out of humour, and expatiating on the ingratitude of his slaves. "What have they been doing now, Henry?" "Look here, I call them all at nine o'clock, give every one a glass of rum to make them come when you come, to hear God's word; and see! They drink my rum, and now they all go away! I can't find one of them!" "Well, we must just go on without them." . . . One Sabbath, shortly after some deed of blood, I was speaking of the resurrection of the dead, intimating that, at the sound of the last trumpet, murderers and murdered will arise together, and together stand before God. My auditors could bear no more. King Archibong I. jumped up in fury: "We go

[1] *Record*, May 1875. In a letter to Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Anderson remarks: "You would wonder to see me represented in the *Record* as viewing twenty-six years as a quarter of a century. *That* paper was written on Feb. 10, 1874, and began with a reference to 'twenty-five years ago.' Dr. MacGill, however, just kept it idle for a whole twelvemonth—and then changed twenty-five into twenty-six. Had it been written in Feb. last, the numbers of members, etc. and several allusions would have been rather different."

now," and hurried off towards the doorway of the yard. H. Cobham cried out: "That plenty for to-day"; and Mr. Young said in his softest manner: "That do for to-day, Mr. Anderson; you come back next Sunday and tell us all about it." And thus my congregation dismissed me that day. . . . During the period under review, seventy-nine adults have been baptized here. Of these, fifteen are dead, twelve have drawn back, and several have gone to other localities. Forty-one persons, including several of our own countrymen, baptized elsewhere, have been received into full communion here. Of these, sixteen are known to be dead, six are known to have drawn back, and most of the others are now elsewhere. Sixty-three have been received in full communion from other churches. Of these, sixteen are known to be dead, and most of the others are now in other parts of the world. The church has just been a temporary resting-place for most of these. Eight of those baptized in infancy have been admitted to the Lord's table. Of these, one has died. There have thus been in connection with the church at Duke Town during the quarter of a century one hundred and ninety-one. Of these, forty-eight are known to be dead. Forty-seven infants have been baptized, and of these nine have died.

The school has never been so well attended—perhaps it has not been so well conducted—as it should have been. This arises from the fact that during the greater portion of the time under consideration one man has had to be both minister and schoolmaster at the station, and this has doubtless interfered with the effectiveness of his work in both capacities. I believe that about four hundred young people have been at school, the most of whom have been taught to read, and also to do a little in writing and arithmetic. In Mr. Morton we have a teacher whose heart is in his work, and it may be expected that henceforth our educational department will flourish as it has never done hitherto.

Our Church membership is but small. In all countries there may be more members than Christians in a Church; but I believe that in a community like ours there may be more Christians than there are Church members. Poly-

gamy, very properly I think, excludes from Church fellowship; but I have never ventured to denounce perdition on all who have entered into such a state of life while ignorant of New Testament law on the subject, and who have not been able to see it to be their duty to abandon that position. I have no hesitation in declaring that all who enter into such relationships, after they know the mind of Christ on the matter, do thereby ruin their souls. I believe that the stringent rules of the Church in regard to slavery have proved a barrier to some in regard to joining the Church. They see quite well that the anti-slavery declaration which they are required to subscribe before being received into fellowship, if honestly carried out, renders their slaves practically free. I do not wonder that this appears to some as an insuperable barrier to their becoming Church members. A man having twelve slaves may wish to join the Church. He may not only sign our declaration in regard to them, he may even give each of them a sort of writ of manumission, declaring that he gives up all claim to them. What more could the man do? But such a document would be utterly ignored by all the laws and customs of the country. The master would still remain responsible to the community for the misdeeds of any of the supposed twelve—as much so as if he had not given up all claim to them. Not only so, but each of these twelve may purchase another twelve slaves, and thus the poor man, ere he is aware of it, may be responsible to the public for the conduct of one hundred and forty-four persons, besides his original twelve. Not only so; but there is nothing, in so far as I know, save want of means, to prevent those one hundred and forty-four purchasing other slaves to any extent, thus indefinitely increasing the responsibilities as well as the wealth of the great man whom all acknowledge as their master and owner. I for one am not prepared to say that a man cannot be a Christian unless he break through all entanglements under this head, and subscribe the declaration as required by the Church in order to membership. And then there are the old, the diseased, the very poor, and the oppressed, among wives, widows, and slaves, who cannot attend public service anywhere, but who are instructed privately in regard to

the way of salvation; some of whom we know to be instant in prayer, and humbly looking for pardon and salvation through the merits of the One Mediator. All these things considered, I cherish the conviction that our Communion roll does not contain the names of all around us who are on the way to everlasting bliss. On "that day" there will assuredly be found many discrepancies between earth's Communion roll and the Lamb's Book of Life—some of them very melancholy, and others very delightful.

No one will imagine that the foregoing statements are meant to indicate that Duke Town is thoroughly evangelised. The work of the gospel is little more than begun, but I think I can say that it *is* begun. A few hundreds have been brought, more or less, under the influence of the sacred word; but the thousands still remain unimpressed, uninterested, and uninstructed. Contrasting the first Sabbath I spent in Duke Town with Sabbath last, I see much reason why I should thank God and take courage. . . .

But the great result of this brief retrospect of a quarter of a century ought to be, I trust will be, increased effort in time to come; greater earnestness in prophesying to the dry bones, and saying unto them, "Live"; and greater earnestness in prophesying to the wind, "Come from the four winds, O breath! and breathe upon these slain, that they may live."

The Journal continues:—

Tuesday, Feb. 12.—Twenty-five years to-day since my partner and I first set foot on Calabar soil. We have had our ups and downs, our sorrows and our joys. We have seen many changes in the town and among the shipping. We feel grateful that during the greater portion of the quarter of a century which has passed over us here we have been so seldom laid aside by sickness. We trust that we have not been altogether idlers in the vineyard, though we may not have been able to do so much as we expected to accomplish. In looking at the *then* and *now*, we feel that it becomes us to erect our Ebenezer anew to-day, and to proclaim with grateful hearts, "Hitherto hath

the Lord helped us!" And we feel confident that He will not forsake us now that the evening shades are gathering around us.

Wednesday, 25.—At Creek Town, at the coronation of our friend Henshaw Tom Foster, long a consistent member and office-bearer in the Church, now transformed into King Eyo Honesty VII. It has been, I trust, a good day for the Church in Calabar.

Friday, 27.—Along with several other members of the Mission, and at the request of our new Consul, George Hartley, Esq., at a consular meeting held on one of the hulks.

Sabbath, March 1.—The sixth anniversary of the opening of our church. A great crowd forenoon; both church and schoolroom packed full. Both places respectably filled in afternoon. Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Fuller, and Mr. Morton all put forth their energies to meet the emergency. Those who got into church had their attention turned to the old, old story—forenoon, Isa. xxxii. 2; afternoon, Luke vi. 19. The school attendance was divided into classes, and taught by the ladies. A laborious but happy day.

Black Davis, one of the wealthiest and most influential of the native traders, died on Jan. 25, and was buried on Jan. 27. Mr. Anderson described in his Journal[1] the funeral and the events that followed:—

Went to town at eight forenoon to see what was going on. Returned again at noon, accompanied by Mrs. Sutherland and Mr. Morton, and authorised by King Archibong to see everything that could be seen. We saw the grave, eighteen or twenty feet deep; the coffin, rather an imposing affair; crowds of mourners; and piles of European goods, contributed in respect for the dead, a part of which was to be put in the grave, and a part to be divided among—I hardly know whom. Gifts came pouring in from all quarters all the time we could spare, so that we had to leave before the coffin was laid in its resting-place. The

[1] *Record*, Aug. 1874.

scene was diversified here and there by the sight of a slaughtered bullock. Better slaughtered bullocks than murdered men.

Wednesday, 28.—The departed Black Davis owned a vast number of people in the plantations. The males form a powerful party among the *blood-men*. I had information from a trustworthy source that a large body of these men had come into the town, and seemed bent on mischief—*i.e.*, wished to charge some person or persons with causing their master's death, and to cause such person or persons to eat the poison bean. I intimated this to our European friends who were at the weekly prayer meeting in the evening, and requested their aid in keeping the blood-men in check. . . . Three volunteered to aid me in any way I thought best, namely, Mr. Morton, Captain Walker, and Mr. White. All four set out at once under the splendid moonlight, scoured the town, went to King Archibong's and implored him not to allow any *esere* to be administered. He said he would not. We went to Black Davis's, met a large number of the blood-men on the premises, got chairs and sat down among them, and reasoned as best we could on the evil of murder and the folly of imagining that in such a case as that of their late master there could be any *ifot* which caused death. Whether our exhortations were of much avail, I know not. We felt that we had done what we could. I have no doubt that it was well to let the whole town see that their proceedings were watched with interest by white men.

Saturday, 31.—Glad to learn that Egbo proclamation was made to-day, forbidding any devil-making for Black Davis to-morrow. This will ensure in great measure the quiet of the town.

Monday, *March* 16.—A dark scene opens. Black Davis's people seem determined to have some victims to follow their late master into another world. Down to town twice this forenoon, accompanied by Mrs. Sutherland, to save one of the widows from the ordeal. We did not know till too late that the *esere* had been administered to other three of the widows, all of whom died.

Tuesday, 17.—In town both forenoon and afternoon, trying to ascertain on what grounds the three women were

made to take *esere* yesterday. Laying together all the information obtainable, I believe that two of them had been unfaithful before Black Davis's death; and in regard to the third, that a few days before he was seized with his last illness, he had found fault with her about some food she had prepared for him, when she told him very significantly that in a little while he would follow his fathers, *i.e.* die. It is alleged against one of the other two, that, when she heard in the plantation of Black Davis's death, she, in presence of several witnesses, expressed her joy. But the victims are not here to answer for themselves. Talked seriously with King Archibong about the matter.

Wednesday, 18.—The blood-men in great measure dispersed, but felt it my duty to go again to town to see how matters stand, and endeavour to prevent any further evil. After consideration, wrote and forwarded to King Archibong this letter:—

"MISSION HOUSE, *March* 18, 1874.

"KING ARCHIBONG III.,—Sir, I spent a good part of yesterday trying to find out why these three women were compelled to take *esere* on Monday. I cannot find any good cause for killing them. I look on the affair as just *killing for the dead*—the very thing that you are bound by treaty with England not to do. . . .

"This doing puts me to plenty shame. I write good about Adam Archibong (now King Archibong III.), and this bad fashion has come up again. I hear that no *esere* has been given in Creek Town for twenty years. How is it that Duke Town keeps up such a fashion?

"Another thing. This puts me in trouble this way: Suppose I write to Consul that Duke Town break treaty, and he come and fine town heavily; then Duke Town people will say, 'Oh, Mr. Anderson is a bad man—brings plenty trouble on us!' Suppose I no write to Consul about such a thing, then what will white men say?—'Oh, Mr. Anderson is a worthless fellow, no fit to be a missionary! He see Calabar kill people for nothing, and does not report it.' What am I to do?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"WM. ANDERSON."

To the above letter King Archibong sent me a verbal reply, in substance a repetition of what he said to me, to the effect that he was very sorry that he did not send for me or some other white man, that I might hear all the evidence against the women, and also their own confession, which left no doubt as to their guilt; and that, should any other case of the kind occur, he will send for me and be greatly guided by my opinion in such a matter. This is certainly an improvement on the style of our last king: "You white men attend to your own business; you have nothing to do in town palavers."

Sabbath, 29.—Our Communion. Our brother, Dr. Robb, who has been with us a short time for health's sake, took part in the service. His vigour of address, both in Efik and English, shows how well Duke Town air agrees with him.

Tuesday, April 7.—Roused between ten and eleven forenoon by the welcome intelligence that a mother and twins were at Henshaw Town beach, having just arrived from a distant plantation, where the birth had taken place about twenty-four hours before. Mrs. Anderson, though suffering a good deal, hurried off to meet and welcome the strangers, and in a short time she had them *at home*. She declares the twins to be two of the finest and strongest-looking boys she has ever seen of their age. The *family* belongs to Henshaw Town, whose chief had no objection to their being at once located in the town; but Mrs. Anderson and he agreed that it would be better for the trio to be at the mission-house, till the mother be strong enough to take care of the little fellows,—so that this is not a case requiring an appeal to friends for aid.

Friday, 10.—Being in the Qua neighbourhood, I thought I might step the length of Old Town and see what was being done in the school there. Found our teacher busy in school, but with only eight scholars present. Catechised them a little, and found them familiar with the answers of our smallest Catechism. Found the King of Qua not unwilling to have a school in his town. Came in by Henshaw Town North, and made a few calls, announcing the approach of Sabbath. "To-morrow Saturday, and then?"—"Then God's day."—"Well, remember Fourth Commandment."

Wednesday, 15.—Visited Qua and Akïm, taking with me an interpreter and two large alphabet cards. Had a little gospel work and school work at both places. There is a fine field for an energetic worker at Qua—not so sure about Akïm. Mrs. Sutherland expended a good deal of labour on both, many years ago, the results of which are still visible.

Tuesday, 21.—Captain Walker has opened a new school, a mile and a half or two miles from Walkerwood, at a small town called Ikŏt-ansa. Accompanied by Captain Walker, visited both schools to-day. It seems that the etiquette of the region forbade the chiefs of Ikŏt-ansa to send their children out of their territory to be taught. The same teacher does duty at both schools, teaching at the new place in the morning, and at the old in the evening. Twenty children were at the new school to-day, all neat and clean, and clothed in suitable raiment, provided by Captain Walker and his friends. I was struck with the fine countenances of the children. . . . The king and the queen and a number of ladies and gentlemen were present, and seemed interested in the examination of the school. Examined Walkerwood school in the afternoon, and found that progress was being made there. The region in which Captain Walker operates, lying between Old Town and the Qua River, is one of great beauty.

Monday, May 4.—An attack of fever began on Friday evening, and lasted thirty hours. I gratefully acknowledge, however, that the attack was exceedingly gentle. It left me yesterday morning a good deal exhausted, however.

In the Annual Report for 1874 it was stated:—

The Rev. Dugald Campbell has lately returned to this country in a state of broken health; and but for a lack of labourers, arising from this and other causes, Mr. Anderson would have availed himself of the arrangement, by which it has been customary to obviate the dangers of the climate by periodical changes at intervals of about five years.

With reference to the English service, note is taken of the changed conditions of European trading life in Calabar:—

The European occupants of the *hulks* are few in number when compared with those of the olden time on board the *ships*. There are, however, nine European trading establishments on the river, each with its supercargo, clerk, mate, etc. Out of all these only three are in fellowship with the Church. These three, and I may say two—or perhaps three—others, are the only Europeans who have attended public worship with anything like regularity during the past year. It is matter of thankfulness that European example in a matter of this sort is not so potent as it was twenty years ago.

Extracts from Journal,[1] giving an account of the work during the first half of 1875, follow:—

Friday, Jan. 1.—The year opens auspiciously. Very good attendance at our New Year's Day service in King Archibong's yard. At the close of the service the king intimated to all present that he himself was very glad to have God's word, and that, if any of his people wished to leave off the old fashions and join the Church, they should not be molested on that account.

Tuesday, Feb. 16.—Had a long conversation to-day, in his own house, with our friend George Duke, Esq. He is certainly a good deal under the power of the world to come. The one barrier in his way is polygamy, and he seems strongly disposed to break it down, though he feels that it will be a difficult task to accomplish. Called his attention to promised support and strength: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Thursday, 25.—Our friend George Duke has taken the decided step—has effected a friendly separation from

[1] With reference to the sending of extracts from his Journal, Mr. Anderson wrote to Mr. Chisholm: "Advancing years make me *awfu'* lazy at pen work. . . . I canna be fashed to put pen to paper unless impelled in some manner to do so."

all his wives. Nine of them are free women, and are considered ladies of importance. To one of them he is to be married "in Christian fashion" in a few days.

Thursday, April 20.—Slavery is indeed a curse! A number of people have been living beside us for years whom we looked upon as emancipadoes, most of them furnished with consular free papers—said free papers having been approved by Her Majesty's Government. No one had troubled the persons referred to during three reigns; but soon after the accession of our present king, one of the free young men presented his claim to ten or twelve of them as being *his slaves*! His plea is, that the eldest of the party, who redeemed all the others, was once his father's slave, and was given to him when he was an infant! According to Calabar law and custom, all the slaves bought by a slave belong to the master or mistress of the purchaser. In the present case, however, no *just* claim can be made for either purchaser or purchased. The purchaser of the others was taken under British protection in 1849 by the commander of an English man-of-war, and with the full concurrence of King Archibong I. and all the gentlemen of Duke Town. He purchased several individuals (his wife among the rest), but not with the intention of their being *slaves* to him or to anyone else; for his purchases, whom he and we considered as *redeemed from slavery*, were presented to successive consuls on their official visits to the river, and received from the consuls free papers in the form approved by the Foreign Office. But I find I must not enter into the history of the matter here. Suffice it for the present to say, that the young man who claims the individuals referred to has annoyed them so much for some time past, that eight of them, including *five members of the Church*, embarked to-day on the mail steamer to search for a habitation where they will be allowed to enjoy peace. They go in the meantime to Fernando Po. May they be provided for, protected, and blessed!

Wednesday, 28.—At Henshaw Town North, arranging with the householders (a School Board not being as yet organised!) for the opening of a school here. At our last meeting of Presbytery it was agreed to withdraw William

Cobham from Henshaw Town South, that he might devote his time to some more destitute locality.

Found all the heads of the houses anxious to have a school and preaching station established among them—the only preliminary being that I should get King A.'s assent to the movement. Called on the king on my way home, laid the case before him, and he at once approved of the project, so that we can at once carry it into execution.

Sabbath, May 9.—Another interesting and delightful day. Four adults were received into Church fellowship by baptism, two of the four being our long-continued friend George Duke, Esq. and his wife. After the seniors had been received into communion, six of George's children (one of them a girl) were also baptized.

All things considered, it has been judged proper to have a larger session than we have had for years—Captain Walker and I being the only members thereof. There was a difficulty, however. We have no old Church members whose years (as Church members) would render them venerable, so we must either be content to have young men associated with us, or none. We chose the former alternative; and my townsman as well as countryman, Mr. A. S. Morton, and a native, Ene Antika, were some time ago duly elected to the office of ruling elders, and both were ordained this afternoon with the usual formalities to the important office.

Sabbath, May 16.—Our Communion. A very pleasant day, and, I trust, profitable to the souls of many. Seventy-five communicants took their places at the sacred festival. We remembered with affectionate interest the five of our members who since last Communion have gone to find a resting-place in Fernando Po, if the Lord will.

Tuesday, 18.—At Old Town, in company with Mr. Goldie, examining the state of the mission premises there. Miss Mary Johnstone,[1] in compliance with the request of the Presbytery, has kindly and courageously agreed to take the superintendence of that station. The headmen of the town seem delighted at the prospect of another

[1] Sister of Mrs. Goldie and of Miss E. Johnstone. She joined the Mission in 1874, and after twenty years' faithful service retired in 1894.

European being located among them, and they promise fair to attend meetings, send children to school, etc. etc. May they remember their promises and perform them!

Tuesday, June 22.—Nine years to-day since I last bade farewell to my native land. I have never spent nine shorter years than those which have elapsed since then. It "seems only a few days" since my last return to Old Calabar. How different my experience of this climate from that of our esteemed brother now making preparation for leaving us finally! Let me not forget that, where much is given, much shall be required.

Friday, 25.—Meeting of Presbytery to-day, probably the last that Dr. Robb will ever attend in this land. At the close of the business he gave us a very touching and interesting address, which was responded to in a very feeling manner, on behalf of the remanent members of Presbytery, by Mr. Goldie. We are sorry to be called on to part with any brother, especially such a brother as Dr. Robb, but we feel thankful to the Head of the Church for permitting him to live and labour with us for upwards of seventeen years. We are grateful that he has been able to leave such monuments of ability and industry behind him as the Old Testament, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and other useful books, in the native tongue; thankful for the success that has attended his preaching to the people, and his tutorial labours among the young men; and we look with hopefulness towards his future, believing that a wide door of usefulness will yet be opened up to him, and that he will be guided into some sphere in which he will be able to render important service both to the Church at home and to the cause of missions.

Sabbath, 27.—A solemn day for us. Dr. Robb preached to us in Efik in the morning, and in English in the evening. His "last words" among us were received with deep attention by both natives and Europeans.

Tuesday, 29.—Accompanied Dr. Robb to the ship, and then we took leave of each other—it may be till "that day." He leaves us accompanied by the best wishes of us all. He has been enabled to do a great work here: *perhaps even a greater awaits him elsewhere!*

Wednesday, 30.—One of our young men, James

Ballantyne by name, was sent about six weeks ago to take charge of the school at Old Town. I have dropped in on him repeatedly, and found him on each visit working away energetically among twenty young people. I hear that his addresses at the meetings held on Sabbath are interesting and instructive, and listened to attentively. Should European agency here decrease, may native agency increase!

The following letter, dated Sept. 14, 1875, contains a graphic account of the fighting that took place on mission ground, between Duke Town and Henshaw Town:—

To Rev. John Law, John Chisholm, Esq., and all other friends besides them.

. . . You are aware that the Mission Hill lies between the two towns, Duke Town and Henshaw Town. Henshaw Town people—a few years ago—would have their own king. Duke Town admitted that Henshaw Town people were proprietors of their own territory, and possessed regal—I might call it imperial—power in their own town—could make what laws they chose—had the power of life and death over their own subjects, etc., but would not permit them to call their chief by the English title "king." Egbo, you are aware, is the title of a sort of Freemason Society, with which the freemen of all the towns in Calabar are connected, and the decisions of the institution in regard to international matters (or inter-townal matters) are final. Well, Duke Town prevailed on the Egbo Institution to proclaim to the people of Henshaw Town that they were not to call their headman "king." Henshaw Town people set the Egbo ban at defiance, and also disregarded the counsel of their best friends both in the Mission and in the river—which was to "sit softly till they grew stronger." They had already got a crown and sceptre from Europe, and they actually held their coronation ceremony, with abundance of flags, firing cannon, etc. For this, Egbo pounced upon them,—took their crown and sceptre and destroyed them ignominiously in Duke Town,—and fined them (I think at first 600 boxes of brass rods, and then reduced it to) 300 boxes of brass

rods—say, £600 to £700. From that day to this there had been no cordiality between the towns. H. T. complained some time ago that D. T. was oppressing them too much at the interior oil markets. D. T., of course, denies this. But I must be brief.

On Tuesday, Aug. 10th, a young man named Prince Duke (I should say *styled* so) connected with the leading families of Duke Town, was visiting a friend in the neighbourhood of Henshaw Town. On his way home he called on one of the H. T. chiefs, and they seized him as a prisoner—put him in chains—and handled him rather roughly. This was a rash step. In about half an hour hundreds of armed men were rushing up the hill from D. T., and about 40 or 50 came round from H. T. to the line of the mission ground. Mr. Morton and I hurried to the line—accompanied by a few Sierra Leone men—the opposite parties were then shouting and pointing their rifles at each other. I drew a line across the road with my staff, and proclaimed that whoever should cross that line would involve themselves in war with white men. Mr. Morton and I, with the Sierra Leone men, then stood on the line between the parties—addressing them by turns. We were relieved from our position ere long by an Egbo drum being sent by King Eyo of Creek Town (then a refugee here) forbidding all firing of guns, and ordering all to keep quiet till the chiefs should meet and consider what should be done. Our presence had been beneficial, however.

King Eyo, the river gentlemen, and we in the Mission did what we could in the interests of peace for three weeks, during which Prince Duke was kept a prisoner. But the Henshaw Town men's demands were too high. They required to be put, in all things, on a level with Duke Town and Creek Town. To look at this on black and white seems only reasonable, *but* Creek Town has some Egbo privileges and honours peculiar to itself. Duke Town has ditto. It was not likely that either town would surrender its *peculium*?

An Egbo from Öröñ appeared on August 30th, and —I scarcely know how—prevailed on Henshaw Town to release Prince Duke. Whenever he was released,

Duke Town demanded that the person named or known as King Henshaw III. should be put into King Archibong's hands, to be kept in chains and treated in the same way as Prince Duke had been treated—and for the same period—three weeks. Intimation was also given that if James Henshaw (King Henshaw III.) were not surrendered in a short period, Duke Town would take him by force.

Both parties then prepared for war.

On Tuesday morning last, large masses of armed men—many of them blood-men from the plantations—moved up the Mission Hill. Mr. Morton was then absent, having been away for change. He returned about noon. Mrs. A. and I went to see what was to be done. We kept for a time in the inside of our mission fence. A strong party of H. T. men were stationed behind a strong barricade about twenty yards from us. Hostilities began by D. T. people pitching billets of wood, spiked at each end, among the H. T. people. H. T. speedily returned the billets. So far as I have been able to learn, only one serious wound was inflicted by these missiles—one poor fellow got his mouth sadly smashed. The cry from both sides rang out wildly, "Tōp, tōp," "Fire, fire," neither party being desirous of firing the first shot. At length a shot was fired. Though so near, I cannot tell from what side—the combatants were so near each other. We thought it as well to move to a distance, but we experienced some new sensations, as shot of various kinds went whistling—whistling is not the proper term, but I have no better at hand—past us, snapping off the twigs and leaves of the trees around us. Mrs. A. went off to get lint and bandages for the wounded. The most of them, however, were carried off at once to the town. But I cannot write with composure on the occurrences of the day. My chief design in taking up my pen at present was to allay any apprehension which you may be under (should you see "Loanda's" news) as to our safety. A considerable quantity of shot fell in our yard, and one rifle ball (which I may yet show you) popped through one of our window panes. So far as I can form an estimate, there were killed, of Duke Town 8 or 10, and of Henshaw

Town 14 or 16; wounded, of D. T. about 20; of H. T. about 25.

The firing continued the whole day. D. T. attacked H. T. also from the river.

It was a most melancholy day for me; for most of the chiefs of both armies were wont to form part of my Sabbath congregation, and many on both sides were my old scholars.

When evening came, Mr. Goldie, Mr. Morton, and I went to King Archibong's to beg him to allow us to bring all the women and children from Henshaw Town to the mission premises. He would not consent to our going to Henshaw Town, but told us that he would send orders to his people to molest no unarmed person, male or female, who might wish to leave H. T. After we left King A., the river men went to him. H. T. reported to them that they were quite exhausted. After going between the parties all night—King Henshaw having escaped to one of the hulks—this bargain was concluded: James Henshaw (ex-king) is to be handed to King A. Six hours will be allowed for all the H. T. people to escape with the most valuable portions of their property.

At 12 noon on Wednesday, 8th inst., the town was vacated, and D. T. hordes poured in, removed the valuables from the various houses, and set fire to all.

I forgot to say above, in connection with the flying about of shot, that both parties paid the utmost respect to the mission premises. What a mercy was it that parties fired at were in little danger of being struck! Had there been only three or four trained riflemen on each side, the carnage would have been vastly greater than it was.

On Sabbath A.M. I had a goodly congregation of D. T. people. I called their attention to 2 Chron. xxviii. 1–16, Obad. 10–15, and Luke xiii. 1–5. I *palavered* with some of the D. T. fellows, for they seemed glad in the destruction of H. T. I told them that they had nothing to boast of—3000 against 150 or 160. Not more than 100 men in H. T. would have been admissible (physically) into any English regiment. But probably, on the other hand, not 1000 out of the 3000 would have satisfied a British army surgeon.

H. T. people are now D. T. prisoners, but in the hands of the Europeans. It is not yet settled where their future location is to be.

Sabbath was our Communion. I was *utterly* knocked up at its close. Was unable to leave bed yesterday. A little better now. Not in trim for writing. To-morrow (Wednesday) anniversary of formation of Presbytery. I have to preach the sermon. Alas for my hearers!—
Yours, worn-out, W. A.

On Sept. 28 Mr. Anderson wrote from the hulk *Realm*:—

I drop only a line or two from the hulk of our friend Mr. Gilbertson,[1] to say that we have just left a meeting at which matters have been arranged between Duke Town and Henshaw Town, under the auspices of H.B.M.'s Consul. The chief provision is that Henshaw Town people may rebuild their town, but are to live henceforth as subjects of the king of Duke Town. They are to have the same rights and privileges as the freemen of Duke Town, but are not to form a separate and independent kingdom. This is perhaps the best arrangement that could have been made, and we are all obliged to Consul Hartley for his prompt and effective interposition.

The *Gambia* arrived last evening with Miss Edgerley and Mr. Swan. They had a very pleasant voyage, and look well. I must get up the hill, as this is the evening of our Efik prayer meeting. Both church and schoolroom were crowded twice last Sabbath.

Dr. Robb in a letter remarked:—

Is it not pleasing to see these men modifying their old barbarities, and, after a trial of their strength, arranging and ending their quarrel, under civilised and Christian influence, with some regard to justice and humanity? But for this influence that quarrel would have had a different issue—in perhaps the extermination of a whole

[1] Brother of Mrs. S. H. Edgerley.

village, in which neither women nor children would have been spared. The members of the church at Creek Town were collecting and purchasing food to be sent to the people whose homes had been burned down. Such is the way in which the kingdom of God progresses, changing men and their manners, softening and subduing their savagery, and in the end making them humane and Christian.

In the *Record* for Aug. 1875 there was published an account of the revival associated with the name of Mr. D. L. Moody, and a vigorous appeal by Mr. Edgerley for men for Calabar. The whole appeal is worth reprinting, especially at the present time. I can only give a portion bearing specially on the state of the Mission in 1875:—

How has our section of the Church carried out her plans with regard to the Calabar Mission? She has allowed us to struggle on short-handed. At one time we were able to extend, and, while rejoicing in our numerical strength, added Ikoneto and Ikörófiöng to the list of our stations—each new place being nearer the aimed-at interior. It is now fourteen years since Ikörófiöng was reached, and during this interval our numbers have been such that at one time we were able to hold our own, and at present are barely able to do so. We only do so by extra labour, which can seldom be given. Duke Town, with its surrounding districts of Old Town and Qua, is very far from being sufficiently occupied; Ikörófiöng, with Ibibio before it, is in the same condition; and Ikoneto is empty—a native teacher being there alone, and, being alone, is unable to strike out into the surrounding farms and villages as we wish him to do. Creek Town, with its larger staff of native teachers to assist, is the only part of Calabar that can boast of a sufficient number of men to face the work lying at its door. The consequence of this weakness is, *first*, The burden of work on each labourer is not small, and, from its magnitude, is

apt to be disheartening; *a second*, When any of us is under the not altogether pleasant duty of visiting this country, he comes knowing that his absence throws additional work on the brethren behind; and *lastly*, If we can hardly hold our present ground, how are we to act on the aggressive and win additional tribes to our Lord?

Brethren have come to our help at different times, and for them we thanked God, while we gave them cordial welcome, and applauded their kindness and courage. But they have been few and far between. During that time disease and death have thinned our ranks as rapidly as the Church has added to them; and instead of rising to meet the emergency and keep up our staff, our loving mother—the United Presbyterian Church—seems disposed to leave her children who remain to work and pray, to weep and die alone. I believe, and dare to say, that, judging as men judge, there would have been fewer cases of sickness and death in the Calabar Mission had there been more labourers in it to help and cheer one another.

The climate is unhealthy. I wish I could say otherwise about it, but I cannot. At the same time, it is not so bad as friends at home believe it to be. The weaker the constitution the more care is necessary, but there are constitutions that can continue healthy in Calabar and give comfort to their possessors, without the employment of more care than prudence and common sense would suggest anywhere. There are yet present in the Mission those—*ladies* also—who have been in it over a quarter of a century.

There are reasons why we should call loudly for help at present. God is blessing this country by pouring out His Spirit in pentecostal measure and winning souls to life. Looking at this revival and at the vastness of heathendom, it appears to me that the Lord is preparing an army for an assault upon the world at large. I am glad to learn that some of those who have got good to their souls have offered themselves for the foreign field. I hope that every new day will report additions to them. Let them come; there is room for all in the wide world! We shall be glad to see half a dozen of them come to Calabar. Do not think this number large to ask for at

once, unless you think that God either will not find them work or cannot find them support.

Mr. Goldie, writing in his Journal[1] with reference to the departure of Dr. Robb, said:—

His leaving makes a great subtraction from our strength, being so few that we are unable even to man the stations at present formed. Indeed we have never been able to do more than hold the ground occupied, and that for the most part inefficiently, from lack of agents. . . . We were hopeful that the revival movement would have inspired some of those who have offered themselves for the foreign service of the Church with as much zeal and devotion as would lead them to brave the danger even of any field, and so we solicited six new agents. Our hope has been disappointed. Either such zeal exists not, or our Mission Board has not discovered it.

In reply to this, Dr. MacGill wrote:[2]—

Our agents are too few, and they feel oppressed by their littleness as a band. Mr. Goldie wonders that the revival has not given a greater result to Calabar. Since he penned his very suggestive complaint, one fruit of the revival we have obtained in a young man (Mr. James Swan), the son of one of our ministers,[3] who has left business and gone to join the Mission; and we are glad to assure Mr. Goldie of our hope that there are "more to follow." One minister, the Rev. Alexander Ross, has left his congregation in Lismore, and sailed from Liverpool with his wife, along with the Rev. S. H. and Mrs. Edgerley, in the end of Oct. Mr. Ross goes to strengthen Mr. Anderson's hands at Duke Town.

Mr. Anderson wrote to Mr. Chisholm on Dec. 24:—

This is my last home letter for 1875. I feel it only right to let you know of our purposes in regard to a

[1] *Record*, Nov. 1875. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] Mr. Swan of Comrie.

change of climate for a season. Mrs. A. and I had resolved never to leave the station again at one time, but she is far from well—indeed I have never seen her more worn-out. My health remains as usual, but dental infirmity requires that I be home soon. As I have now a good substitute in Mr. Ross—Messrs. Goldie and Edgerley being quite willing to help Mr. Morton with the Efik services, etc. etc.—we purpose leaving this some time in April, and being near you, if all go well, in end of May or beginning of June. . . .

Matters are moving on with us in pretty much the old way now. Henshaw Town people are vigorously at work rebuilding their town. Their spirits are not at all subdued. I suspect that *all* of them are feeling towards Duke Town pretty much as *many* in France feel towards Germany. I am sorry for this. . . .

Mr. Morton has been a great deal the better of his trip to Gaboon and his sojourn there. He is very well at present, and prosecuting his studies.

With reference to the work at the station, the Annual Report[1] for 1875 says:—

Sabbath school has been attended by 100 children and from 60 to 70 adults. The Mission agents, with Miss Patterson and several of the native members, teach the different classes. We have two public services in Efik. . . . For several Sabbaths we have had fully 500 at each service, both church and school being filled, worship in both places being held at the same time; but the aggregate attendance at the two services has generally been about 400. For the last two months [Nov. and Dec.], however, attendance at the native services has been sadly interfered with by the authorities paying up long arrears of *devil-making*. The revelry has been carried on both day and night for weeks past, and is likely to be so for weeks to come. This is a sad drawback on attendance at both church and school. King Archibong declares that, after this bout is over, there will be no more devil-making in his day. We said *amen* to

[1] *Record*, June 1876.

that. King Archibong is blind, and, owing to this infirmity, he scarcely ever leaves his house, even on account of secular matters. He is not so much alive to the importance of divine things as to allow himself to be led to the sanctuary; so, for his sake and for the sake of others also, I commenced, some months ago, a new service in Efik. It is held in the king's yard each Sabbath at 11 o'clock forenoon. The attendance is in general very good. The king has never been absent, and the queen (so-called) has been so very seldom.

After morning service in church, Mrs. Sutherland,—who, as heretofore, is indefatigable in her labours among the women,—Mr. Morton, and generally several of the church members, go to the town and hold meetings with the non-churchgoers. We consider that fully 600 hear the word of life at this station from Sabbath to Sabbath. At the morning Efik service we have read and commented on Ex. x. to Deut. xi.; and in the afternoon we have done the same with the Gospel by Matthew and Acts i. to xii. At both diets of worship we have a discourse upon some particular text or theme. The English service has been kept up as usual from 5 to 6 o'clock afternoon, but the attendance has not been very encouraging.

The Rev. Alexander Ross is addressing himself to the language with equal diligence and success, and he is not seldom varying his other work by taking charge of the English service.

Dr. MacGill, in presenting the Report in the *Record*, wrote regarding Mr. Anderson:—

Mr. Anderson has lingered in his tropical station, amid its heat, its smokes, and toils, twice the ordinary time without a furlough. Indeed all our Calabar agents, with the exception of those who have gone out for the first time, have been twice in this country since Mr. Anderson was here; but it is believed he is, with Mrs. Anderson, on his way hither at the moment when this report is being presented to the Synod.

Ministers and congregations, who were wont to wel-

come Mr. Anderson with peculiar satisfaction into their pulpits, cannot so readily calculate on his services during his present visit, as other important work awaits him when he will be able for it. The Jamaica Synod has asked two evangelists to visit and stir up their churches; and the Foreign Committee, knowing his stirring powers, his acquaintance with the Jamaica people, and his undying interest in them, have proposed, after he shall have rested for a while, to give him this important commission to Jamaica.

CHAPTER XXVII

Visit as a Deputy to Jamaica, 1876–77, including Visits to Sister in America

As early as 1870 the idea of a visit to Jamaica by Messrs. Anderson and Goldie was mooted. In introducing the Annual Report for 1869 of the Old Calabar Mission, Dr. H. M. MacGill wrote in the *Record* for June 1870:—

The relation of our West Indian to our West African Mission is peculiarly intimate, for our churches in Calabar are in some sense the offspring of our churches in Jamaica. It is an indication of healthful life when one Christian enterprise thus gives being to another; and one of the debts which we owe to the Jamaica Mission is, that it gave birth, by irresistible suggestion, to our undertaking in West Africa, and sent forth such labourers as Waddell, and Jameson, and Anderson, and Goldie, and Robb. We are not without hope that two of these brethren—Messrs. Anderson and Goldie—may, ere long, be the means of giving new strength and closeness to the tie between our two missions to the warm-hearted negro race, by carrying the salutation of the younger churches on the shores of Africa to the thousands of their brethren in our numerous churches in Jamaica. A part of the joy, and even the strength of our negro congregations, is to be derived from the sympathy and fellowship which such a visit might diffuse.

In the *Record* for Sept. 1876 the following reference is made to Mr. Anderson's departure on his mission:—

About the time when this *Record* comes into the reader's hands, our friend the Rev. William Anderson, after his very

brief visit to his native land, will have left our shores with the view of doing evangelistic work in Jamaica for a season, before returning to his loved labour in Old Calabar. Jamaica was the first scene of his ministry; and his present object is to go through our churches in that island to evangelise the people, and, under God, to revive among them a sense of the need of a more earnest Christian life. He will tell them, of course, of their daughter mission in Old Calabar; but first and last will tell them anew the "old story" of redeeming love. Let prayer abound for a blessing on his visit.[1]

Mr. Anderson went and returned by way of America to visit his now widowed sister, Mrs. Clohan, and her family, at Wheeling, W. Virginia, U.S.A. The following letter to Mr. Chisholm gives a brief account of his visit to America and of his arrival in Jamaica. It is dated Kingston, Oct. 23, 1876:—

Our voyage across the Atlantic was very *shaky*. Captain, officers, fellow-passengers, all agreeable — but weather too Bay-of-Biscayish for the comfort of *some* stomachs, though I kept up as well as most of my neighbours.

New York—Oh, such a whirl!

Philadelphia—grand—magnificent—beautiful. I wish I had had a month to spend there. Mr. Wannamaker's Sabbath school is quite a wonder—worth going a hundred miles to see. I missed my niece Agnes, however, though, on comparing notes afterwards, we found that we had spent the whole of Saturday, Sept. 23rd, under one roof, at the Centennial—and that both had been at Mr. Wannamaker's Sabbath school on the 24th.

My sister and I met on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 26th. How changed, both of us! Could not have known each other. Her two sons . . . one of whom I had never seen—have wives and children. Mary is the only daughter married. Four daughters at home, all far bigger than their

[1] In *The Story of our Jamaica Mission* (1894) there is no reference, save in the Appendix, to Mr. Anderson's visit to Jamaica.

mother. . . . I had seen Agnes and Maggie before. Lizzie and Dora were both new to me. . . . Sad to part.

A weary journey of 540 miles from Wheeling to New York — twenty-three hours on the way. Cars better than your carriages. Water-filter accessible to all passengers, and they may walk about as much as they like, and even visit friends in neighbouring cars when flying forty miles an hour, which they do at many places.

Wheeling ministers very kind—I preached in three pulpits the two Sabbaths I was there (I mean, one sermon on one Sabbath, and two on the next). A number of the people did not understand me. I am "too Scotch" for even my own nephews and nieces, and they are too Yankee for me. I had to ask them again and again to repeat what they had been saying, and to make it more plain.

We left New York in the *Claribel*, Oct. 11th, and arrived here Oct. 18th—exactly a week and five hours on the way. Gulf Stream, which helped us so finely homewards in the *Copse* in 1848, opposed our progress towards Jamaica. This rendered some of us a little squeamish two days. When we reached Kingston, we found Rev. W. Smith, Grand Cayman, awaiting us. He is here for health, and had supplied the pulpit for three Sabbaths. I preached at preparatory meeting on Friday evening. Mr. Stoddart preached yesterday A.M. I dispensed Communion (the whole service) P.M., and preached in the evening. Complimentary newspaper paragraphs rather disturb me, bring some people out expecting to hear some great orator! Quai! (so we say in Calabar). I am to lecture on Calabar affairs this evening.

I am longing to get away to the hills—wearying to see Rose Hill and Carron Hall. The mosquitoes here eat one up sadly. I have to supply next Sabbath, then I hope to get to the mountains. . . . Mr. Roxburgh took four of us to his house, and we have been his guests since. . . . When I arrived here, found six kind letters awaiting me from brethren from all parts of the island. Felt thankful.

A full account of Mr. Anderson's visit to the churches in Jamaica would occupy too much space. "The Report of

Tour among United Presbyterian Churches, Jamaica, from October 1876 to March 1877," was published in the *Missionary Record* for June 1877. It contains references to thirty-five stations, including one or two belonging to the Moravian brethren, visited by him. He mentions that he set out from Kingston on November 2nd, and returned on March 2nd, having travelled 778 miles, only 200 of these being over good roads. He delivered one hundred and five sermons and addresses, the addresses never occupying less than an hour and a half—in many cases exceeding two hours, not a few of them extending to three hours, and in two or three cases to a still greater length. The Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board mentioned "that the communications he received from the island were unanimous in stating that Mr. Anderson had succeeded in holding the attention of his audiences unbroken till the close of his lengthened addresses, and had not only commanded attention, but kindled enthusiasm wherever he went."

Room must, however, be found for an account of his visit to Rose Hill, first by an eye-witness and then by himself. The following is a communication to the *Jamaica Witness* relating to Mr. Anderson's visit to Rose Hill. His own deep pathos and enthusiasm in his reference to that lovely locality were finely reciprocated by the people:—

From the time that the people of Rose Hill first heard that Mr. Anderson was about to visit Jamaica, they were continually inquiring, "When will Minister Anderson come? when will Minister Anderson come?" But when it was announced on Sabbath, 29th October, that Mr. Anderson would preach at Rose Hill on the following Sabbath, the people were wild with joy. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, according as they variously con-

jectured or were misinformed as to what day he would come, numbers of people walked distances of from two to five miles to meet him. One very old man, said to be nearly a hundred years of age, who moves about slowly with the help of a staff, which he holds with both hands, tottered out at six o'clock on Thursday morning to a junction of the road which Mr. Anderson must pass on his way to Rose Hill. From early morning till four o'clock in the afternoon sat this aged disciple of Christ, with longing, loving heart, yearning to behold once again the face of him from whose lips thirty years ago he had drunk of the water of life. It was with somewhat of an aching heart that I told him, "Minister Anderson will not come to-day." "Me no see him, den? Minister Anderson com a Rose Hill an' Peter Robinson no' see him!" I could not send him away without the assurance that Mr. Anderson would call to see him. "Ah, well, me see him, den; me satisfy fe wait,"—so he moved slowly homewards.

On Friday afternoon, when Mr. Anderson did come, it was something which might have instructed and subdued the heart of an atheist or a misanthrope, to witness the meeting of these humble and kind-hearted people with him who had been their guide from darkness to light, their first pastor, their friend, the instructor of their youth, after an absence of *eight-and-twenty years*. The veteran Christian soldier, who has stood fearlessly between contending foes while bullets were hissing their death-whistle around him, was not proof against the mute gaze of tear-glistened eyes and the suppressed sobs of hearts too full for utterance. Once and again he would hastily brush from his eyes something that dimmed their sight. One present, too, felt the joy of sympathy, the happiness of the tears.

On Sabbath the Lord's Supper was administered. Nearly all the members of the Church partook thereof, and some from neighbouring congregations. The church was crowded to overflowing, and I have no doubt every-one that was present felt himself happy in being there. To not a few it will be a bright day in their memories for many a year.

This communication is already longer than I intended,

and therefore I cannot occupy so much more of your space as would be required to give a description of Mr. Anderson's *levees all day long* at the mission-house on Monday, Tuesday, and part of Wednesday; of the number, kind, and quality of *presents* brought him by the people; of the Tuesday afternoon meeting, which was scarcely less enjoyable than that of Sabbath, and perhaps much more interesting to some.—G. E. M. J.

Mr. Anderson himself wrote in his Report:—

It was with mingled feelings that I approached this station. . . . Our leaving it at the call of duty—we would have been deaf to any other call—was the sorest trial in the way of parting that I have ever known. Both place and people had been very dear from the day I first saw them, and our mutual first love had never declined. . . . As I approached the (to me) sacred locality—indeed, long before I came near it—I was met by numbers of my old friends, some crying, some laughing, but all in a wondrous state of excitement. The first one who met me—wonderfully little changed—was the first bride whose marriage I solemnised. . . . On Sabbath, Nov. 5th, I preached, dispensed both baptism and the Lord's Supper, and addressed a considerable length on missions. . . . I think I was fully four hours on my feet during the service, . . . and at the end of the service I felt much more *refreshed* than exhausted. On the Tuesday afternoon we had a missionary meeting, at which I gave an account of Old Calabar and our work there. . . . I missed many of the old familiar faces, but was glad to see in children and in children's children a renewal of the countenances of departed friends. . . .

With reference to Cedar Valley, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

This is another locality associated with interesting memories. We had some sweetly solemn Sabbaths here in days of old under the widespreading branches of a majestic tree. The huge trunk of that tree lies prostrate

now. We had a fine missionary meeting here on the afternoon of Wednesday, Nov. 8th. I felt quite at home under the hospitable roof of brother Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, both of them having been my pupils in the olden time. I believe that both of them received their earliest lessons from my better half.

The reference to Carron Hall is both pathetic and amusing:—

Many a happy hour . . . have I enjoyed under that lowly roof in the domestic circle of Mr. and Mrs. Cowan —names very dear to all here. I cannot forget that it was here I first saw one in bloom of early womanhood. A close companionship of thirty-six years has not lowered her in my estimation. But it occurs to me that should any crusty old bachelor honour these lines with a perusal, he will be indignantly asking, "What business has a statement like this in an official report?" I meekly reply, "None at all, sir," and pass on. But other Old Calabar associations besides those hinted at are connected with this station. My bright and lovely and gentle pupil of 1840, known then as Mary Cowan, sleeps sweetly beneath yonder waving bamboos in the little cemetery at Ikörófiöng. When I last saw Mary—(but I had better not digress further now). On Thursday evening, Nov. 9th, I addressed Mr. Martin's usual weekly prayer meeting, attended by about 200, I think. I preached on the Sabbath, and delivered a missionary address on the Monday evening. But the audiences on both Sabbath and Monday were very small, on account of heavy and continuous rain.

The following extract from Report[1] from Goshen by Rev. John Aird,[2] refers to Mr. Anderson's visit to Mr. Jameson and Mr. Robb's old station:—

You will notice with pleasure that our contributions for the Calabar Mission are double those of 1875. That is

[1] *Record*, June 1877.

[2] Mr. Aird, after many years' labour in Jamaica, died in 1889.

owing to a *special* collection, taken when our old and honoured brother and friend, Mr. Anderson, was here. Twenty-seven years and a half had wrought many changes in the congregation; but there were a few remaining who well remembered the *name*, but could not recognise the youthful minister of Rose Hill in the venerable patriarch from Old Calabar, until they beheld the genial smile light up the countenance and heard the ringing tones of his voice. Then they whispered, "That's just him!" And with what interest, pleasure, and astonishment, too, did they hang upon his lips! Communications both old and recent in the *Record*, from time to time had kept them well posted up. Still, to listen to his *verbal descriptions* aroused the attention and created an interest which neither *written* nor *printed* communications could. He was both a living witness and actor, and his testimony in both characters carried with it the greater power and force. On Sabbath forenoon Mr. Anderson chose as his text, Ex. xxxii. 26: "*Who is on the Lord's side?*" And at the second service he selected Isa. xxi. 11: "*Watchman, what of the night?*" On both occasions his sermons, of course, had a missionary bearing, and, although lengthy, the deep interest of the people was sustained to the end. The anecdotes and descriptions *could* not fail, and *did* not fail, to have this effect. A farewell meeting was held on Monday morning, which was numerously attended. The address of Mr. Anderson was both touching and appropriate. Such a season is well calculated to have a good effect both upon our people and ourselves, as well as the agent who visits. The question occurs to me, Would it not be well—dutiful and beneficial to the missions—to have such visits occasionally? The reciprocal effect, I am persuaded, would far more than compensate the trouble and expense.

Mr. Anderson's own reference to Goshen is as follows:—

. . . Glad to find my old fellow-student and fellow-soldier, John Aird, still in harness. Both he and I feel that we are not now what we were when we used to meet

thirty-seven years ago. We had a capital missionary meeting here on Thursday, Nov. 23rd. Rejoiced to see our venerable friend John Simpson able to conduct the preliminary devotional services. Glad to find that an address of two and three-quarter hours does not *necessarily* weary an audience. I preached twice on the Sabbath to a well-filled church, and addressed a second missionary meeting on Monday, the 27th. This latter was a peculiarly solemn and tender season. The most of our hearts were quite full. Mr. Aird and I felt that this was *our* last joint service in the Church below.

Mr. Anderson had hoped to leave Kingston for America on April 18th, 1877. On March 7th he wrote from Roxburgh House, Kingston, to Mr. Chisholm, informing him that his plans had been changed by the receipt of a letter from Dr. MacGill, calling upon him, in the name of the Mission Board, to consider himself minister of Kingston for two or three months to come:—

I feel—and have felt ever since I arrived here in October—for the Kingston congregation. Had either Episcopalian or Wesleyan or Baptist congregations in this important city been left pastorless, one of the ablest men of their respective bodies would have been sent out to supply the vacancy.

I feel it to be a high honour to be called on to assume the pastorate of such a congregation in such a locality; but I feel the responsibility also. However, the path of duty seems plain. You would see from a hint in my last to Mrs. Anderson, that Calabar authorities have not been giving their promised protection to the native agents and converts. I mean to take advantage of my detention here to get from them a promise that no such occurrences as these reported to me shall again take place. . . .

Most of my written-out sermons are, I believe, in your house. I must make the most of the materials I have with me.

Very soon Mr. Anderson received overtures from the Kingston congregation, inviting him to remain permanently with them, as the following letters will show.

To his niece, Miss Agnes Clohan, Mr. Anderson wrote on March 29:—

I see that it will be somewhat of a trial to leave Kingston. All parties are very anxious for me to remain here. Were it not that I am somewhat master of the Efik language, I should certainly consider the question; but as matters stand, I can go no further than promise to remain here till Dr. Robb[1] comes out.

When he wrote Mr. Chisholm on April 7, he saw more clearly the difficulties in the way of his remaining permanently in Kingston:—

I shall now, as formerly, take you into confidence, and request you to read what I have written Mrs. Anderson,[2] and to forward when you have read. . . . I do trust that Dr. Robb—or some other brother—will come soon, authorised to relieve me from my present charge. Were an able brother here to take my place, as it were, I could afford to answer all the entreaties given to me to remain here—with *sternness*. I might repulse them; but at present I have no heart to do so. In so far as I personally am concerned, I have little anxiety or perplexity about futurity. I might say with all sincerity to the Mission Board, Send me anywhere you like except to the Frigid Zones. At my time of life it is a matter of little importance *where* my very few remaining years are spent—the great thing is *how*. My predilections for a resting-place in Africa are what they have been for years; but were the Master to appoint otherwise, I should not grow rebellious. I have also to consider my partner. To

[1] Dr. Robb, after his retiral from Calabar, had been appointed on July 25th, 1876, to the professorship of the Theological Institution for the Training of a Native Ministry in Jamaica (*Record*, Sept. 1876).

[2] The *Record* for Jan. 1877 states that "Mrs. Anderson has returned to her energetic toils and superintendence in Duke Town."

bring her here would be worse than putting an elderly squirrel in a cage. It would be confining a wild deer in a trap. She was a mountain roamer and tree climber in girlhood. Since 1848 she has had acres of ground in which she has toiled and pleasured daily—as the only thing to keep her in tolerable health. A city life would, I suspect, soon end her days. . . .

I have little perplexity as to path of duty; for that I consider to be plain, as laid down in my paragraph [in letter to Mrs. Anderson] about resembling a subaltern. My perplexities are simply those connected with *the replies* that I must give to those who treat me with such tender affection and respect. . . . I can stand *bullets* better than *tears*. . . .

I have explained to Mr. James Tod that my sermons and speeches here are very different from those at home. *There* I always feel *tongue-tackit* (is that the word?) before so many superiors in learning and Christian experience. *Here*, as in Old Calabar, my heart is enlarged—my tongue is unloosed. I look on all as *my ain bairns*. . . .

I wish I had Mr. Lambert[1] here for a few weeks. I think I could slip away into one of U.S. steamers under his shadow without being missed. Is Mrs. Lambert not yet tired of that cold, cheerless, orangeless, mangoless, breadfruitless country of yours? . . .

. . . I feel that I *must* see my sister once more. . . .

On April 24 Mr. Anderson wrote further to Mr. Chisholm:—

. . . I am looking forward with some anxiety for Dr. Robb's arrival on the 5th prox. If he comes with instructions to supply Kingston even for a short time, that will be an immense relief to me. . . . I have just written to Dr. MacGill, and also to Mrs. Anderson, that I do not see it to be my duty to remain here without a threefold "sign from heaven":—

1. That Duke Town Church and people are indifferent as to whether I return to them or not.

[1] Mr. Chisholm's son-in-law, missionary in Trinidad, afterwards minister of Rigg of Gretna.

2. That Mrs. A. certify me that she would prefer Kingston to Duke Town, Jamaica to Old Calabar. And

3. That the Mission Board are *unanimously* of opinion that I should remain here.

Failing these three signs—or any one of them—I shall continue to feel that the sooner I get away from this the better.

I confess to be getting a little home-sick (*home* meaning O. C.). During my tour round the island the hope of an early return to Scotland and O. C. helped to cheer me on, and besides, new scenes and new faces greeted me every week. Here, matters are now assuming a *sameness*; . . . and then these constant and earnest requests to remain form a serious tax on the emotional part of my nature, which I feel it hard to sustain.

The kindly notices in the *Witness* might have damaged me thirty or even twenty years ago; but, as I wrote Dr. Murray (editor) a few days ago, they do not at all elate me—they rather depress me; but perhaps prove beneficial in setting a high standard before me, and in showing me what I ought to be.

My own personal feelings are decidedly in favour of my return to O. C., but I am almost afraid to trust to my own judgment in such a case. I believe it to be as simple to trifle with the affections of a congregation as with those of a young lady. I see that I have the affections of the congregation here,—every Sabbath, every prayer meeting, every day shows that,—and of course I like them that like me; but I try to speak kindly without coming under any engagement, and this is difficult. I have mentioned to several of the leading members my threefold sign.

The Rev. Dr. Robb, in a letter of reminiscences, says:—

When I went to Jamaica in 1877, Mr. Anderson had ended his tour among the churches. He had been requested by the Mission Board to remain at Kingston, which was then vacant by the resignation of the Rev. James Ballantyne. When I arrived, he at once put the charge on me. I was taken by surprise, not expecting anything but my academical work. He remained only a week or two, and I had to take up the pastoral work, and

had it for twenty-two months. He was very much liked by the people. Gladly would they have had him to stay with or return to them and be their pastor. His ministrations were blessed to foster and deepen impressions due to the labours in Kingston of an evangelist (Mr. Tayloe) from Mr. Guinness's College in London. I moderated in a call to Mr. Anderson—a unanimous and hearty call. It was sent to him, but it was considered better that he should go to his former service.

In the *Record* for September 1877 it is stated that, with reference to the call from Kingston, the Committee did not feel at liberty, in the circumstances of Kingston congregation and of Duke Town, to interfere. The result is that Mr. Anderson, with a high estimate of the claims of Kingston, has decided in favour of Calabar. The following letters are given as bearing on two of Mr. Anderson's "signs," viz., the attitude of Duke Town and the wishes of Mrs. Anderson:—

IMPERIAL PALACE, OLD CALABAR,
WEST COAST OF AFRICA,
15th June 1877.

[*King Archibong's Letter.*]

From His Imperial Majesty Eyamba VIII.
To the Rev. William Anderson.

DEAR SIR,—Your order (message[1]) from your wife I have received. But as you heard then that all things are quite right here, it is not quite so.

Regarding your journey, I did not understand that you was entirely going. My thought was that you are but to go and visit families and then return. I hereby expecting your arrival.

Otherwise, as you heard that things are disorderly here[2] respect-

[1] He refers to a message from Mr. Anderson, that, as things were going on so well in his absence, it might not do harm if he would remain away altogether.

[2] He refers to a portion of Mr. Anderson's message, that the teachers and converts must be protected from persecution if he was to be expected to return to Old Calabar.

ing chaining teachers and stopping people from joining Church, also the reporter was not explained well to you as it was.

Therefore I wish you to come, then you will hear and observe better. I will not oppose anyone from joining the Church. — Best compliment, I remain, yours truly, ARCHIBONG III., KING.

Mrs. Anderson's letter to the Secretary:—

DUKE TOWN, *28th June* 1877.

MY DEAR DR. MACGILL,—Yours of 11th May I received. After giving the matter the most serious attention, I feel shut up to the conclusion that it would not be our duty to leave Old Calabar.

In regard to merely personal matters, I may be permitted to say that it would be a heavy trial for us to break up and leave the home of twenty-nine years,—for home it has been to us, with many solemn and touching associations. It has been the scene to us of many conflicts and of some victories, of many toilsome days and nights, and of many seasons both of sadness and gladness.

Mr. Anderson seems, I am thankful to say, to have a frame adapted to any clime and to any work; such is not the case with me. I have been accustomed to country life since my birth, and I feel that the confinement of a town life would not suit me. Let me remain where I am during the very few years which may be still before me.

And then in regard to the great work of the Mission. Every argument used in favour of Mr. Anderson's settlement at Kingston applies with tenfold force here. His age, his experience, his long acquaintance with the people, his familiarity with their language, their ardent wish for his return, the painful effects which will be produced on their minds if he do not return,—all these things, and others that might be mentioned, are reasons for his speedy return, and in view of them I cannot agree to our abandoning Old Calabar.

Although I am very anxious for Mr. Anderson's return, yet I would not object to his being detained a few months longer than the time originally intended for his coming, for the sake of such important work as that

in which he is engaged. I only request you to let him return to us as speedily as possible.

I know his love for Jamaica, but I also know that it is, and has long been, his ardent wish and mine that "our rest together in the dust" be in Old Calabar. The king and chiefs, the natives not connected with us, as well as the members of the Church, are all anxious for Mr. Anderson's return.—I remain, my dear Dr. MacGill, very truly yours, L. Anderson.

A letter to Mr. Chisholm from Wheeling, dated June 14, gives in brief a record of his movements, and shows the effect his labours in Jamaica had on his health:—

I left Jamaica on 30th May, 4 P.M., reached New York June 6, 6 A.M. Arrived at this place 6 P.M., June 9. Purpose leaving for New York on the 19th, 6 P.M., and have taken my passage in the *Devonia* (new ship), to leave New York on Saturday 23rd, at 2 P.M. We may expect to reach Greenock on Wednesday A.M., July 4, if all go well. I mean to go right through to Edinburgh. May be there Wednesday evening. Before leaving Scotland, I half purposed to go to our friend Darling's [Hotel], but I suppose his establishment will be crowded with Americans and others. I do not know whether Mr. Morton or the Misses Lamb can ferret out a lodging for a few days. If they can't, then I shall have to throw myself on your hospitality, leave my luggage at station, and go to Eskbank last coach or train. But you too will doubtless have a houseful, as I suppose our Rigg [of Gretna] friends will be with you for the festive season.

I am not feeling nearly so vigorous as in former days. I rather overdid the thing in Jamaica—meetings rather too many and speeches too long—during my four months' tour. I felt sufficiently exhausted at its termination to require a voyage and repose. Then came unexpectedly the call to remain at Kingston, which involved equally hard work with that of the "provinces," though of a somewhat different kind. And while at Kingston the emotional part of my nature was a good deal overtaxed. The result

is that I now feel—I may say for the first time—that I have got a liver and spleen, or some apparatus of that sort, and that said apparatus is out of order. I almost feel as if I should spend a month at that liver-restoring place, Crieff; but first of all I must confer with Dr. Peddie (M.D., not D.D.).

Mr. Anderson's niece—Miss Elizabeth Clohan—gives in a letter the following reminiscences of his visit to Wheeling in 1876–77:—

My mother was living when uncle visited America in '76 and '77 on his journey to and from Jamaica. Mother and uncle took much comfort in each other during that visit. Their happiness was marred by my father's death, which had occurred in May 1874. You can readily imagine how the brother and sister so long separated enjoyed their reunion, how they talked of Ford and Dalkeith, laughed over childish memories.

Uncle having no children of his own, took the deepest interest in mother's children. You know how full of jokes and fun he was! We children had been a little afraid of a minister in the family; but how quickly we all loved him, with what deep regret we parted from him!

Uncle was much amused over our American ideas of things. We used to have animated arguments with him upon the subjects of monarchies and republics. When uncle saw anything in our city of which he did not approve, he would jokingly say, "And do you have such things in a republic?" greatly to our discomfiture. He was very loyal to his beloved Queen. His admiration for Gladstone was unbounded. He said, "We have faith in the man. He is good, and he will do right." He often said in a laughing way, "Gladstone and I are the Queen's representatives—he in England, I in Africa."

Uncle at once took the hearts of our Wheeling friends by his preaching. His beautiful resonant voice pleased everyone. Many of our friends took a renewed interest in foreign missions after hearing uncle. He was so full of music and poetry, that during his visit in '92 we used to beg him to repeat to us "Abel entering Heaven" and

"The old man singing Psalms." The music of his voice brought tears to our eyes.

One thing about him that was a source of amazement to us was his utter indifference to money. He was so generous, and yet he never seemed to miss it. His own wants were so simple, and he loved to give. Every appeal to him met with a generous response. His utter trust in the God of Providence was simply a daily lesson to us. His prayers were so touching. Every little event that we never thought he noticed was remembered in his prayers. He always made us feel so near to God. I remember a friend of mine being so struck with the beauty of the blessing that he asked at the table, that she desired me to write it for her. I told her that it was a different blessing every day, and each seemed more beautiful than the one before.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Renewed Labours in Calabar, 1877–81—The Hopkins' Treaty, 1878—Deaths of Mr. A. S. Morton and King Archibong III., 1879—Mrs. Sutherland on the Effects of the Treaty—Mr. Anderson's Fortieth Annual Report, 1879

MR. ANDERSON left Scotland for Old Calabar on October 20, 1877. With reference to his arrival at Duke Town, Mr. Anderson wrote to Dr. MacGill, under date March 22, 1878:—

I arrived here about six in the evening of Monday, November 26. Mrs. A. and Mr. Ross came on board to meet me. Glad to see them and others belonging to the Mission looking so well. On arriving at the Mission landing, we found it occupied by a large crowd, waving flags and handkerchiefs, and cheering right heartily. Women and children constituted the great majority of the assemblage. On attempting to step on shore, I was at once laid hold of, and carried along part of the way. I had intended to give Mrs. A. my arm, and to walk with her quietly up the hill; but I was snatched unceremoniously from her side, and did not see her again for half an hour. I was almost carried all the way to the mission-house, amid clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and singing of hymns. On approaching the house, I was met by our warm-hearted friend Miss Slessor, who had just risen from a bed of sickness. On the following day I visited King Archibong, by whom I was very kindly received. "You be father for we." "We belong to you," were two of his expressions of welcome.

On looking round our premises, I found that, in addition to his pastoral work, Mr. Ross had done great things

in the way of protecting and renovating several of the edifices. The erection of a capital dwelling-house for himself, the complete renovation of the schoolroom, and the roofing and painting of the church, represent an immense amount of anxiety and toil on his part. Greatly cheered by seeing such crowded audiences at both the Efik services.

The warfare between light and darkness still goes on. It is plain that the Egbo law, repeatedly proclaimed for the saving of twin life, is very much evaded, if not absolutely violated. The traders in the river and the missionaries met King A. and gentlemen in the king's house here, and urged on them the importance of seeing that their own laws were carried out in their own territory, and also endeavoured to show them that it was their duty to prevent deeds of blood in the small dependent villages and countries around them. A similar meeting was held in the king's house at Creek Town, when the Europeans urged King Eyo and gentlemen to use their influence on behalf of humanity in the regions around.

We are receiving tokens for good. At our last Communion, held last Sabbath, we had nine accessions to our membership: eight of these—four men and four women—were received by baptism; the ninth was a case of restoration. One of the newly baptized is the chief of Henshaw Town. At a public prayer meeting, held some weeks ago in this town, he made a public renunciation of polygamy, expatiated on the sinfulness and the folly of idolatry, and declared his adhesion to the religion of the Bible, which he stated to be the only thing worth living for, being the only way in which we can obtain peace with God, and the only thing which will avail us in the hour of death and at the judgment-seat.

The Presbytery of Biafra met in Duke Town Church on Wednesday, March 20, and ordained Mr. Robert M. Beedie to the office of the ministry. May he be blessed, and made a blessing to many!

In regard to health, I have great reason for gratitude. I feel better now than I did during the latter part of my stay in Jamaica, and during the whole of my sojourn in Scotland. I suppose I may look on the present season

as what they call in America the *Indian summer*. The winter will doubtless be here in His good time.

I feel quite satisfied that, in returning to Old Calabar, I have simply followed the leadings of Providence, and that I am just where the Master would have me to be. Other places have many attractions not to be found here, but their necessities are not so great. Here, truly, the harvest is plenteous but the labourers are few. And we are not only few, but some of us are feeling that we are no longer what we once were, and that our day of active life is drawing towards evening. May we have grace given us to do the work allotted to us while daylight still lingers, for the night cometh when no man can work.

With best desires for your personal and relative welfare, and with earnest prayer that every meeting of the Mission Board may be blessed with the presence of Him who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and that your deliberations and desires may be guided by infinite wisdom.

On Sept. 6, 1878, an important agreement between David Hopkins, Esq., H.B.M.'s Consul, and the chiefs of Calabar, was entered into, in presence of the resident missionaries of Duke and Creek Towns and a number of the European merchants and traders. The agreement, which consisted of fifteen articles, related chiefly to such matters as twin children and twin mothers, human sacrifices, the *esere* bean, the stripping of women, and widows, and simply put a political seal on social reforms which had been carried mainly by the moral influence of the Mission and European residents. "Consul Hopkins acknowledged that such an agreement would have been impossible but for the long-continued residence and teaching of our missionaries."[1] The text of the agreement is given in full in the *Record* for May 1879. Mr.

[1] Dickie's *Story of the Mission in Old Calabar*, p. 78, where the six articles which are "the notes of triumph of our Mission" are given.

Anderson highly approved of the vigour and wisdom of the Consul, and wrote: "Such a man as Consul Hopkins merits all the commendation which the friends of missions and of general progress are able to give him." In the Annual Report for 1878, Mr. Anderson wrote further regarding Consul Hopkins' visit:—

The Consul had a very busy time of it in this river from August 20th till September 14th. His court was held publicly on board the largest hulk in the river. At his special request, one of the senior missionaries invoked Divine direction and blessing at the opening of each meeting. He settled a number of trade palavers to the satisfaction of all the parties more immediately interested. He embraced every opportunity of condemning several remnants of oppression and injustice which still linger in the country. He managed to prevail on the authorities to abolish one atrocious custom connected with one of the grades of Egbo—a custom which had been dead and buried, and revived again, three or four times within the last twenty years, namely, the licence given to the runners of that grade, to strip females whom they meet in their perambulations of every vestige of clothing. He did all that man could do in the way of reproof, remonstrance, and counsel, to lead the chiefs to prohibit the Egbo runners from flogging unprivileged parties whom they may meet in the streets, but all that he could obtain on this point was a verbal promise that ample warning should be given to the populace on the morning of Egbo days, by the ringing of the big Egbo bell, ere the runners show face, and by the runners themselves being instructed to keep sounding the hand-bells attached to their persons whilst they are in possession of the town.

It was evident to all of us that the law for the preservation and protection of twin children had been evaded by the Duke Town people for a considerable period. The Consul prevailed on the authorities to re-enact the law, and to make it more stringent than before, and also to accord to the mothers of twins all the rights and privileges enjoyed by other women in the country. One pleasant

result of this arrangement was, that on the coronation of the king (Archibong III.) on Sept. 6th, several twin mothers, who had been kept for years in a sort of captivity in the mission premises, were stationed within a few yards of the throne; and several of our little twin-fellows were actually sporting on the dais or platform on which the ceremony took place. I am not quite sure whether the king knows even yet of all this, but it was known, and very gratifying, to many around him.

The Consul sent out to the neighbouring town of Qua, and got the headmen there to enter into treaty with the British Government for the abolition of human sacrifices, twin murders, etc., in their territory; and he got a promise from them that they will henceforth attend divine service every Sabbath, and send their children regularly to school on week-days. I may add that he occupied the Duke Town pulpit one Sabbath afternoon, and delivered a good plain practical discourse (of course, through an interpreter) to a crowded congregation of the natives. . . . Altogether his visit was the most pleasant, and promises to be one of the most profitable, which we have ever yet received in this quarter from any representative of H.B.M.'s Government. The sentiments of the missionaries were expressed in an address, which they presented to him after his more public work was over. I must not neglect to mention that he succeeded in settling satisfactorily an old and complicated series of palavers, which had long rendered Duke Town and Henshaw Town mutually hostile. The reconciliation promises to be lasting.

On Jan. 3, 1879, Mr. A. S. Morton, teacher, died in Duke Town mission-house. He and his wife (the eldest daughter of the Rev. Wm. Timson) had returned to Calabar on Sept. 9th, 1878. Mr. Anderson preached a touching funeral sermon in Duke Town Church on Jan. 5th, and on the 9th saw the youthful widow on board the home-going mail steamer. On May 8, 1879, Mr. Anderson wrote regarding the death of King Archibong:—

You will be concerned to learn that King Archibong III. died during the night of Monday the 5th inst., or early on Tuesday. Only eight months have passed away since his *coronation*, but he has been *de facto* King of Duke Town for nearly seven years, viz. since the death of Archibong II., on August 26th, 1872. He and I have got on very comfortably together. I have found him always ready to listen to reason, and anxious to oblige, which is more than I could say of several of his predecessors. He has been long ailing. So long as he was able he attended the Sabbath service conducted in his yard. He assented to all that was preached in his hearing, but he never seemed to be awake to its importance. It can be truly said of him that he was "a quiet prince." I shall ever gratefully remember him as the abolisher of Sabbath markets in the territory of Duke Town.

I had not seen him for several days before his death, as I knew that visitors were "not wanted." Mr. Edgerley, who is becoming known among the natives as a physician, was sent for on Monday afternoon. Mr. Edgerley at once saw that he was near his end, and doubtless did what could be done for soul as well as body. The town is very quiet. Trade and work are being carried on as usual. This indicates great improvement since the deaths of Eyamba V. and Archibong I.

I trust that our Consul will be able to discover a good successor to our late king, though I suspect that he will find it a difficult task to accomplish.

In a letter to Mr. Chisholm, of date June 27, 1879, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

We had another visit of our Consul last week. He did some more good work among us. The *African Times* for April contained a few notices of his procedure here in September, substantially the same as in *our* Annual Report, and from the same pen, too. . . .

Greatly grieved to see from the newspapers that Dr. MacGill's health[1] is failing, and that the *Record* is to have

[1] Dr. MacGill died in June 1880.

a new editor.[1] Who is the bold man who will undertake that office so long as Dr. M. is to the fore?

I have to dedicate our new (native made) church at Qua this evening. The grand new cathedral at Creek Town is to be consecrated (?) on Saturday, July 5th; and at the same time we are to ordain another native, Asuquö Ekanem, to the work of the ministry.

Miss Slessor went home by last week's mail, and Mr. Goldie will be leaving us for a time in the middle of July.

Mrs. Sutherland, who had returned to Old Calabar on Nov. 24, 1879, wrote on Dec. 16:—

I did not get to town among the people till Sabbath the 30th. I did not see that *moral* improvement had advanced so rapidly as I was led to expect, from the accounts given while I was at home, and after the agreements had been entered into by Consul Hopkins and the natives of Old Calabar. I could see the reason so far. The true and noble Consul Hopkins, King Archibong III., and our dear Christian brother George Duke, all having died within the year that I was away, Duke Town was left without a head. All those having passed away had left such sad blanks, especially at Duke Town.

However, there is much to cheer us on in our uphill work. The widows—who in former days were compelled to remain in their yards for years in filth and starvation—are now all at liberty to leave the place of mourning a few weeks after the death of their husbands, so that if any remain after that it is their own wish. I was pleased to see the widows of the late King Archibong moving about, some dressed in a dark print or blue gauze made by themselves, others pointing to their heads, that I might look at their nicely-plaited hair; from that I could see how long they had been out of Ikpo house, their heads having been shaved ere they left their yards; and now their hair, which I must say they take great pride in, had grown so that they could plait it; two or three of them had about a hundred small plaits all stuck up round their heads, reminding me of so many porcupines. What a

[1] Rev. Dr. Jas. Brown, Paisley.

change to them for the better! Not so many years ago, a man such as the last King Archibong having died, how many would have been put to death for him, and his widows shut up for years; and how many of them dying ere the Ikpo for the great man was made, they were not thought worthy of being put into a grave, but cast out in the bush.

Another thing which cheered my heart was to see twin mothers allowed to walk about in town and go to market. When I came here to Mr. Ross's house, I found a twin mother and child living in the yard. I saw that there was no need why she should be under the protection of the Mission and supported by us. . . . I told her that we and she ought to take advantage of the agreement that had been made for her and such as her, otherwise that agreement entered into by Consul Hopkins and the chiefs of Old Calabar, as also the other agreements, if not taken hold of, would fall to the ground. I promised to visit her, to keep my eye on her; if she was sick or in want I would see to her. She said, Yes, if I said she should go, she would do so. She went off without the least fear, and seemed rather pleased with my decision in the matter. This, too, is a change for the better. . . .

The Sabbath-school children turn out well, and the attendance at church is good, though I should like to see more of the free and head men attend, and give Mr. Anderson a little more of their help and countenance; he has far too much to do. Were he not blessed with such a good constitution, he could never get through the work that he does. The Lord give him many souls for his reward!

To few is it given in the mission field to write forty Annual Reports. It was natural for Mr. Anderson in writing his to indulge in retrospect. A portion of the Report may be given here:—

Fortieth Annual Report.

"These forty years."—On beginning this, my Fortieth Annual Report, I cannot help recalling years long gone

by. It was on January 9, 1840, that I first set foot on the shores of loved Jamaica ; and I entered forthwith on the discharge of the same duties in which I am still engaged —preaching on Sabbath, and teaching and preaching during the week. On Sabbath the 18th inst. (January 1880) I addressed both native and English congregations here from the same text from which I first preached to an assemblage of sable faces on the third Sabbath of January 1840: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," Josh. xxiv. 15. I have seen a good many changes during these forty years, but I find nothing new to preach. It is the same "old, old story." I can cordially recommend His service and His recompense to all around. I found the grand old gospel to be the support of youth; I find it to be the staff of advancing years. What it was to me at eighteen, I find it to be at sixty-eight.

But I must remember that it is not autobiography which is at present wanted, but an account of the work and progress of the station during the past year, so I go on to my report.

The number on the roll at December 31st was 94. Sixteen of these were admitted during the year—two by profession and fourteen by baptism. There were nine children baptized. We had, as in 1878, four deaths. Two of the departed were elders, the others were members. One of the departed elders was my excellent and amiable townsman, A. S. Morton, whose early removal from us we greatly mourned. The other was George Duke, Esq., who for many years was one of the chief advisers of our late kings. It was "about the eleventh hour" ere he decided to cast in his lot with the people of God ; but having once taken the step, he never resiled. He was baptized in 1875 ; and from the day that he joined us, we found him to be one of the best and most useful of the native membership.

The native attendance on our Efik service has been on the whole very good. For four or five months both church and school were crowded during the afternoon service. We are back again to our usual number, a considerable portion of the people being absent from the town, this being their chief planting season. We consider 800 to

850 as being the aggregate number of persons hearing the word, Sabbath after Sabbath, in Duke Town and neighbourhood; but in connection with this number it seems only right to notice that there are multitudes connected with the chief towns who are frequently away at markets or farms for months together. Here, or elsewhere, there is a rotation of people in the town, and, of course, at our Sabbath meetings; so that, if we have a regular attendance of 850, we may safely infer that double that number has worshipped with us during several Sabbaths of the year. But there is another conclusion here involved, namely, that probably not more than two hundred either can or do attend church for fifty-two Sabbaths in any one year. . . .

After Miss Slessor left, in the middle of the year, I had no one to put in her place, so I myself took charge of the school on the Mission Hill, and have continued to teach in it regularly. I like the work well enough, but feel the want of the elasticity of earlier years; and, besides, I can do little in the way of house-to-house visitation and in superintending the other schools connected with the station. The attendance is about fifty.

The Centre School is taught by Wm. Cobham in the large yard of the house of the late King Archibong. North Henshaw Town School has been taught by James Ballantyne. The Qua School is taught by Myang Noang. The authorities are not acting up to their agreement with the late Consul Hopkins. They do not "all go to God's house on God's day," and they do not send "all children to school."

We had much to lament and much to humble us. The Church is still "few and feeble," and we have every now and then a fall. There are multitudes who never enter the sanctuary; and many of these are our old scholars, who can read their Bibles fluently. There have been the usual number of murders and other atrocities committed in this region. We have had to deplore the death of our valued Consul Hopkins, who promised fair to be a power for good in the whole of his large consulate. We are at present under a regency, which does not seem to be an effective form of government here. As of old, "when

there was no king in Israel," every chief does very much "what is right in his own eyes." Better to have one acknowledged chieftain or head, though of imperfect character and attainments, than none, or several. I have been able to do very little evangelistic work since Mr. Ross left. On his return I trust we shall be able to get on with our work more vigorously and effectively.

Besides the "Lo, I am with you," and the conviction that one is just where the Master has placed him, we had many other things to comfort and to encourage. Another year of unbroken health is a matter that calls for great thankfulness. A measure of acceptability among those to whom we deliver the gospel message is not to be despised. We have had a few more of the lost sheep gathered into the fold.

In conclusion, whether I limit my present retrospect to the year which has passed away, or extend it over the four decades referred to at the commencement, I feel called on to erect another Ebenezer, bearing the old inscription, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

In his Annual Report for 1880, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

. . . In the English service we have been tracing the footprints of the great Apostle of the Gentiles for several months. The contemplation of his marvellous career has proved interesting, and, I trust, profitable to all who have attended this service. The attendance of our European friends has generally been encouraging. I am glad to hear that our friends in the Old Calabar River bear a very high character all along the coast for sobriety, morality, and the observance of the Sabbath, which I consider to be a very important element in morality. . . .

We had a very pleasing intimation, a few weeks ago, from our Wesleyan brother, the Rev. Mr. Godman, at Sierra Leone. I suppose that more than half a century has elapsed since a certain slave-ship left this river with her freight of human live-stock. That vessel, like many others, was captured by a British cruiser; her *cattle* taken to Sierra Leone, and there transformed into free men and women. Among that vessel's cargo there was a youth

from this quarter who subsequently took the name of Peter Nicoll. Peter cherished a lively recollection of his native region; and when he heard, thirty years ago, that the gospel had reached his fatherland, he took a longing to revisit it. He came here as a merchant, and also as an accredited member and leader in the Wesleyan Church. He spent, I suppose, about two years here, doing a little in the trading line, and greatly helping us as an elder[1] of the Church, seeing that he had not forgotten his native tongue. The supercargo began to maltreat him, to seize his goods, etc. (a very different class of men from those here now), so that he had to return to his store in Free Town, Sierra Leone. In all our goings to and comings from home, we were welcome visitants at Peter's shop. He was a very fine specimen of humanity—fully six feet high, of benign and intelligent countenance, and, latterly, with head white as the wool. When not doing much, he might be seen sitting in his store carefully studying some portion of the Efik Scriptures, and generally with some philological question to propose. We heard of our friend's death some months ago; and I was much affected when, a few weeks ago, I received a note from Mr. Godman, intimating, as one of Peter's executors, that he (Peter) had left a legacy of £50 in favour of the Mission in Old Calabar.

We have got a new king at Duke Town during the year. He was crowned, under the auspices of the British Acting Consul—as was duly reported at the time[2]—on the 17th of April (1880). His style is King Duke Ephraim Eyamba IX.[3] [For Portrait see p. 583.]

[1] See *ante*, p. 334.

[2] It is to be regretted that "the few carefully prepared paragraphs about the coronation and the state of parties in the town, etc.," which Mr. Anderson sent home for publication in the *Record*, were not published. An account from his pen appeared, however, in the *African Times* for July 1880.

[3] In the newspapers of Dec. 22, 1896, it was stated that, on Nov. 19, "it was officially announced that King Duke IX. of Old Calabar was dead. It was believed that death had taken place about six days previously, but, in accordance with native custom, earlier notice was not given. The intimation was signed by 'Magnus Duke,' a distant relative, who said the chiefs and the people of the late monarch intended to perform the usual native rites and hold the customary 'play and devil-making.' The rites usually last for

As yet he has conducted himself in a very satisfactory way; much better than some of us expected. He has repeatedly issued proclamations for the preservation of twin children, and the proper observance of the Sabbath. His rheumatic ailments prevent his regular attendance at public worship. He is a liberal contributor to church collections and to certain kinds of church work.

Mrs. Anderson has had an extra large number of twin

two or three weeks, and consist of firing guns, native dances, and other revelry; but there have been no human sacrifices since the Protectorate was formed. The British here do not allow the natives to bury the dead in their houses, but it was believed that in the case of King Duke it was the intention to inter the body within the compound [of the] house occupied up to his death by the deceased. King Duke was about sixty-five years of age, and for a long time suffered from rheumatism. He lived at Duke Town. . . . It was stated that with his death would cease the reign of the Old Calabar kings. This was also said to be the last official 'Ju Ju' ceremony that would probably take place on the river."

There are several inaccuracies in the preceding statement. King Duke was not king of the region known as Old Calabar, but only of Duke Town and its dependencies, as the late King Eyo VII. of Creek Town was king of that town and its dependencies. In consular reports, etc., Old Calabar is erroneously treated as synonymous with Duke Town. It is misleading to say that there have been no human sacrifices for the dead since the Protectorate was established. The practice was made illegal by Egbo law in 1850, and the Hopkins Agreement in 1878 ratified previous engagements entered into between the chiefs in Calabar and H.B.M.'s Consuls, and had practically died out in Duke Town and Creek Town long prior to the establishment of the Protectorate in 1891. As to the burial of the dead, Sir C. Macdonald states in his first Report (p. 7): "The native law is that all chiefs and their wives are buried in the houses in which they lived, whilst the bodies of domestic slaves and common people are thrown into the nearest bush or into the river. It would be very difficult, and lead to much bad feeling, were the first part of the native law to be interfered with at present. As, however, the graves are by the same law obliged to be from six to ten feet deep, I have made a compromise with the native chiefs to the effect that when such a burial is about to take place, notice is at once to be given to the sanitary officer, and an official is to attend and see that the grave is of the regulation depth." King Duke must have been buried several days before the public announcement of his death was made. It is probably correct to say that he is the last of the Duke Town kings. No successor has been elected at Creek Town to Eyo VII., who died in March 1892, and it is probable that the kingship of Duke Town, which has been merely nominal since the establishment of the Protectorate, will also be allowed to lapse.

children and their mothers to look after during the year. No treaty with England, no Egbo proclamation, and no publication of even the Divine law, can speedily eradicate the superstitions of centuries. The bulk of the grown-up generation are terrified about twin children. There is a sort of agreement between the town authorities and Mrs. Anderson, that when twins are born, mother and children are to be brought to her, and she is to take care of them a few months, and then send them to their homes. There is often a difficulty in carrying the latter clause into execution. Some have no home, and most of the women find that the misfortune of having given birth to twins makes their former dwelling to be a very cold home for them. Some husbands and fathers forget to provide for such women and children. Mrs. Anderson has had a dozen of twin mothers with their children under her care during the year. Had it not been for the great liberality of our river friends, and the kindly and liberal contributions of Sabbath schools and friends at home, I do not see how we could have made ends to meet. Verily, God is good. He feedeth "the young ravens which cry," and He provides for the raven-complexioned babies too.

Another year of unbroken health calls for renewed expressions of gratitude on our part to the Giver of all good. We feel, however, that we are "wearin' awa'," and are rejoicing in the prospect of seeing among us, ere long, fresh agents from both Scotland and Jamaica. By the time that our expected brethren and sisters reach our time of life and our period of service—say in 1920—the Efik Church should be strong and vigorous, and a centre of light to all the regions around. It is so in a small way already, but doubtless our assistants and successors shall see greater things than we can expect to witness. Amen.

To Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Anderson wrote on Jan. 8, 1881:—

. . . How cold with you! How comfortable with us! Ther. generally 74°, 7 A.M.; 78°, noon; 76°, 7 P.M. Happy clime and happy land! No snowstorms here—no hail-blasts—no colliery explosions—no earthquakes

—no general elections! Only a little confusion now and then on "the Demise of the Crown"!

My "taste and talent" for letter-writing fast evanishing. I seldom write anything save on necessary business. I have failed a good deal generally during the last two years. The right hand gets more and more tremulous—the right ear more and more deaf—the right eye more and more dim—the hinges of the system getting more and more stiff, especially in the knee region—and very little brain work leaves a considerable amount of exhaustion.

The next paragraph of the letter was evidently sent by Mr. Chisholm to the editor of the *Record*, in which it was published in March 1881, preceded by the following introductory sentence:—

The following extract from a letter of the Rev. W. Anderson to a friend was written without any view to publication, and is here given as another among many proofs of how outsiders are bearing testimony to the worth of our agents and the benefit of mission work:—

"On Saturday evening, the 1st Jan., about eight o'clock, a Kruman came to the mission-house with a parcel wrapped in grey paper. The mail had arrived three hours before, and I had a letter from our friend Mr. Christie, intimating that he had sent me, in a rice barrel, a small package of hasps and staples. The parcel felt heavy; and when Mrs. Anderson handed it to me, I conjectured, and said, 'Oh, this is the package of hardware; Mr. Christie must have forgotten to put it into the rice barrel, and just sent it loose.' 'But' (this was by and by) 'what is the use of all this sealing-wax?' Lo and behold, a purse containing forty-two sovereigns! and a most kindly letter from fourteen of the river gentlemen, requesting my acceptance of the same. We could hardly believe our eyes, and when we had assured ourselves that the coins and the letter (itself worth gold) were realities—not phantoms—our hearts were full. We could hardly speak to each other.

"Our expenditure, especially on account of twin chil-

dren and their mothers, was exceptionally heavy last year. We had, I think, twelve mothers and twenty infants, for different periods during the year; of course twelve mothers = twenty-four infants, but in several cases one child died ere the mother reached us. Our river friends were very kind during the year—sending us now and then a bag of rice, a quantity of preserved meats, flour, etc.; then they crowned the whole as aforesaid."

A letter to Mr. Chisholm, dated March 25, was written after a severe illness, and tells of his recovery:—

I am just coming round from a very severe illness, and am putting pen to paper to-day, in way of letter-writing, for the first time for two months. I had felt out of sorts for several weeks, but kept up till Sabbath, February 20, when, after the English evening service, I felt quite prostrated, and was afterwards kept prisoner in my room for three weeks. How it gladdened me to know that though to me two of the Sabbaths were what is called "silent," the public work of the sanctuary went on all the same as if I had been present. On Sabbath, Feb. 27, Prince James Eyamba—an elder, and also superintendent of the Sabbath school—conducted both the Efik services, and Mr. Goldie kindly came down from Creek Town and preached at the English service in the evening. On Sabbath, March 6, Prince E. conducted the morning service, and Mr. Goldie (Mr. Edgerley being on an exploring expedition) came down again to our aid, and took the afternoon services, both Efik and English.

Sabbath, March 13, was our Communion Sabbath. Mr. Edgerley spent the day with us, and conducted the whole of the services. He was far from feeling well himself. I would fain have aided him, but felt constrained to be dumb. I felt deeply grateful for being able to be present at all the three diets of worship. The elders held the usual prayer meetings on week-day evenings, the attendance being much larger than usual.

Last Sabbath, March 20, I was able to conduct all the services, the elders conducting the devotional services at

the Efik meetings, so that at these I had only to preach two short sermons. At our English meeting I took the lesson which came in due course, Acts xxvi., but I felt several times, while reading and commenting, as if I had erred in not reserving such an exciting and thrilling passage for one of my best and strongest days.

Brethren, European and natives, were all very kind and sympathising during our time of trouble. I cannot speak too highly of the skill and attentiveness of our kind medical friend, Dr. Mackenzie. And, to conclude, a new Ebenezer is requisite, with the old inscription, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Mr. Anderson refers, in a letter to Mr. Chisholm of June 17, to an illness of Mrs. Anderson's, and to the publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament:—

Mrs. Anderson had strong fever for five days lately, which left her much reduced. She is getting round slowly. Both Mrs. Anderson and I would be the better of a little change; and, as I wrote Mr. Williamson some time ago, if I had a colleague possessed of common sense, such as Mr. Beedie, I could easily leave the station in his hands with comfort and confidence—but "Not now, not now, my child."

I have been wondering which of my friends, if any, would be remembering me on this day month—May 17. I suppose you would hardly guess what I mean. The Revised New Testament was to be published on that day—I wonder if anybody posted me a copy on the following Friday. I ordered a dozen copies of the cheapest kind from Mr. Christie a good while ago. . . .

The coronation of Örök as King Duke IX. on April 17, 1880, seems to have given dissatisfaction, and led to disaffection on the part of the other native chiefs. On June 17, Mr. Anderson wrote that Consul Hewett was expected on the 19th, and that the *election* of a king would take place the following week. On June 25, Mr. Anderson again wrote to Mr. Chisholm:—

Matters are not getting smoothed down yet. Our Consul is here just now as our lodger—came on Sabbath last, and goes away to-morrow (Sabbath) for three weeks or so; then he proposes coming back, staying with us till October, and then goes home for a few months on furlough.

He has not yet proceeded with the election of a king for Duke Town—means to do so soon after his return, and to go on with coronation soon after election.

Mrs. A. has pretty well got over her fever, but regains strength only slowly. I keep wonderfully well, though I have a good deal to do.

Mr. Anderson had (as he said in his letter of March 25 to Mr. Chisholm) "avoided all appearance of partisanship" towards any of the disaffected parties in the town who were aiming at the displacement of King Duke. The following letter, dated August 6, 1881, explains the unsettled political condition of Duke Town at this period:—

. . . Our political affairs are still unsettled. The Consul had arranged to come here on Tuesday last with our Commodore, Sir Fred. Richards, but became very unwell, and was forbidden by the surgeon of the Fleet from either travelling or working. The Commodore spent two hours with us on Tuesday afternoon, inquiring how things stand. The Consul sent orders to our acting king to get an election meeting held at once, so that he (Consul) may have nothing to do but *crown* when he returns from the South Coast (to which the Fleet doctor is taking him for health) in the end of October! I have written the Consul that he is imposing too heavy a burden on our young man. My impression is that *all* the electors will not meet if called on by him only, even though able to say, "By Consul's orders"! I believe that the Eyamba faction will take a pride in refusing to receive any order or instruction from the acting king. Probably both election and coronation will have to await consular visit three months hence! All this I look on as "much ado

about nothing." The Consul had all the freemen before him when he read instructions from Foreign Office anent the quashing of [Acting Consul] Easton's tomfoolery at former coronation, and could have done all that was requisite in two days (or in two hours) then, as well as he will be able to do it three months hence.

A letter to Mr. Chisholm, of date October 14–15, 1881, relates the death of Mrs. Sutherland:—

. . . Mrs. Sutherland was very poorly yesterday when I was writing, but none of us (except Mrs. A.) thought that the change was at hand. She died last evening between 8 and 9 o'clock. She herself did not seem to be anticipating death. A call to all of us, and especially to one so infirm as myself, to "be ready."

We bury the remains this afternoon beside those of her husband at Creek Town. She has been a faithful and energetic worker. . . .

In the *Missionary Record* for November 1881 the following announcement appeared:—

Special circumstances have arisen in Old Calabar which have led the Foreign Committee to the conclusion that a deputation should be sent to that mission field at once, and they have accordingly taken the responsibility of such a step. The Deputies will be able not only to attend to the matters that are immediately pressing, but also to do the work that would have fallen to a deputation going out in the ordinary course. The brethren who have been selected by the Committee for this duty are the Rev. David Williamson of Queensferry, and the Rev. David Marshall of East Calder. The Committee and the Church, we are sure, have every confidence in the peculiar fitness of these two brethren for such a duty—their acquaintance with our missionary operations, their soundness of judgment, and their thorough fairness and impartiality. The visit of the Deputies will be an event of very special interest in the history of the Mission at Old Calabar. . . .

The Deputies sailed from Liverpool in the *Corisco* on October 29. Mr. Anderson's next letter to Mr. Chisholm, dated December 31, 1881, tells of the visit of the Deputies, and of the decision at which they arrived in the questions at issue between him and Mr. Ross:—

Our friends the Deputies arrived here on the 1st inst. On the 6th they commenced investigation of Mr. Ross's palaver with his brethren; had many a long and weary sederunt—generally 9 to 1, and then 5 to 9 or 10. On one occasion the evening sederunt lasted from 5 till 11.30. Such hours of business don't suit the intertropical part of the world. They closed their investigations on the evening of Friday the 23rd, and on Saturday 24th announced their finding—the chief part of which is that Mr. Ross be separated from the Old Calabar Mission and proceed home without delay.

On Saturday evening, Prince James Eyamba, with a number of his following who are Church members, sent in to the Deputies an intimation of their withdrawal from the fellowship of the U.P. Church; and on Sabbath morning Mr. Ross sent in his resignation of the office of the ministry in the U.P. Church. On Sabbath, Mr. Ross and his followers held meetings in James Eyamba's yard. . . .

I have long been considering a suggestion of your own, viz. whether I should not retire from active life. I have never fully got over the ailment which brought me to death's gates in February. Every little extra exertion or annoyance brings a return of it. I felt that if Mr. Ross carries out his present design of remaining in the country and setting up a rival cause, I am not now in such vigour as to be able to cope with the difficulties of the position. So, to clear the way for the free action of the Presbytery and of the Deputies in regard to the present emergency, I have tendered my resignation of my charge.

A special meeting of Presbytery was held, and after Mr. Edgerley had been appointed and had agreed to go

to Duke Town, Mr. Anderson practically withdrew his resignation.

On January 7, 1882, Mr. Anderson wrote further to Mr. Chisholm:—

On Tuesday evening a congregational meeting was held, at which the Deputies published what they had done —specially in regard to Mr. Ross—and why they had done so.

I would rather say as little as possible on the matter, and leave it to Mr. Williamson to explain all things to you. He expects to see you shortly after he reaches home.[1]

He and Mr. Marshall have conducted the business with which they were entrusted with great care and pains, and have earned a good name among both blacks and whites. . . .

Mrs. A. still continues very poorly. Sometimes she seems as if she were passing away, but has always revived hitherto. Mr. Marshall had a good New Year's sermon at English service last Sabbath evening from "My times are in Thy hand," but she did not hear it.

I had a touching message from one of our native members on Wednesday evening,—a slave-boy who had been long ailing,—viz. that he did not think he would be alive after 9 o'clock that evening, and that he wished very much that I would allow him to be buried in the Christian graveyard. I had not seen him for some time, and did not know that the end was so near. I went off at once to see him, but he was unable to speak. I spoke to him, and prayed with him. He lingered on till 6 A.M. Thursday. We buried him with all the respect accorded to all Church members. Our Deputies were with us during the funeral service, but the congregation was such that I saw that it would serve nothing to ask them to take any part in it.

Both Deputies have preached to both native and

[1] Mr. Williamson stayed with Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Marshall with Mr. Ross. Mr. Williamson, to the regret of the Churches in Calabar and in Scotland, died of fever on January 30, 1882, on the homeward voyage.

English congregations with great acceptance. We have enjoyed their company very much. Of course the enjoyment would have been greater had not their visit been especially connected with Mr. Ross's case. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Edgerley have just come from Creek Town to take up their abode with us for a time. They are to occupy Mrs. Sutherland's house.

In the preceding narrative of this painful case it has not been my aim to give such an account of it as would be proper in a critical history of the Mission. The Deputies censured Mr. Anderson for certain indiscretions, and recalled Mr. Ross, and behind or beyond their decision it is not here needful to go.

KING DUKE IX.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Death of Mrs. Anderson, 1882

WHEN 1882 began, Mrs. Anderson's days on earth were nearly numbered. The wearied worker, who had known no tire in the service of others, was about to enter into rest. Tender memories of early days in Jamaica filled Mr. Anderson's mind as he penned the following letter regarding his dying wife to his old friend Mr. Chisholm, on Thursday evening, January 12 :—

. . . This is one of my numerous anniversaries. Forty-two years to-day since I first saw the companion of my pilgrimage. That was in Carron Hall Church, Sabbath 12, 1840. Only *saw* her that day, however. Wondered who she could be. Delighted on Monday morning when Mrs. Cowan introduced me to her as "our teacher, Miss Louisa." Feared some days ago that I might be taking my *last* look of her to-day; but there is still hope of recovery, for which I feel grateful.

Captain Davies, *Nubia*, who credits Mrs. A. with having saved his life on one occasion, has just called—has not seen her, though; tells me he leaves to-morrow at noon. It must be eighteen or twenty years ago. When Captain Davies arrived here he was prostrated by fever. "Up to the mission-house" was the charm in those days. He was brought up helpless. Same evening steamer's doctor took fever, and went to Old Town mission-house for change. Mrs. A. nursed and doctored Captain D. for, I think, a week. He was able to go on board—but, what a surprise! The doctor had then been in his grave two days. Captain D. has never forgotten this. . . .

Mr. Edgerley and I get on exceedingly well together. His medical attainments are a great help to us. He is not *very* strong.

Friday.—Mrs. A. nearly just as she has been for weeks. Was very low about midnight, but felt somewhat revived in the morning. Should I not write next week, you can consider "No news, good news."

On January 26, Mrs. Anderson fell asleep. The following intimation of her death was sent out by Mr. Anderson:—

Duke Town Mission-House, Old Calabar,
January 27, 1882.

Dear Friend,—I have to intimate to you that it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from me and to take home to Himself the faithful companion of my pilgrimage for upwards of forty years. After a lengthened illness, she peacefully "fell asleep" yesterday morning at 3 o'clock. With her all is well—well for ever.—Confident that I shall have an interest in your sympathy and prayers, I am, dear friend, your afflicted, but not forsaken,

William Anderson.

To the Clohan family Mr. Anderson wrote on February 6, giving full particulars of Mrs. Anderson's illness and death:—

Dearly beloved Friends,—Ere this reaches you you will have received a formal notice of the sore bereavement with which I was visited on January 26.

My loved departed one was not at all strong during the course of last year. I see from my church roll that she was nine Sabbaths absent on account of illness, and that on six or seven other Sabbaths she was able to be only a "half-day hearer." From Sabbath October 9, till Sabbath November 20, she enjoyed her last spell of tolerable health, and was able to attend all the three services during all the consecutive seven Sabbaths. . . . She was in church only one Sabbath after November 20, and that

was on December 18, when she managed to be present at all the three services. She was, indeed, in church once again, viz. on Thursday, December 22, at a General Conference of the Mission with Deputies sent out from the Mission Board. She took an active part in the deliberations of the Conference—returned to the house—had to retire to her room. I do not remember that she left her apartment again—till carried out.

She suffered severely for a time. . . . For a time I continued to hope against hope, but from the commencement the doctor gave no hope of permanent recovery.

Wednesday, Dec. 28.—Very low, but looks forward to the end with great composure. She gave me some directions as to the distribution of her clothing among her house girls and other faithful female friends. . . . When she had told me how she wished her effects disposed of, I hinted that I trusted that all arrangements were complete in regard to eternity. She expressed herself on this point in the full assurance of hope, and gave me to understand that she had entered into covenant with the Master before she saw me.

Thursday, 29.—Very low, but resigned and even cheerful in prospect of the departure. Forgot to say above that yesterday she gave me directions about the funeral. To-day she joined her nurse and me in singing several hymns—"There is a fountain" (tune in Sankey's), the 48th Paraphrase, and "Shall we meet beyond the river?"

Sabbath, Jan. 1, 1882.—A happy New Year's Day for my loved sufferer, though it could hardly be called a merry one. I had the aid and fellowship of Rev. D. Marshall. Felt grateful for this.

There was but little change in her from Sabbath Jan. 1, till Saturday Jan. 14. I had been hoping against hope, and earnestly praying for her restoration; but at the latter date, January 14, the conviction forced itself upon me—I may say for the first time—that *she is no longer mine.* Very tranquil, yea, very cheerful—but—*passing away.*

Sabbath, Jan. 15.—Lighter and easier to-day. Oh that she might live before Thee!

Tuesday, 17.—She distributed a few last gifts to-day, and gave parting charges to several of her old house girls, who had come, accompanied by their husbands and children, to see her. The scene was deeply solemn and impressive. She was somewhat unconscious during a part of the day, and gave utterance to a great many pleasant things, though somewhat incoherently. This showed, however, her happy frame of mind. . . .

Sabbath, 22.—The last Sabbath below. Not able to say much to-day. In the evening I told her what I had been preaching on to the English congregation—Gen. xlix. 18: "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord." I gave her my divisions, which seemed to interest her:—

1. Salvation is wholly of God—"Thy."
2. Salvation is a personal matter—"I."
3. Salvation requires exercise of faith and patience—"have waited."
4. Salvation is the only thing of value on the bed of death.

She joined me in singing "The gates ajar," greatly emphasising the refrain, "For *me*." This was, in so far as I am aware, her last song on earth.

Wednesday, 25.—Sang portions of her favourite hymns in an undertone. This seemed to soothe her. The end was evidently near. Paroxysms of pain, but the mind at rest, firmly leaning on the Rock. Frequently when asked, "How are you feeling?" the reply was, "Weary, weary." The rest was at hand.

Thursday, 26.—I was with her till after 2 A.M. The breathing became so difficult that I could not stand it. I stepped into my study and drew up several circulars which I saw would soon be needed. Had just finished, was stepping out, met Mrs. Fuller [the nurse] at the door with these words on her lips, "All is over." The clock then struck *three*. She had passed peacefully away at length. I entered the chamber of death, and felt thankful to see her at rest. Farewell now, my loved one, to all those severe pains which have racked the frail body time after time for years.

From 4 A.M. till 4 P.M. the room was never empty. It was indeed a "lying in state" for twelve hours. Group

after group came to take a last look. I never saw a countenance so lovely in death.

About five in the evening we committed the mortal remains to their lowly resting-place, in the sure and blessed hope of a glorious resurrection.

I need hardly say that all our Mission friends, and, indeed, all our European friends, have shown their deep sympathy with the living and the highest respect for the dead.

Mr. Edgerley wrote from Duke Town:—

I feel strange in saying to myself, "Mrs. Anderson is no more." She has been so long an important and prominent personage in connection with this field, that I can hardly believe that she is no longer one of us. With all her energy, she suffered much for many years from internal ailments, and her continued activity, with pain and disease sapping her strength, shows the vigour of her mind and will. She has with indignation made men quail under her reproof for wrong-doing, and she has also robbed herself of rest, night after night, tending motherless native infants. A woman said truly of her the other day, "She has saved many a head from being cut off, and many an ear too,"—mutilation was a form of punishment. More than once native chiefs and others were stubborn to Mr. Anderson, but would yield to her with "Ma mine, I can't say no to you!" Yes! she is gone. She died yesterday morning, and was buried at half-past four in the afternoon. The large turn-out of natives and Europeans at the service in church showed the respect felt for her.

We are sure that many a prayer will be offered on behalf of Mr. Anderson, that he may be cheered and comforted in his loneliness.

Mrs. Cowan, late of Carron Hall, wrote from Edinburgh to Mr. Anderson a beautiful letter of sympathy, in which the following reference to Mrs. Anderson's character occurs:—

She was the crown of our work at Carron Hall. We never had a fault to find with her. I cannot think of any more perfect character.

Edward Hyde Hewett, Esq., H.B.M.'s Consul for the Bight of Biafra, wrote to Mr. Anderson from London:—

I cannot allow a mail to leave for the Coast without sending you a line in expression of my very great sorrow at the loss you have sustained. . . . I beg of you to accept my sincere condolence and the assurance of my profoundest sympathy. I had looked forward to my return to the Coast with a certain amount of pleasure, from the fact that I should again see you and Mrs. Anderson, and I had arranged in my own mind a very comfortable Consulate on the Hill at Old Calabar, intending to ask Mrs. Anderson to look after my household affairs. With the company of her and of yourself, my dear friend, I should have been perfectly happy. I shall be glad to know of your movements. Will you be coming home? For myself and for the good of Old Calabar, I hope not. . . . I pray that you may be supported in your affliction by that almighty and good Father who alone can afford real consolation.

Mrs. Hewan, a former fellow-worker in Old Calabar, wrote an appreciative account of Mrs. Anderson's life and work for *Our Sisters in Other Lands* (January and April 1883), from which I take the following estimate:—

Her influence at Duke Town was very great; her self-sacrificing exertions to save life, her unwearied nursing of the sick, day and night, the number of poor, wretched, homeless creatures whom she succoured, and the many children, both boys and girls, whom she had always under training, fitting them to become useful members of society, rise before me as I write. No one can estimate the good which she has accomplished during the thirty-four years of her residence in Africa. All was done in such a quiet, unobtrusive way that it was only those most

intimate with her, or associated with her in the work, who knew the busy life she led, and that, too, in the midst of much bodily suffering.

She soothed and cheered the last moments of many who, far from home and friends, were taken to the Duke Town mission-house that they might have the benefit of her tender care and nursing, and also nursed back to life many who would, humanly speaking, have died but for her. In 1864 the gentlemen of the river showed their high esteem for her by entertaining her at a breakfast on board one of the ships, when they presented her with a piece of silver plate bearing a suitable inscription, recording their high appreciation of her many sterling Christian qualities, and their gratitude for her many acts of kindness and motherly attentions. The sentiment of gratitude pervading the community was deep and universal. . . .

There was a deep undercurrent of piety and spirituality of mind, which her reserved nature in a great measure concealed.

Miss Edgerley kindly wrote from Creek Town mission-house, under date 30th May 1896, an interesting letter of reminiscences of Mrs. Anderson:—

My first introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson was in 1848, on the eve of their sailing for Old Calabar. Then I went with another friend to meet them on their first visit home *from* Calabar in 1852. I then saw for the first time two Calabar children brought home by Mrs. A.

Mrs. A. was a wise and sensible woman, and although she never gave advice unsought, she was ever ready to give it when asked. She was a real mother to many of the white traders; in sickness, many a one has she had brought up to the mission-house and nursed most faithfully. Many a poor castaway sick slave has she had brought in and nursed, also twins and other orphans; many a woman has she trained to wash and dress. Her girls used to make the finest bread when I came to Calabar, and many other useful works did the girls learn. Mrs. A. did not eat the bread of idleness, for she was up

at five in the morning, and called up her household at half-past five, when there was a stir upstairs and downstairs in the yard. Morning prayers were punctual at seven, and breakfast was immediately after, and everyone was expected to be at the table promptly, no waiting for anyone who was not ready. Mrs. A. was very methodical in everything. If any quarrel got up on the Hill, Mrs. Anderson was the one they ran to, and she would very soon settle them, and send them off laughing, or else quieted, at any rate. In cases of sickness or accident she was often resorted to, either for adult or infant, and the people had every confidence in her skill. She was builder of houses, and road surveyor, etc. In some things she was dauntless, such as pursuing a thief at night, and taking a cutlass out of his hand and sending him off.

She was very good to me all my time here, and the last time I was privileged to be with her was when the Deputies came, shortly before her death. Mrs. A. has been well missed at Duke Town, where she lived and laboured so long. "Truly the memory of the just is blessed."

Dr. Adam of Liverpool, who saw much of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson in Calabar between 1858 and 1863, writes:—

I scarcely remember whether there is any record of the life and work of Mrs. Anderson; yet no history of the mission work in Calabar will be complete without some prominent notice of this lady. I know not how it has come to pass that so little has been said or written of Mrs. Anderson. She was one who went about doing good; as nurse, as matron, friend, adviser, and hostess she was unequalled. Mr. Anderson's influence was largely owing to the "veiled and silent woman" who never wearied in well-doing, and whose skilful, loving hand was skilfully concealed. In his early years, Mr. Anderson, with his *strong* hand and head and robust temper, was by no means famous for making or keeping friends, but his wife's hallowed presence atoned for all.

An old chief, Henny Cobham, who was a devoted admirer of Mrs. A., summed up her good points tersely

and concisely: "I tell you true, them woman be best man for mission."

In an interesting series of articles published in the *Missionary Record*, the Rev. D. Marshall, who visited Calabar as a Deputy from the Church, wrote as follows:[1]—

Duke Town has an estimated population of 6000. It is a not over-cleanly accumulation of mud houses, closely packed, with footpaths instead of streets, which are rutted and cross-cut by torrents in the rainy season, so that great care is required in walking on them by day; and at night, without the moon or a lantern, a serious mishap is almost certain to unaccustomed feet. The mission buildings are placed on the top of the Hill, the proper situation, no doubt, for the dwelling-houses, as being the highest and healthiest spot in the whole locality, but it may be very fairly questioned whether the church and school would not have been better planted down in the town, in the heart of the population. The Rev. William Anderson is in charge of the station here. He came thirty-four years ago, and during this long period he has laboured for Christ among the heathen in this dark land with unflagging diligence and zeal. All along, till January last, Mrs. Anderson was with him, sharing ungrudgingly his work and trials. Many a sad sight they have witnessed together, many a struggle they have maintained together in behalf of the oppressed, many a privation they have endured together; and now that death has come between and parted them, we are sure that in his loneliness and sorrow he has the warm sympathy of the whole Church, whom he has served so long and well. In Mrs. Anderson the Mission has suffered a great loss.

He also says:—

We must not omit to mention another institution, which, though not commonly named among missionary instrumentalities, is yet one of the most effective of them.

[1] *Record*, May 1882.

The missionary's house, with its refined and orderly ways, the motherly influence exercised by his wife over the numerous household, and its ministrations to the many who come to it in quest of advice, or help, or consolation, is a great power for good. The very building is an exhibition of civilisation; and, associated with the character and work of the occupants, there it stands on the top of the hill, a public declaration for righteousness, and protest against iniquity; while, because of the twin children and refugees who have found a sanctuary there, it is a plea for mercy in a cruel land. It is at once a mind, a conscience, and a heart to the land. Further, the orphans are trained to good habits and useful accomplishments; great pains are bestowed on the formation of their character and principles; twice a day they are called together to family worship, in which they take a direct part in reading the chapter, answering questions, and repeating portions of Scripture or verses of hymns they have learned; and when they reach an age at which they must leave to begin the world for themselves, they carry into their new situations of life much of the spirit and ideas of the house where they were brought up. There are well-doing men and women in Calabar now, who look back with pleasure on the days they spent in their mission home, and who gratefully ascribe to that connection their indebtedness for what they are. Such a blessed influence has been shed abroad for years in Duke Town from the dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson; and the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Goldie, and of Mr. and Mrs. Edgerley, have been in like manner fountains of blessing in Creek Town.

In a letter to Mr. Chisholm of date April 29, 1882, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

I have instructed Miss Isabella Lamb (Mrs. A.'s banker) to receive no more contributions from any quarter for the support of any of our household children. I feel that I cannot hold myself responsible for the proper outlay of such contributions. I must indeed maintain those already on hand, so long as I am beside them, or

they are beside me; but I prefer to do what I can without foreign aid.

Only a few days ago I had a fine-looking young woman and two pretty little babies sent to my care by one of our biggest gentlemen. The children were only a few hours old, so I begged Mrs. Edgerley to look after them for a week, which she kindly engaged to do. I do not know whether she will transfer the group to me at the close of the week—I would rather not. If she retain them, I shall allow her something from our unexhausted funds. . . .

The domestic machine still moves on under the impulse it received from its departed directress. We have four boys (two of them twin-brothers) who can run errands, carry water, etc. The eldest house-girl—her name is Julia—had a great deal of Mrs. A.'s confidence, and often acted as stewardess during Mrs. A.'s sick seasons. She acts very much as stewardess still. I suppose she has been with us about twenty years. She must be fully thirty—no beauty—but very steady and anxious to please. The next girl is the cook—she is called Mary Stewart—must have been with us ten or twelve years—must be fully twenty. She is a little *glaiket* now and then, but "Ah, Mary, suppose Mammy live, you no bring me soup so," or "you no burn bread so," is enough to bring the tear to Mary's eye. We have other four girls—three of them, I think, as well as the four boys, at school. The twin establishment is separate somewhat. At present I have four mothers and three or four children—not including the two at present with Mrs. Edgerley. . . .

Mrs. A. left a number of pet goats, pet fowls, pet dogs and cats, and pet plants. I do my best with all. Her most valuable dog, however, did not seem able to survive her—died two or three weeks after she left me. I feel a sacred pleasure in looking after her animals and plants. Almost all the trees on the premises are of her planting or my own. My first walk in the morning and my last in the evening is to her quiet resting-place. I enjoy a great deal of happiness connected with her memory, though I need hardly say that *I do miss her.* As I sit at my study table—presented to me in 1848 by yourself and

friends—I have her photo within a foot of me, a hat and a gown hanging on the wall before me, a pair of her boots on one of my bookshelves—but these are poor substitutes for her *ain sel'*. However, as I said to her when on her deathbed, "Our separation cannot be a very long one." You are aware, I think, that on the 15th inst. I enter my 71st year. On Sabbath, March 12th, I felt so vigorous that I said to Mr. Edgerley, "Ah! my home friends must be praying for me to-day—they will just have heard of her death." I see from a letter of Mrs. Duncan's that on that day, March 12th, Dr. Thomson prayed very earnestly for me in Broughton Place Church. I have no doubt that other friends were also remembering me at the throne.

In a letter to Mrs. Duncan,[1] Heriot Row, Edinburgh, dated June 3, 1882, Mr. Anderson relates in an amusing way an incident connected with the Deputies' visit:—

Mr. Williamson was the last preacher that my beloved Louisa ever heard. She did not hear his last sermon here, however — which was his last in pure English. He preached afterwards at Creek Town, but his English had to be interpreted. His last text here on Christmas evening was these words in Eph. iii. 15: "The whole family in heaven and earth,"—a capital discourse.

He had to leave us at sunset to go up to Creek Town in a boat, and he wished to be *weel happit*, as he would be exposed to the chill of the evening immediately after preaching. I produced the never-failing coat of your gudeman's which you *dashed* to me—a dash which I have found frequently to be very useful—told him to whom it had belonged, and got him all trig for the voyage. He was to be sure to give me back the coat on his return from up the river. He did not return for eight or nine days. I had forgot all about the coat—and indeed I never re-

[1] Mrs. Duncan and her husband were old friends of Mr. Anderson. They contributed liberally to the support of native children in the Duke Town mission-house. Mrs. Duncan, after a long life of active Christian benevolence, of unostentatious kindness to missionaries, and of help to all in need, "fell asleep" on Jan. 7, 1897.

membered it till a fortnight or so after the Deputies left. I then inquired on all sides about the coat, but could hear nothing, and concluded that Mr. W. must have packed it up in mistake with his own clothing. I meant to write him a very lugubrious epistle on the subject, lamenting the evil influences of heathenism on even a Christian minister who had borne a good name for so many years, on the cruelty of a robust young man depriving a frail old missionary of his old coat, etc. etc. But lo! the death stroke has intervened, and that drives all nonsense away.

I mentioned the matter some time after to a friendly supercargo. He said nothing in reply, but went off to the store of the merchant whose boat had taken Mr. W. up to Creek Town, and made inquiries. "Oh yes," said the merchant, "there is an old coat hanging up there which no one seems to know anything about." It is handed to my friend, and he reads the maker's name on the back of the neck, "R. & J. Elliot, Dalkeith." "Ah, this is the very article wanted;" and so he brought it up to me in triumph the next Sabbath evening.

I have been now eighteen weeks alone. You have passed through the same experience, and can fully sympathise with me. Her photo is within two feet of me, her books I use daily at morning and evening worship, her gown and hat hang on the wall before me, her boots and shoes stand beside me on my bookcase. I have her resting-place to visit every morning and evening, her favourite plants to look after, her favourite goats, dogs, and cats to look after, her bairns to superintend *in a way*; but all this does not make up for the want *o' her ain sell.* Yet I have great reason to be thankful. The domestic machine still moves on in the direction and under the influence of the impetus given by her. I feel that the Saviour is nearer than ever—that is, I suppose, that I am leaning harder on Him now than I ever did before.

Your Christina[1]—I do not know well what to say about her. I think I wrote you that the gentleman whose wife she became shortly after she left us, died. She remained mourning like the Calabar women for a

[1] A native named after Mrs. Duncan.

month or two, and then entered the harem of one of the most influential of our young native chiefs. She lives as one of his wives, but is entrusted with keys, money, and goods, more than any of them. She makes herself very useful as clerk and accountant. There are two things noteworthy in her—(1) she is always respectably dressed; (2) she is a regular attender at church. She seems as one morally blindfolded for the present. I am not altogether without hope that your prayers and ours on her behalf will be answered, and that she will yet see her folly and repent of it. We can only pray and wait. None of our other house-girls seem to mourn the death of *Mammy* more than Christina does. Our young converts have fearful influences to contend with. A miracle that any of them stand steadfast.

In another letter to Mrs. Duncan, of date Nov. 4, 1882, Mr. Anderson wrote regarding the Rev. E. W. Jarrett and his wife, who were located at Duke Town:—

. . . Thanks for all your sisterly, motherly counsels in regard to self-preservation. Julia—Mrs. A.'s confidential handmaid for many years—has looked after the cooking department very well, though it could not be expected that all things should be so nicely conducted as in the days "departed never to return."

I have received a great acquisition to my household lately—or a pair of acquisitions—in Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett. Mr. Jarrett was ordained by one of the Jamaica Presbyteries a few months ago, and he and Mrs. J. are located with me, and are for the present my boarders. They—with Miss M'Phun from Glasgow, and Mr. John Morison, a mechanic—arrived here on Oct. 19, which would have been my Louisa's sixty-fourth birthday had she been still tarrying with us—I do not know how they compute time up yonder. Mrs. Jarrett has relieved me greatly; in a week or two, when she has picked up a few sentences of the native tongue, she will be able to relieve me altogether of what is—to me—the somewhat irksome task of *housekeeping*—though *I* think I have done very well during these forty weeks of solitude. . . .

I have been kindly invited by the Mission Board to take a trip home on furlough. Brethren and M.D.s think that I should accept the invitation. I mean to do so. My five years will be up in the end of this month, and though I feel more vigorous at present than I have done for some years, yet the slightest over-exertion of either body or mind knocks me up very much. A change may confirm health for a few years to come. . . .

Our great work goes on slowly but surely. We are frequently receiving tokens for good. I often feel as if we had too little faith in the power of the word we preach. Mr. Goldie gave us a capital sermon at our anniversary meeting in September from the text, "According unto your faith be it unto you."

In the *Record* for Dec. 1882 it is stated:—

We have the prospect of seeing Mr. Anderson home on furlough at no distant date. It is now five years since he returned to Calabar from his last furlough; and that furlough was rather a period of work, for he spent a large portion of it in Jamaica, doing service in connection with the Mission there. Besides several attacks of illness during the past year or two, the sore bereavement which he recently experienced in the death of Mrs. Anderson has told heavily upon him; and it cannot be wondered at that one who has passed through these trials after he has turned threescore and ten, is in need of rest and change. The Foreign Mission Board have invited him to leave his work for a time, and though with much reluctance, he has consented to do so; he only wishes to postpone his coming for a few months, until Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett, who are to be settled meanwhile at Duke Town, are introduced somewhat into the customs of the country. In a touching letter just received from Mr. Anderson, he speaks of his native land as now "a land of strangers" to him. "All my early companions (he says) have gone over to the majority. Here I feel at home. I know everybody, and everybody knows me. How different in Scotland! Another point: during my 42 or 43 years of foreign service I have

returned to my native land five times, but never alone. Now, if go I must, it must be 'empty.'"

We are sure that, though Mr. Anderson on his arrival may miss many of his contemporaries, he will yet find many friends who will be ready to bid him welcome, and eager to hear what he has to say about the claims of that mission field where he has laboured so many years, and where his name is as a household word among the people.

On December 22, 1882, two of the Duke Town mission-houses were burned to the ground. The one was the house occupied by Mr. Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett. The other was an older house adjoining Mr. Anderson's, and was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Peebles. After the fire these parties were accommodated in the houses occupied by Mr. Edgerley and Miss M'Phun. The *Record* remarked:—

It is a fortunate circumstance that the New Year Offering for 1883 is to be devoted to the improvement of the mission property at Old Calabar. . . . It is desirable that the Mission Board be in a position, without any delay, to restore these houses, as well as to put the other mission property in a state of thorough repair.

In the *Record* for March 1883 it is stated:—

We have just learned that the friends in the river at Duke Town have kindly furnished a beautiful brass tablet, with a suitable inscription, as a memorial of the late Mrs. Anderson. The tablet has been attached to the inside wall of the Duke Town Church, near the place where Mrs. Anderson was accustomed to sit. This is an evidence of the high regard which was entertained for Mrs. Anderson, not only by the native Christians, but by the European traders, to whom, as was the case with Mrs. Sutherland, she showed much kindness and rendered many Christian

services. Mr. A. has been much cheered by this mark of respect for the memory of the departed.

In the Report for 1882, Mr. Anderson says:—

The past year has been to us one of tribulation. We have experienced severe trials of different kinds. We trust that sunshine will in due time follow storm.

There has been a decrease in the membership of the Church. No fewer than six of our little band have been removed by the hand of death. There has also been a secession from our ranks. Sabbath services have been conducted as in former years. . . .

Mr. Edgerley's services have been of immense value in regard to both bodily ailments and soul sickness. He and Mrs. Edgerley conduct several important classes of young people, who meet from time to time in their prayer-room. . . . Mrs. Edgerley has been active in her exertions for the benefit of the women.

Besides the congregational weekly prayer meeting held in the church, we have three meetings weekly in different parts of the town. These meetings afford us the opportunity of proclaiming the gospel weekly to several hundreds who do not attend sanctuary service on Sabbath.

We have been privileged during the year to hail the arrival of fresh forces. Miss M'Phun seems eminently qualified for the important work to which she has been designated. Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett are just entering on their work and their trials too.

The late destruction of our dwellings has been to Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett, to Mr. and Mrs. Peebles, and to the writer of these lines, a "fiery trial" indeed. We trust that it will work for good, not only for ourselves personally, but also for the station and for the Mission.

At the same time, Mr. Edgerley writes:—

At the request of the Deputies, the Presbytery associated me with Mr. Anderson, on account of his weakness and ill-health. I have therefore been here since the commencement of January. Mr. Anderson is better, but although he moves about much, it is evident that his strength is not what it once was.

The death of the Rev. S. H. Edgerley at Duke Town on February 24, 1883, was a great loss to the Mission. Mr. Anderson, in a letter in the *Children's Magazine*, June 1883, wrote as follows regarding Mr. Edgerley:—

He fell calmly asleep in Jesus about 9 o'clock on the evening of Saturday the 24th of February. To him life's Saturday night had also come, and he lay down to repose till he shall be awakened by the sound of the archangel's trumpet on the morning of that glorious Sabbath which awaits all the people of God. His devoted wife, his attached sister, and two of his missionary brethren, stood around his bed during his last moments. We commended the parting spirit to the care of Him who holdeth the keys of Hades and of death, and, unseen by us, the attending angels beckoned him away to the realms of the blest.

Mr. Edgerley came to Old Calabar in 1854, and has thus been among us for about twenty-nine years. He has occupied different positions—teacher, printer, evangelist, explorer, and ordained missionary—and has ably discharged the duties of each position so long as he occupied it. My venerable brother, Mr. Goldie, shows in his communication in the *Record* for May how much he valued our departed associate. In a letter which I have just received from my esteemed brother, Mr. Beedie, of date, Ikorofiong, April 10, 1883, he says: "Mr. Edgerley's death has made a sad blank in our working staff. I have little hope of one being got in all respects equal to him. But God is able to train up labourers for His vineyard, and we must never forget that the work is His." To me he has been during the last thirteen months of his life as my right hand. . . .

During the course of last year I read a very touching biography—that of the late Dr. George Wilson [of Edinburgh]. After I had read it, I presented it to my departed brother. While perusing the volume, it occurred to me that there were several striking points of resemblance between the two men. Both were subject to seasons of great exhaustion and severe pain, but in their worst

seasons both were ever anxious to work, and ever ready with bright flashes of playfulness and wit.

Referring to Mr. Edgerley's bodily infirmities, Mr. Goldie wrote:—

Mr. Edgerley freely spent himself in journeys [of exploration], and was always attacked by sickness on his return. In 1877 he was brought down to the gates of death, but was graciously restored for further duty; and it was when at home at this time recruiting that he further qualified himself for it by studying medicine. Though regaining health to rejoin the Mission, his disease had left a permanent infirmity of the internal organs, which rendered him more liable to sickness, and, as it proved, made him unable to make use of quinine, our chief medicine preventive and curative of fever. However, he did not consider that to live was the chief end of man, but to be obedient to duty; and considering that he could most profitably expend his talents in the Mission to which he had given himself, he returned to fill up whatever day of labour the Master might appoint to him.

Mr. Anderson continues:—

Mr. Edgerley's last exploratory journey [to Atam, up Cross River] was too much for him. Undertaken with a strong desire to advance the Master's glory, and to promote the usefulness of our newly-arrived fellow-labourers [Messrs. Clerk and Jarrett], I considered his death as truly that of a martyr. When we assembled in the church on the morning of Sabbath, February 25, to perform for him the last offices of earthly friendship, I could declare to the large audience in all sincerity that we met not at that time to bemoan the death of a victim, but to celebrate the triumph of a victor; for we could sing in full confidence, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Thanks be unto God, who has given our brother Edgerley the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

I may mention here that our brother's remains were,

in agreement with his own request, borne to the grave [at Creek Town] from the boat by the students whom he had been teaching to preach the glorious gospel of Christ.

Mr. Edgerley's age, when he left us, reminds me of Lev. xxv. 8, 9, "seven times seven years," and then came his glorious jubilee.

The preceding letter was written in Scotland, to which Mr. Anderson had come in April, in time to be present at the meeting of Synod in May.

In the *Record* for July 2, 1883, it is stated:—

Our missionaries at Old Calabar have been receiving substantial tokens of the kindness and confidence of friends outside the Mission. The gentlemen of the river have presented our little congregation at Duke Town with a fine American organ, which cost between £40 and £50. As the Rev. William Anderson was leaving Calabar, he received a letter from Consul Hewett, enclosing a bill for £40, "from some European friends in the river," who wished in this way "to recoup him for the loss sustained by the fire in December last." The Consul adds that he and many other friends part with Mr. Anderson in the hope that the change home may benefit his health, and that he may soon return to Old Calabar, "to resume the good work in which so many years of his life have been spent."

CHAPTER XXX

The Last Five Years of Active Service, 1884–1889

We have now reached Mr. Anderson's last term of active service in Calabar.

Mr. Anderson addressed the Missionary Meeting of the Synod in May 1884, on "Progress in Old Calabar." The *Record* says that "the fervid and pathetic words of Mr. Anderson, the veteran of Old Calabar, will long haunt the memories of all who heard them."

In the *Record*, August 1884, it is stated:—

Notwithstanding his advanced years and his lengthened services in a tropical climate, Mr. Anderson made it known some time ago that he was ready to return to Calabar. Since this was his strong desire, the Mission Board were constrained to yield to it, and he is now on his way to the land of his adoption.

A meeting, for the purpose of taking farewell with Mr. Anderson, was held in the Synod Hall, Edinburgh, on the evening of Sabbath, 29th June. A large audience assembled, and all present seemed touched with the peculiar interest and solemnity of the occasion. In his opening address, the Chairman stated that "Mr. Anderson was endeared to the Church, because he was identified with the Church's missionary work—work on which they were persuaded not only the progress but the vitality of the Church largely depended."

The Rev. Dr. Thomson, in name of the meeting and in name of the Mission Board and of the Church, addressed some parting words to Mr. Anderson. Dr. Thomson said: "My dear friend and brother, I have been

requested to express, on the part of this farewell meeting, our parting benedictions. We bid you farewell with mingled feelings of regret and thankfulness. Of regret, because at your advanced years, and with your avowed intentions, we can scarcely indulge the hope of your returning again from Old Calabar, so that we partake in some measure of the feelings of the Ephesian elders when they parted with Paul on the shore at Miletus, and 'sorrowed most of all for the words that he spake that they should see his face no more'; and yet of thankfulness, because you have been spared to Old Calabar and to the Church and to us so long, and have been enabled to do such noble work for Christ and His kingdom.

"When we look back upon the past, and think of what Old Calabar was as you found it, and of what it has become through your instrumentality, and that of men and women of kindred spirit and common aim, who have been associated with you, we are irresistibly constrained, along with you and your surviving fellow-workers, to 'thank God and take courage.' You found the scene of your mission work in the lowest depths of heathenism, without any of the half-civilisation and the arts which one meets with in India and China. It was one of the darkest places of the earth, the forlorn hope of Christian missions; its people without a written language, ignorant, idolatrous, superstitious, polluted, deceitful, cruel; its very laws and institutions sanctioning infanticide and slavery.

"As the fruit of your labours and those of your companions in Christian work, some of the worst customs have been entirely abolished, others are perishing before the light and influence of the gospel; the laws have been ameliorated by being made more humane and just and pure; the Scriptures have been translated into the Efik tongue; flourishing mission schools have been erected, and churches have been formed, more than one of them numbering hundreds of members, a large proportion of whom are native converts. And the missionaries are not content with occupying the ground that had originally been measured out to them, but are at this moment pushing forward into the regions beyond.

Surely this may be deemed sufficient to reward and crown the labours of one life. But you, my dear brother, are not content to remain at home, and at the age of seventy-two to seek rest in what remains of your pilgrimage. Old Calabar is your home—your heart's home; there are graves there, with precious dust treasures in them, which call you back to it; and you wish to return and die among the people for whose highest good you have spent your life, not in vain. Like Elijah, you would prefer to be found working at your post when the Master's chariot comes to take you up. We believe that you are right; and that the advice you shall be able to give to young missionaries from your ripe experience, and your influence over the kings and chiefs, and over both the European traders and the native population, may be of great advantage to the Mission. And now, dear Mr. Anderson, we commit you to the care of Him who is the ruler of the winds and the waves, praying that you may be protected on your voyage, and be welcomed back by many glad and grateful hearts. Above all, we commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified, earnestly desiring that, when the hour of your departure comes, an entrance may be ministered to you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

In his reply, Mr. Anderson referred to the claims of Africa on British Christians, arising out of the wrongs to which she had been subjected in the years that were past. He spoke of the trials through which he had passed, and the difficulties with which the Mission as a whole had to contend. He spoke also of the success which had attended the work, and of the promise which this gave of greater success in the future. And he closed by intimating his desire to share in that success, and to sleep at last in the land for which he had laboured so long.

The following poetical Farewell Address was presented to Mr. Anderson in Newington U.P. Church, Edinburgh, on the evening of Thursday, the 3rd July, 1884:—

"The Christian toiler earns his twilight calm,
Where home distils for him its sacred balm,
And each day's history closes with a psalm.

And shall the twilight hour of thy long day
Be toil, not rest? While love is whispering 'Stay,'
Thy willing hand and strong heart answer 'Nay.'

Thou wouldst keep sowing till the day is done,
Thy hand not staying till the night come down,
And on a sweat-marked brow receive thy crown.

On far-off fields the ripening grain is seen,
The borders, radiant in their autumn sheen,
Are beck'ning thee, thy evening sheaves to glean.

Thy last will be thy loneliest hour of reaping,
No tender heart for thee its vigil keeping,
Thy fellow-toilers in the dust are sleeping.

One tried the ploughshare for a short spring day
With willing hand, when on his tear-dimmed way
There shone, in sudden glory, endless day.

One heard Christ whisper 'Come,' in accents sweet:
His sheaves ungathered 'mid the noontide heat,
He laid his life down at the Master's feet.

One bore afar, upon the river's breast,
The words of peace, and many a dark heart blest:
He served in paths untrod, then entered rest.

Some cheered the downcast, soothed the dying brow,
And taught once prayerless hearts in prayer to bow:
They kneel together in God's presence now.

These magnified the riches of God's grace,
And He, who died to save the world, can trace
His image true on many a sable face.

In thy far home, alone on bended knee,
Think that in loving homes across the sea
The children in their prayers remember thee.

And as God hears, and sees their upturned faces,
And drops His dew upon their budding graces,
His eye may mark them for the vacant places.

And so, though late thy call to rest be given,
A clearer light will gild thy quiet even,
Thy longer day will be a brighter heaven."

JAMES GOODFELLOW.

A few extracts may be given from Mr. Anderson's reply:—

Mr. Young, fathers and brethren, Christian friends, I have addressed many a congregation, but I do not remember ever being so much impressed by a sense of my responsibility as I am now. I feel that this is like a new ordination. I feel, at all events, that it is the last public ordination that I shall have in this land. In these circumstances I would have preferred to have remained dumb; and yet, when I see so many Christian friends around me, I rejoice in the opportunity of telling them how much I love and esteem them all. I cannot recount all the kindnesses I have received, since my return to this land, from the congregations, the ministry, the Mission Board, and all the friends connected with this and other churches. In thinking of these things, I have often been compelled to ask, "Who am I and what is my father's house, that Thou shouldst have brought me hitherto? and is this the manner of man, O Lord God, and what can David say more?" . . . My father made me learn the Shorter Catechism, and though I did not understand much of it then, I don't remember the time when I could not repeat the whole of it from beginning to end. I have been commended (although no commendation is merited) for having a good memory, and I have no doubt whatever that the learning of that Catechism was a great help to the strengthening of that faculty called memory. One of the first things I gave to the Calabar people in their own language was the Shorter Catechism. When I ask you children, "What is the chief end of man?" you are all able to answer, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever." A great many of the little scholars

out in Old Calabar—and a great many of the big ones too, for we have fathers and mothers at school—could answer that question in their own language just as well as you can in yours. I could never get our king to learn the Catechism—he was always a kind of a booby (but don't tell him I said so). I am afraid that, with having these kings and dukes around me learning their lessons, I forget my place with regard to them, for I often find myself saying, when they are proposing something I do not approve of, "Come, come, my boys, this won't do"; and I have to correct myself, and say, "No! king and gentlemen of Duke Town, I would advise you to try some other plan." . . .

I thank you all very much for that beautiful address; and you, my boy (turning to the reader), for reciting it so well. You must be a missionary yet! I claim you in Christ's name for the mission field. And, boys and girls, you must all consecrate yourselves to the foreign field. It is the best work you can engage in: for my part, I don't know what else is worth living for. . . .[1]

The Board had appointed Mr. Anderson to Ikörófiöng, and Mr. Beedie, who had been at Ikörófiöng, to Duke Town. The Presbytery of Biafra proposed that Mr. Beedie should go to Duke Town, and that Mr. Anderson should be asked to return to Duke Town. Mr. Beedie was given responsible charge of the station, and Mr. Anderson took part in the work as he felt able.

In the *Record*, November 1884, the following account was given of Mr. Anderson's arrival at Duke Town:—

The Rev. William Anderson, who sailed from Liverpool on 16th July, arrived in safety at Old Calabar on the 16th of August. Though his arrival was somewhat unexpected, the intelligence soon spread, and he was kindly welcomed by many ere he reached the mission-house. Numbers of visitors came afterwards, and he soon

[1] I am indebted for the foregoing to a shorthand report by Mr. Jas. Paterson, a member of Newington Church.

found himself quite at home. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Beedie conducted the services at Duke Town on the following Sabbath, when there was a good attendance at all the diets of worship. "I have been living over the past a good deal during these bygone days. I must now brace myself up for the future. 'Work while it is day.' I cannot expect my day to be very much prolonged. I feel grateful to the home congregations for the interest shown in myself and my work; and I feel satisfied that many friends there will continue to pray for myself and my fellow-labourers, that through our instrumentality the word may have free course and be glorified throughout this whole region."

In the Annual Report for 1884, Mr. Anderson said that, as he was in Scotland during the greater part of the previous year, no official report could be expected from him:—

On taking a retrospect at the commencement of a new year (1885), I see change upon change. I feel that I am not what I once was. I see a new generation of natives, and almost a new generation of mission workers. I am not prepared to say, however, that "the former times were better than these." I note progress in the right direction. Mr. Beedie and I have divided the public services, both English and Efik, pretty equally between us. Matters seem hopeful in connection with our work. Last Sabbath we had the best attendance I have seen since my return. Our marching order seems to be "Forward."

The Rev. James and Mrs. Luke arrived at Duke Town on September 14, and were met on board the steamer by Mrs. Lyall, Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig, and Miss Hogg, who had themselves recently joined the Mission, and on the Mission Beach by Messrs. Anderson and Beedie. Mr. and Mrs. Luke were located at Creek Town.

In a letter to Mrs. and Miss Duncan, Heriot Row,

Edinburgh, of date November 9, 1885, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

I have so many tokens of remembrance of you, that I should find it hard work to try to forget you. Half of my library is surrounded by the atmosphere of Heriot Row. Thanks for addition of the "Revised." . . .

You will regret to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Beedie embark to-day for Britain under medical orders. Mrs. B. has been here only seven months for her present spell.

I am thus again left alone—with a large house, with little ability and less inclination than ever to look after temporal comforts and domestic arrangements. Oh, if I had only one or two of Mrs. A.'s well-trained girls to act by me as they did when she was taken away! The only unmarried one who acted as her stewardess about a year before her death is factotum to Mrs. Ludwig, so that I cannot take a step toward her return. Christina is a wife in Calabar fashion, and has a stout, thumping son of seven or eight months. Mrs. Fuller (who came here at first with Mr. and Mrs. Robb) acts as a kind of nurse for the Mission. She may be able to look after me for a little, but I am not sure.

We expect your Broughton Place missionary [Mr. Cruickshank] and his wife here on this day week. . . .

I spend five to six hours daily in visiting or teaching or preaching. One Sabbath some months ago I was seven hours on my feet at a spell, walking and preaching nearly all the while. . . .

In the Report for 1885, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

My work is much the same from week to week, so that I have nothing very special to report. The Sabbath services are divided between me and Mr. Beedie; while during the week I have had the burden of the day-school in the morning, with house-to-house visitation during the day, and various classes and meetings in the evening. Besides work at Duke Town, I have also visited regularly, and held meetings at Qua and Akim. I think I now feel a livelier interest in all departments of my work than ever

I did before, and trust that I shall have grace given me to redeem the time, and to be faithful and diligent to the end. I have great reason for gratitude for the continuance of health. To me this is a most delightful and salubrious clime, and I feel as if I have still two or three years before me. But I must not forget that it is frequently "when one thinks not" that the Son of Man cometh. I sometimes seem to hear the voice, "Work while daylight lingers." The better I can fill up my few remaining days or years, the pleasanter will be the retrospect from the other side.

The brief Report for 1886 has a significance of its own, in that it tells of work carried on almost single-handed by a man seventy-four years of age, with strength and eyesight failing:—

In the absence of Mr. Beedie on furlough, Mr. Anderson has had charge of Duke Town station during the year, and has been abundant in labours.

The usual three services have been held on Sabbath, two in Efik and one in English, attended by about 300. The attendance at the English service has been sometimes very encouraging, at other times the reverse. The Sabbath-school attendance is also good. Since February a morning service has been held at Henshaw Town, attended by about 70 to 120. During the week several meetings are regularly held, and though the attendance has fluctuated, it has on the whole been encouraging.

The school on the Mission Hill has been carried on by Ani Eniang Ofiong, and Mr. Anderson has himself taken an active part in the work, as well as in the work of the Henshaw Town school.

In regard to work at the out-stations, Mr. Anderson said:—

I have frequently visited Qua and Akim, places both populous and necessitous, and both holding out their hands to us for help; but I am afraid that I have not

been able to effect much good. Both places would require regular and energetic work.

I have great reason for gratitude for another year of unbroken health. On reviewing the past year, and looking forward to the future, I could give utterance to many lamentations and aspirations, but I forbear. "I thank God, and take courage."

Mr. Beedie, accompanied by his wife, arrived at Duke Town on April 17, 1887. In October, Mrs. Beedie became so ill that the doctor advised that she should at once return home. Accompanied by Mr. Beedie, she left, but died on Oct. 18, a few days after leaving Calabar, and was buried at sea. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Beedie transferred himself to an outgoing steamer, and returned to Calabar. The Annual Report for 1887 is written partly by Mr. Anderson and partly by Mr. Beedie. Mr. Anderson wrote:—

During Mr. Beedie's absence, all the Sabbath work, both Efik and English, devolved on me—as well as the evening prayer meetings and the superintendence of the schools. During Mr. Beedie's seven months' residence here I have taken part with him in all the services, both on Sabbaths and on week-days. If I have had anything like a special department, it has been in teaching the school at Henshaw Town and in paying an evangelistic visit weekly to our two out-stations of Qua and Akim.

In a letter to Mrs. Duncan, Edinburgh, dated Jan. 30, 1888, Mr. Anderson acknowledges various gifts from Mrs. and Miss Duncan, and refers to the death of Mrs. H. G. Clerk:—

I feel deeply grateful for all your kindness—kindness heaped on kindness—and I pray to Him for whose sake you labour and continue year by year to cheer the hearts

of His servants in different parts of the world—at home and abroad. Paul sets a grand example of what ought to be done for generous and disinterested friends: 2 Tim. i. 16–18.

Delighted to hear of Dr. A. Thomson's continued vigour and that of Mrs. T. I can adhere to what I said publicly in one of our large meetings, he is the only man in Edinburgh whom I should be disposed to address as a "Father."

Thanks for Dr. Lindsay Alexander's *Memoir*. I feel it intensely interesting. I had a slight acquaintance with him. I heard him twice before I went to Jamaica.

You will have seen in the papers notice of another bereavement of the Mission here—in the death of Mrs. Clerk, who, like Mrs. Beedie, died and was buried at sea. Mrs. Clerk was a bright girl in my female class when in charge of Kingston congregation in 1877. She was then Maggie Macintyre. Her husband was at the same time a member of my young men's class.

My own health continues pretty much as it has done for years, but sight and hearing are failing greatly. I suppose you will detect the failure of the eyes in the character of my writing. It must seem very shaky.

Matters are moving on in the Mission in pretty much the old way. Mrs. Goldie has long been very feeble, but holds out wonderfully.

Writing to Miss Duncan on April 28, to acknowledge Mrs. Duncan's "usual donation" on behalf of native children, Mr. Anderson says:—

I feel almost ashamed to be so well provided for while better and more diligent men are often in straits. Warmest thanks to your dear mother for her unfailing kindness. I know that her gifts are bestowed for His sake. May I be faithful as *her* steward, and especially as *His*! . . .

My eyesight is failing very rapidly. It is with difficulty I see what I am writing. My reading and writing and working days are nearly over. I have great difficulty in distinguishing countenances among either whites or blacks.

Not the most stiff-laced Cameronian need be under any fear of my using MS. in the pulpit now!

On Dec. 20, 1888, Mr. Anderson wrote to his sister, Mrs. Clohan, giving an account of an alarming fainting fit which overtook him in the pulpit on Sept. 30th:—

I sat about five hours in great pain on Sept. 29, writing to Elizabeth, to Rev. Mr. Buchanan, and others. That long sitting brought matters to a sort of crisis. It irritated the pain exceedingly. I got no sleep all the Saturday night, and Sabbath morning found me quite exhausted. It was my turn to take the morning service. Mr. Beedie was willing to take my turn and give me his (*i.e.* the evening service); but I felt, and said, "Oh, no need for that; just let me begin to speak and I shall soon forget all about pain and everything else except my theme and my audience." I went to the pulpit, and under solemn feelings preached to a large and apparently solemnised congregation from the very solemn text, 1 Sam. vi. 20: "Who is able to stand before the holy Lord God?" I had got the length of "Lastly," and stated that I had a few words still to add, but I felt my strength failing—"So we shall just sing the next hymn on the programme." I lifted the hymn-book, but . . . when I opened mine eyes I found Mr. Beedie and a few of our young men laying me down gently and tenderly on the sofa in the vestry. I heard one saying, "Bring water," and another, "Bring brandy." I could not comprehend it. I asked, "What are you all doing here? What do ye want?" I got no reply, but I saw that all looked sad and anxious. In a short time the true state of the matter began to dawn on me, and I asked, "Did I fall down in the pulpit?" and an affirmative reply made all plain.

I learned afterwards that there was a deep and piercing wail from the whole congregation when I fell down, which was heard in different parts of the town. The intelligence soon went through the town and among the shipping, and even flew to the neighbouring towns, that Mr. Anderson is dead. I heard nothing of the wailing myself, however, as I was enjoying the stillness of the sepulchre. I

remained a few minutes in the vestry, and then walked over to the mission-house, where I rested during the remainder of the day.

The occurrence created a very solemn impression on the minds of many. It was the first (and as yet the only) occurrence of the kind in the history of the Old Calabar pulpit. Some of the most intelligent of our young men have declared that the remembrance of it haunted them day and night for a time. . . . I never knew that I had such a strong hold of the hearts of the people. Their hand-shaking (often hand-wringing) and expressions of thankfulness for my—*preservation* according to some—*restoration* according to others—were very touching. The popular belief was evidently that I had been fairly removed from them, and that God had sent me back to them in answer to their prayers and tears. Perhaps this is the most profitable view to take of the matter for both them and me.

I feel pretty well at present, but I cannot conceal from myself that I am fast failing. I suspect that I shall soon have to give up all active public work. In this case I am a little in the dark as to what my future will be. Do not mistake me. My future is not dark, but it is uncertain. I cannot well remain here, occupying a place which should be filled by some younger and stronger man. To return to dear old but *cold* Scotland (*i.e.* to remain there), I shrink from the prospect.

The first Sabbath of another year will soon be here. I have never forgotten the first Sabbath of 1823 (sixty-five years ago), when two little lonely orphans walked from Gorebridge past Mossend and Newlandrig and Dewartown to tell their uncle and aunt that their father had died on the previous Saturday evening. Verily, my sister, when forsaken by father and mother, the Lord took us up. He has been a good God to you and me hitherto, and He will not forsake us now when overtaken by the infirmities of age.

If spared to see Jan. 9th, forty-nine years will have passed away since I first set foot on loved Jamaica. If spared till Feb. 12th, forty years will have passed away since I first landed in Old Calabar.

The Mission Board kindly invite me home for change and rest. I feel that my day of service is almost over.

I *may* return to Scotland after the winter months are over. My future is not dark, but it is uncertain. I look up for light.

On the eve of Mr. Anderson's departure from Old Calabar, a meeting was held on April 16, 1889, between H.B.M.'s Special Commissioner, Major Claude Maxwell Macdonald, and the kings and chiefs of Old Calabar, to discuss proposals for the future government of the country. H.M. Consul, Edward Hyde Hewett, Esq., C.M.G., who had made a series of treaties in 1884, was also present. Magnus Adam Duke, a native of Old Calabar, acted as interpreter. A full account of the proceedings was given in the *Ungwana Efik*, or *Light of Calabar*, for April 1889, the monthly paper published at the Mission Press. Two suggestions were put forward: (1) that the Oil Rivers should be governed by the Royal Niger Company; (2) that the Oil Rivers should be made into a Crown Colony. The second suggestion was preferred. But instead of a Crown Colony, a Protectorate, called at first the Oil Rivers, but now known as the Niger Coast Protectorate, was constituted a "local jurisdiction" under the Africa Order in Council of 1889. "A consular jurisdiction, primarily for British subjects, was established in those districts. Administrative powers have also by sufferance and consent come into being; and from August 1, 1891, a scale of import duties was fixed and proclaimed, 'to provide for the expenses of the administration of the British Protectorate of the Oil Rivers.'"[1] The headquarters of the Protectorate are at Duke Town. The first Commissioner and Consul-General was Major Sir

[1] *A Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, by C. P. Lucas, B.A. Vol. iii., West Africa, 1894, p. 241.

C. M. Macdonald, K.C.M.G., now British Minister at Peking, China. The present Consul-General is R. D. Moor, Esq., C.M.G.

The April number of the *Ungwana Efik* also contains accounts in English and in Efik of the departure of Mr. Anderson. The account in English is as follows:—

"Our father is going away," were the words spoken by many people with reference to the departure of the Rev. Mr. Anderson. On Saturday the 20th inst. the Creek Town friends came down to take farewell with him, when prayer was offered up for his safe conduct to Scotland. Very touching was the parting between the two veterans [Messrs. Anderson and Goldie] who have fought the battle together for over forty years. Sabbath dawned bright and clear to find the people of their own accord assembling in the church to commend their father to the keeping of the Heavenly Father. When Mr. Anderson left the mission-house he went to the church, around the door of which stood those who had been within. Entering the building, he took a look round the vestry, then went into the pulpit and repeated the following lines of the 122nd Psalm:—

> "Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
> Peace be in thee, I'll say;
> And for the house of God our Lord,
> I'll seek Thy good alway."

As he passed through the crowd he had many hands to shake, which were eagerly stretched to him. Coming to the graveyard, he went over to where his wife lies, plucked a flower and put it inside his hat—his favourite place for carrying these gifts of nature. When he came to the turn of the road leading down to the beach, he saw that a flagstaff had been erected, and that the flag was being dipped in his honour. How appropriate this act was, is seen when it is known that the pole was placed there by a man who owes his life to Mr. Anderson, his being the *first* life saved in the early days of the Mission, and that to this place he came every night to get a view of the

river. Arriving at the beach, he stepped into the *James Black*, and was soon rowed out to the *Ambriz*, the people bidding him farewell with tears in their eyes and voices. The friends who accompanied him had only a short time to stay, as the steamer was preparing to leave; so, bidding him adieu, they returned to the beach. Before they reached the summit of the hill the *Ambriz* passed, dipping her flag. "Our father has gone."

The following is a translation of the account in Efik:—

On April 21 the Rev. William Anderson left Calabar. He is the man who has done God's work a very long time in Duke Town. He does not leave the work of God here because that work wearies him, but because he has no longer strength, and is no longer able to see, for his eyes are dim.

In another *Ungwana Efik* we shall give a little account of his life and of the work he has done. And so we shall not insert any more in this [number]. But let all remember the good words of God which he has spoken, and pray God that He may preserve His aged servant, and comfort him all the time he lives. He will not forget us; let us not forget him.

Mr. Goldie wrote in Efik a *Sketch of the Life of Mr. Anderson*, which extended to eight chapters, but brought the narrative only up to 1854. It appeared in the *Ungwana Efik* between May 1889 and September 1890. These chapters regarding the early history of the Mission serve to inform the more intelligent natives of the conflict that took place between light and darkness in Calabar, and to keep green the memory of the pioneer missionaries.

Mr. Anderson's fifty years' active service in the mission field were now ended, and he returned to his native land a solitary old man, with impaired eyesight and somewhat

broken health, but with the divine fire of enthusiasm for missions burning bright as in his early days. He was still William Anderson of Old Calabar, and after a few years of "exile" he was to return to round off his days in beloved Duke Town, and be laid to rest beside his "faithful partner of forty years."

CHAPTER XXXI

The Closing Years

In the *Record* for July 1889, Mr. Goldie referred feelingly to the departure of Mr. Anderson. He wrote:—

In his departure the personal intercourse of a long and intimate friendship ceases between us. . . . Connected with each other in the Jamaica Mission, we have been still more closely and for a much longer period associated in the Calabar Mission, helping to form each other's character, as such close association must necessarily do, towards that perfection, I trust, which shall be attained in the perfect and inseparable union of the future. I shall ever cherish the recollection of his warm-hearted friendship, which I have no doubt is reciprocated. May all blessing be his for support and guidance in the part of his life's pilgrimage which yet lies before him!

Mr. Anderson's last letter for some time to Calabar after his return to this country, until the operation for cataract, to which he refers in the letter, had taken place, was fittingly addressed to Mr. Goldie, and contains the following reference to Mr. Goldie's remarks:—

You are quite right in supposing your cordiality towards me is fully reciprocated. Your place in my esteem and affection is unique.

The letter is partly devoted to discussing matters of business connected with the publication of Mr. Goldie's *Calabar and its Mission*, which appeared in 1890.

The letter contains an account of Mr. Anderson's homeward voyage, which was a very pleasant one, and of his movements in Scotland after his arrival :—

We got into dock at Liverpool at midnight of Thursday, May 16. I went direct to Dr. Adam's from the steamer, and stayed with him from Friday till Tuesday, when I came to Edinburgh. I stayed a fortnight in Edinburgh, and then went to Crieff for a fortnight. As usual, I greatly enjoyed Crieff.

I received a very cordial welcome from the Mission Board at its meeting on the last Tuesday of May. . . .

I have been at the great oculist, Dr. Argyll Robertson. He gives me hope of restored vision by and by. . . . He says there is growing cataract, which will not be ready for removal by operation for some months. I went to him the other week to inform him that my one seeing eye (the left) was getting dimmer and dimmer. That was just what he expected owing to the progress of the cataract. "Just go on with the eye-drops, and come to see me at the end of July." I take that as the warning that by the end of July the eye will be altogether or almost dark. . . .

After this date you need expect no more letters from me for months to come.

There is in a postscript written on July 2nd a pathetic reference to his inability to read Mr. Goldie's account of his life in the *Ungwana Efik* :—

My eyesight is so much failed, and *Ungwana Efik* is so dim, that I have not been able to make out one sentence of the article headed with my name, and no one here can help me! . . .

I left Calabar in debt a few notes or letters, but I think I paid all by last mail ; and now, returning ten pages for your four, I consider you six pages in my debt!

I *see* three sermons preached every Sabbath, but do not *hear* one. I have spoken a few sentences to Nicolson Street Sabbath scholars, Edinburgh, and to Mr. Ingles's Sabbath School, Crieff; but I did not get on well. I have

cost Her Majesty's dentist a great deal of thought and trouble, but he can't do impossibilities. Gums too much wasted away. I suspect my days of public speaking are over.

My sister and family very anxious for me to go to them in Virginia West. But I have formed no plans for the future as yet.

In the same letter there are references to the Rev. A. M. Porteous, B.D., Cullen, a native of Dalkeith, who resigned his charge for mission service in Old Calabar. Mr. Anderson wrote in July:—

I have not yet seen Mr. Porteous, but hear the highest eulogies in his favour from all quarters here.

Mr. Anderson was present at a farewell meeting held in Buccleuch Street Church, Dalkeith, on the evening of Sabbath, August 25, at which the Rev. James Fraser minister of the congregation, presided, and delivered an address. He said:—

Fifty years ago come next month, I myself stood before a Dalkeith congregation and took farewell, when about to engage in Foreign Mission work, telling those I addressed that I would never see them in the face again. A second time, years afterwards, I did the same thing; and here I am once more before you, after half a century's labour in the Foreign Mission field. It was by no wish of mine that I have discontinued my work in Old Calabar, but because I feel unable any longer to bear the burden, and think I will be doing a better work by staying at home and making room for younger brothers, such as Mr. Porteous. I envy Mr. Porteous the prospect before him, and wonder that more young men are not willing to offer themselves for the service of Christ abroad. Foreign Mission work is not now the serious matter that it was fifty years ago. Steam navigation has almost abolished distance; the nature of the climate of Calabar has been ascertained; the diseases of the country and their remedies

are known and understood; and Europeans know what to eat, drink, and avoid. Better influences are at work in social life. Calabar is to be taken under British government. Captains of vessels and traders are immensely superior to those who preceded them in former days. Formerly Sabbath observance was unknown; but now ships' officers, as a rule, treat the Lord's Day with respect, and conduct themselves with propriety towards the Mission.

The congregation I address has reason to feel grateful for the privilege you have enjoyed of sending out so many labourers to Old Calabar and other mission fields. . . . I have no doubt that in future days the sending out of Mr. Porteous, your young fellow-townsman, will be looked to with feelings of no ordinary satisfaction.

Mr. Porteous, after less than three years' devoted service, first at Creek Town with Mr. Goldie, and then alone at Ikötana, Cross River, died at Ikörőfiöng on January 26, 1892, of hæmaturic fever. What Mr. Goldie described as his last message was uttered in the prayer: "May they come, more and more, and of the right kind!" When will another ordained man follow his noble example? Never were men of experience more needed in Calabar than at the present time.

In the *Record* for March 1890 it was stated:—

The Foreign Mission Board in their Report last year called the attention of the Synod to the fact that Mr. Anderson had reached his jubilee year, and that the Synod passed the following resolution: "The Synod hear with much interest that the Rev. William Anderson of Calabar has entered upon his jubilee year of missionary service. They congratulate him on the good work which during his long career he has accomplished, both in the mission field and on his occasional visits to the Church at home, and they express the hope that in the evening of his days he may enjoy much comfort and happiness."

On his return from Old Calabar, Mr. Anderson met

with the Board, who communicated to him the resolution of the Synod, and arranged for an address being presented to him on the completion of his fiftieth year. The address was duly prepared and engrossed on parchment, beautifully illuminated; and advantage was taken of the Workers' Meeting in connection with the Mission Week in Edinburgh to present the address to Mr. Anderson. The presentation was made by Mr. Duncan M'Laren, Chairman of the Board; and Mr. Anderson, on accepting the address, made a most stirring and touching reply. [Under the title "A Retrospect" it appeared in *The United Presbyterian Magazine* for April 1890.]

The following is a copy of the address:—

To the Rev. William Anderson, Missionary of the United Presbyterian Church, Old Calabar.

DEAR MR. ANDERSON,—Fifty years having elapsed since you first left this country for work in the mission field, the Foreign Mission Board desire to congratulate you, and to express our thankfulness to God that you have been spared to labour so many years. We recall with no ordinary interest and satisfaction the work that you have been privileged to do, first in Jamaica, and then in Calabar, not only with your living voice, but also with your pen. You can look back upon the time when the darkness was unbroken in Calabar, and the people were sunk in idolatry and its abominations; you now see the people enlightened, education advancing, and many gathered into the fellowship of the Church; and you have the unspeakable happiness of being able to say that your labours have been owned of God as one of the agencies in bringing about the blessed change. We recall also how much you have done on the occasion of your visits to the home-land in the way of keeping alive the interest of the Church in the Calabar mission field, and calling forth the gifts and the prayers of the people on its behalf.

We rejoice that, even after so long and trying a service, you are still favoured with a remarkable measure of health and strength; and we earnestly trust that, though

no longer labouring in the field itself, you may be spared for a season to plead the claims of the people among whom you have lived so long, and who are dear to you by many tender ties, so that you may have the satisfaction of knowing that you are still working on their behalf, and securing for them a still larger share of the sympathy and aid of the Church. We trust that your mantle may fall on the younger men who are now in the field, and that you may be cheered during your declining years by tidings reaching you from time to time of multitudes of the dark children of Africa being brought to a knowledge of the truth, and of those already gathered into the Church devoting themselves to the service of the Master, and seeking still further to extend the gospel among their benighted fellow-countrymen. — In name of the Foreign Mission Board,

DUNCAN M'LAREN, *Chairman.*
JAMES BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

EDINBURGH, *December* 1889.

During 1890, Mr. Anderson's "Autobiography" was published in *The United Presbyterian Magazine.* The daughters of the Rev. W. Morison, M.A., Rosehall U.P. Church, Edinburgh, copied the MS. for the press for Mr. Anderson. This is how he acknowledged his indebtedness in a letter to Miss Morison, dated 1 Gladstone Place December 20, 1890:—

I forget whether it was to sister Catherine or to sister Helen that I gave a small coin long ago, and when father and mother remonstrated against my action, I promised—as many bad boys do—that I would not do the like again. But this has led me into a difficulty. I find, on balancing accounts for the year in connection with the *U.P. Magazine*, that I am due to yourself and sister or sisters the sum of ——. Now my difficulty is, How can I keep my promise to father and mother and remain an honest man? With your help I might get out of it in this way. Let me know what book or books, or article or articles, to the

value of ——, would be useful to yourself and sisters, and —why—*leave the rest to me.*

Your father and mother, and indeed nearly all my friends, frequently charge me with not visiting so frequently as I should. In regard to your house, my thoughts run in this way:—

"'How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!'
Why should a lazy loon like me
Intrude into the bower
Of cheerful, hallowed industry—
Father and mother, sisters three,
All toiling on incessantly
For benefit of all around;
And I—'a cumberer of the ground'?"

Here is another delightful letter—an invitation to visit, with Mr. Anderson, the Menagerie in the Grassmarket:—

Misses Morison, My dear Ladies,—I once thought of coming your length this evening to inquire whether you have yet seen my worthy countrymen (nicknamed by some folks as Lions, Leopards, Monkeys, etc.) in the Grassmarket. . . . I went to see them on Christmas Day; but the exhibitors had hardly got matters in proper order then, and I have not been there since, owing to the crush. Well, I mean to leave this place to-morrow at 1.30 to take a parting look at my friends, and it would be easier for you to come round this way than for me to go round your way; and, *N.B.*, if any or all of you—with a representative Douglas or two—will kindly come here at above hour, and take me under your protection to my friends' cold lodgings, I shall feel myself highly favoured and honoured. Leave passage money and all travelling expenses for me to settle. . . . If mother has not seen the animals, and would like to see them, I should be proud of her company.

In February 1891, Mr. Anderson was present at the farewell meeting held in the East U.P. Church, Perth, for

Miss E. J. Hutton (now Mrs. Marwick), held on the eve of her leaving as a Zenana agent for Old Calabar. Mr. Anderson took a great interest in all those in whose designation for the mission field he took part.

In the *Record* for October 1891 it was stated:—

The name of the Rev. William Anderson, Old Calabar, has been added to the list of annuitants under the Aged and Infirm Ministers' and Missionaries' Scheme. The long service of this brother for forty-nine years in the foreign field renders him in every way worthy of the regard of the Church and of its provision for the comfort of his old age. As an expression of its sympathy with Mr. Anderson, and its admiration of his long and faithful labours, the Board appointed him as the first annuitant under the "Crichton Bequest," the whole annual income of which will be paid to him.

On the death of Mrs. Goldie, which took place at Creek Town on August 20, 1891, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

Fifty-one years have passed away since, with her husband, she joined the mission band in that gem of the Caribbean Sea, Jamaica. Forty-four years ago the worthy couple were selected to go to the help of the Lord against the mighty in dark Calabar. During all these years she has toiled nobly, faithfully, and patiently in the work of the Lord. What she was to her husband he only can tell; but all her contemporaries can testify of her value to the Mission. August 20th was a happy day to her. Then was it said to her, "Come up hither." And oh! the meetings and greetings beyond! Her sister Euphemia, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Anderson, Margery Barty, and Mary Baillie, all awaiting to welcome her home. But that same 20th of August was a day of sadness to those left behind.

The great day alone will declare the value of her labours among the large numbers of destitute children, twins and orphans, and others, of whom she generally had a full house. Many of these are now husbands and wives,

fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, heads of happy Christian families. Through these the holy, happy influence of Mrs. Goldie will go down to unborn generations.

Mr. Anderson was present at the ordination of the Rev. Ebenezer Deas, as a missionary to Old Calabar, in Bristo Place U.P. Church, Edinburgh, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 19, 1892, and delivered the address to the new missionary. In the beginning of the address Mr. Anderson referred to what he called his "four T's.," viz. Temper, Temperance, Temperature, and Time (punctuality), attention to which he believed to be conducive to health in Calabar. The address dealt with the missionary's position and work:—I. As matters of vast importance. II. As of high honour. III. As involving solemn responsibility, (1) as a preacher; (2) in regard to prayer; (3) as regards house-to-house visitation. Counsels as to how to meet hours of dejection and times of opposition followed; and the address closed by calling attention, IV. To the missionary's glorious reward. I regret that I cannot find room for more than this brief outline of the leading points of the address.

In May 1892, Mr. Anderson was present at the Free Church Missionary Breakfast, Edinburgh. There I met him for the first time, being introduced to him by Mr. Luke, then at home on furlough. He was, as always, interested in meeting a new recruit. We sat beside him, and he kept the table lively with his amusing remarks. The Rev. W. S. Peebles, formerly of Old Calabar, came to greet him and Mr. Luke, and compliments in Efik passed between them. Soon after, Mr. Anderson left on a visit to his nephews and nieces in America.

To his friend R. A. Douglas, Esq., Edinburgh, Mr. Anderson wrote from Wheeling, West Va., on June 30, 1892:—

I left Glasgow and Greenock in the *State of Nevada* on Friday the 10th. Miss Currie and Miss Seton accompanied me to Greenock. We reached Moville on Saturday, and lingered there for some hours for Irish passengers and cargo. Left Moville about 5 P.M. Sea a little angry—perhaps about some Home Rule palaver. When dinner-bell was rung at six, I felt it prudent to keep my berth. That was my only absence from table during the voyage. . . .

On morning of Tuesday, 21, we were off Sandy Hook. In dock about 10. After passing Customs . . . I encamped at New Jersey Railway Station till 8.42, when I started by train for this place. Night journey sometimes pleasant, sometimes eerie. . . .

Right glad and grateful to find all my loved ones here well. I indeed feel that there is a want. The only and constant playmate and companion of my childhood and a considerable part of my boyhood is no longer to be seen here, and I am reminded of Mrs. Hemans' lines—

> "O give my brother back to me!
> I cannot play alone."

But all is well with her, and a voice comes to me from her quiet resting-place on that hilltop, "Be ye also ready," "Be not slothful." I am glad, however, to be among her children and her children's children, and to see them all healthy, busy, and happy.

The two Presbyterian ministers are very kind. The senior, Rev. Dr. Cunningham, who with his wife called on me at 1 Gladstone Place [Edinburgh] last autumn, prevailed on me to preach for him last Sabbath morning, and he says his people were all delighted to hear *a Scotch sermon* (Luke x. 42). Other five pulpits are open and inviting me.

This is the place, Mrs. Douglas, for being duly appreciated! The Edinburgh newspapers never speak of me

as being a "distinguished visitor," or "the great Rev. Dr. Anderson from Africa"!

Mr. Anderson's niece, Miss Elizabeth Clohan, writes regarding his visit:—

We begged him to rest, and not preach during his visit of '92, but we soon found that it was impossible for him to rest in our sense of the word. He loved to preach. Of course, our meeting in '92 was saddened by my mother's death, which occurred in '89; but I need not say saddened, for death was never sad to uncle. Were it not for our hard winters, I think uncle would have remained with us. He was much pleased with Dr. and Mrs. Cunningham, who were equally fond of him. He feared our very changeable winters, and went away with a half promise that, if we promised to keep him warm, he would return. Dear as was Scotland and the loving Scotch friends, I think, as he grew older, there was a longing for his own kith and kin, but still stronger was his desire to die among his beloved people in Africa.

Uncle talked much of those "gone before" when he visited us in '92.

My sister had married and died since his visit of '76 and '77, so the two deaths were much in uncle's mind, as in ours. My sister's child Dora lives with us, and was twelve years old in '92. You know how fond uncle was of children, so Dora and he became fast friends. He called her his "little guide," as she went with him on his daily walks.

On Sept. 8, 1892, Mr. Anderson wrote to his friend Mr. Joseph Gilray, Edinburgh:—

I have been eleven Sabbaths in this country and have had opportunity of hearing only two sermons. I have not been altogether idle. I have delivered eighteen sermons and addresses, chiefly missionary. Have not been allowed to confine attention to Presbyterian churches. Have preached in two Lutheran, one Methodist Episcopal, and one "Disciples."

Am at present in heart of the old Slave States (South). Find a good deal of the old pro-slavery or anti-negro feeling to be pretty strong among the elderly generation of whites. . . . The Presbyterian Hymnal (North) has the hymn intact beginning "Jesus shall reign," etc. Hymn absent from Presbyterian Hymn Book (South). In the Methodist Episcopal, stanza awanting—

> "Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
> The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains," etc.

For the edification of the Methodists, I stated that I missed the stanza, and then recited and commended it.

I did not make any definite arrangements about lodgings when I left you. I told Mrs. M'Gregor that *I* might never return (that is quite possible yet); and that, were I to return, I might find her dead, or married, or flitted, or averse to being bothered with any lodger. She writes me, however, that her door still stands open for me if I wish to re-enter it, whether for a short period or a long. Well, 1 Gladstone Place [now 33 Sciennes Road] has been my Edinburgh home since, I think, 1865, and I like the locality, so I have made up my mind to return to my old quarters. Perhaps Providence may open up a way of escape during winter from the rigours of your Edinburgh clime.

I have mentioned eighteen addresses *past*. Future prospect—Sabbath, 11, two addresses, Presbyterian church, Martinsburg; Tuesday, 13, one address, Methodist, Salem; Saturday, 17, pre-Communion sermon, Baltimore; Sabbath, 18, Communion address and Missionary address, Baltimore—will bring eighteen to twenty-four; but hope to *hear* a sermon (or *see* one preached) on 18th. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Amen." . . .

This is my last letter for Europe for this season.

Mr. Anderson returned from America in the beginning of October, and immediately resumed his mode of life—preaching, attending meetings, etc. He presided occasionally or took part at the Noon Prayer Meeting in the

Free Assembly Hall. Here is a sample of his activity taken from a post-card to Miss Duncan, Jan. 21, 1893:—

Have been very busy since Christmas. Was relieved from preaching in Glasgow, New Year's Day. Busy day, though. Aided Mr. Morison, Rosehall, at Communion in forenoon. At second Communion, afternoon, Newington. Evening, addressed show people, Waverley Market. Sometimes at two prayer meetings a day during Week of Prayer. Took part in several. Have taken part in evening meetings at Rosehall, Newington, North Richmond Street. . . .

In his correspondence during these last years he notes all the events that transpired in Calabar as he received the news. Thus, in the same post-card, he writes:—

Sad news from O. C. again. Rev. J. W. M'Kenzie, who left L'pool, Aug. 24, died at Ungwana, Dec. 16 [1892]. Only about three months in the field! Death not to be attributed to climate. So brethren say. . . . How mysterious are His ways! These young and to appearance vigorous young men called away. Old cumberers like myself linger on!

Here is another little glimpse of the old man:—

I find that I am failing somewhat. Easily fatigued—short walk makes breathless—very unwilling to move—shrink from exchanging warm room for cold street. Bought annual ticket for Literary Institute. Frequently spend a half or a whole hour there.

Mr. Anderson became famous for his closely-written post-cards initialed WA. Here is a specimen one to Miss Duncan, dated "7.4.93":—

E. U. Mi,[1] I have taken a dislike to letter writing and become addicted to card playing. Had I waited a little longer here on Wednesday, I might have had your com-

[1] Edima Ufan mi, Efik for "my dear friend."

pany on my visit to Miss Edgerley. She would have valued a visit from you. Her address is "Mrs. Marwick, ——"[1] I found her a little better than she had been, though still confined to bed. . . . I have never seen a better conducted Exhibitory Missionary Meeting than that [Congo-Balolo] of last evening. Got home (?) about eleven. Mr. Guinness is one of the ablest lecturers I have heard. Had a kind male guide homewards, Rev. Mr. Brown, Dumbiedykes. Tho' he is a Kirk minister, we did not fall out by the way. The cake! the cake! Thanks to donors (I suppose two) for the same. Only sorry for its size. A 6d. one would have been sufficient. Love to mother and all friends, not forgetting the Ford lassie, Agnes.—Yrs., WA.

In response to an invitation to visit Mrs. and Miss Duncan at Burntisland, Mr. Anderson wrote on August 24 the following post-card:—

"To go" or "not to go"? Question discussed as attentively as Home Rule Bill for forty-eight hours. Discussion not yet finished. The demon *Obstruction*! Perfectly exhausting to illustrious colleague [Gladstone] and myself. We must apply the *gag*. A steady hour's sunshine says "*Go*." Opposition clouds and rain say "Don't." Must apply *gag*.

Tuesday last week saw Messrs. Dean and Weir, with Miss Edgerley, off from Waverley to Liverpool. Miss E. meanwhile goes only to Grand Canary. They left on Wednesday in *Cameroon*. Mr. Marwick arrived on Friday, and is safe and sound in maternal home. Left all well in Old Calabar.

I am kept pretty well agoing. Sabbath before last, Greenlaw; last Sabbath, St. Margaret's Parish Church. Engaged for three Sabbaths in September. After that—where?

It was after my return from Calabar in August 1893 that I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Anderson,

[1] Miss Edgerley was staying with my mother, and Mr. Anderson frequently visited the house.

who became a frequent visitor to, and met many Calabar friends old and new at my mother's house.

The following post-card to Mrs. Duncan, dated September 13, 1893, refers to an accident which befel Mr. Anderson :—

Should have thanked you a day or two ago for the *Jamaica Presbyterian* which you so kindly forwarded to me. I forwarded it to Miss Edgerley—she being a native of Jamaica—to cheer her in her solitude at Grand Canary, where she is for health. This is mail-day for Old Calabar, but I have not written a line for it. Mrs. M'Gregor has been my amanuensis for (or on) two cards. Not in trim for writing just now—left arm in sling. On Monday last week attempted to step on car in motion. Got foot *almost* on step. Car jerked off quickly. I fell to street, and in doing so broke one of the small bones of the arm. Went to Dr. Peddie, who *splintered* it up in tight bandage. Bandage to remain three weeks, then changed.

In spite of his accident, Mr. Anderson was able to continue preaching, as the following post-card, dated September 18, shows :—

Dr. Peddie has just been here washing and dressing arm. Progressing finely. Arm in sling, but preached twice yesterday without pain or fatigue in North Richmond Street U.P. Texts—1 Pet. iv. 18, and Rev. xiv. 3. Good audiences considering the season.

You would be laughing at my ignorance (I suspect Mrs. M'Gregor was doing so). I thought that you must have A'island, B'island, C'island, etc. etc., till Mrs. M'Gregor ventured to suggest that B'island might be only a contracted form of Burntisland! I am very teachable and tractable—willing to learn from anybody and everybody. Calabar [mail] goes and comes fortnightly now.

On October 31, Mr. Anderson wrote to Miss Duncan :—

Cold pretty trying outside now. Just hesitating as to flying off to Grand Canary for four months. Very

indolent—a packing up, even on a small scale, seems a very formidable business.

Mr. Anderson decided to go to Canary, and left Edinburgh, Caledonian Station, at 10.15 A.M. on December 4. Mr. H. M. Stanley travelled by the same train. Mr. Anderson had a few minutes' conversation with the explorer. A small company of friends had assembled to see Mr. Anderson off, and the attention of the travelling public was drawn to the veteran missionary. From Liverpool, Mr. Anderson wrote next day to Miss Duncan :—

Dr. Adam's son dangerously ill, so he boarded me with an old friend, Miss Hickson, niece of the staunch old friend of the Mission, Dr. William Fergusson.

To Mr. Gilray, Edinburgh, Mr. Anderson wrote from the Sailors' Institute, Port Luz, Grand Canary, on December 28 :—

DEAR FRIEND GILRAY,—You will have read or heard ere now that the good ship *Cameroon* arrived here safely on the morning of Thursday, 14th inst.

Our passage across the usually turbulent Bay of Biscay was pretty rough, but that was only to be expected at the season of the voyage. I have never had two more pleasant days at sea than the two last days I was on board. I have never seen a finer sunset, even at sea, than that of the Tuesday evening. The sun neared the horizon in great majesty—clouds of jasper, sardius, and emerald gathering around him, till tier after tier above him and on each side of him suggested the gates of Paradise and the glory of the Eternal Throne as being only a few paces away on the other side of them. The Royal Hotel [Edinburgh] lit up for the reception of George and May yon night was poor, poor in comparison. I am reminded of Zerub Baillie's report of a sermon by Robbie Flockhart. Robbie was preaching near the great confectioner's near

the Tron Church, of beauties or bliss of heaven. After using a number of other metaphors, he wound up with this grand climax: "But, in fact, my freends, *Fergusson's shop* there 's naething til't!"

Very pleasant climate this. Thermometer as yet between 66° and 68°—doors and windows open—and no fires save in cooking places. Sun up shortly after 7, continues shining till about 5.

"Canary Islands"—of old the "Fortunate" or "Elysian Isles." Why now called *Canary*? Not, it seems, from the little yellow songsters, of which there are multitudes in the country, *but they are all in cages.* I have not seen a single bird of any kind since I came here, except in cages; and I have not seen a single cat, nor a single specimen of the tribe. I have seen one goat. Plenty of horses, asses, and mules—most of them most barbarously treated. I wonder if anyone feeds the poor sparrows of Gladstone Place and Sciennes Hill now!

I am not altogether idle here. Lots of ships here from all nations. At an average, 100 steamers call here monthly—from north, south, east, and west. Mr. Searle tells me that at some seasons of the year fully 130 steamers call in the north. He has seen the number up to 150. Mr. Searle (rhyme with pearl) and his noble wife are doing a great work here among sailors, residents, and visitors. I was surprised to learn that they founded and maintain the Institute on their own responsibility alone, and at their own charges. . . .

New Year's Day, 1894. . . . We had a pleasant season yesterday afternoon. We introduced something new into Christian life and work in Grand Canary, viz. the observance of the Lord's Supper according to our Presbyterian form. Mr. Searle acted as elder on the occasion. He is a Baptist, and addressed the "little band and lowly" in almost the same words which I addressed to Rosehall congregation on the first Sabbath of September, founded on Pilate's "Ecce Homo!"—"Behold the Man!" Our number was small—communicants and spectators; but we had representatives of four great denominations—Episcopal, Wesleyan, Baptist, Presbyterian. Miss Edgerley and I were the representatives of Presbytery. We mean

to observe the ordinance monthly. . . . Preached to evening congregation from Matt. xxvii. 22, Dr. Pentecost's division, as you and I heard in Queen's Park.

On New Year's Day 1894, Mr. Anderson wrote to Mrs. M'Gregor:—

It seems to me that it would appear very ungrateful were I not to remember you on this day, and to wish you "A Happy New Year and many returns," seeing that I have spent the last four New Year's Days—'90, '91, '92, and '93—very comfortably in your hospitable abode. . . .

I suppose that you will miss me at the time of the morning and evening sacrifice. But my place is, I trust, more than supplied by Another, who appears to the spirit's eye as "One like unto the Son of Man." You have still your Bible—His Word beside you, and eyes to read it; so that, having this precious treasure, neither you nor I can be altogether solitary. The longer I read the Book the more do I value it. I trust it is the same with you. I am in a sense among strangers, and yet I hardly feel it to be so. Miss Edgerley's presence has been one source of enjoyment. She reminds me that she went to Old Calabar first in 1854 (forty years ago!), so that she and I have many common subjects to discuss. She looks forward with joy to next month, when she expects to set off once more for the dear old home—not in Britain or in Jamaica, but in "the Dark Continent." . . .

Kindly let Miss Cameron, Miss Walker, and Lizzie know that they are not forgotten by "the lad that's awa'" on this New Year's Day.

To his cousin, Mrs. Gordon, Dalkeith, Mr. Anderson wrote on January 8, 1894:—

I managed to preach in the saloon on the Sabbath during which I was on board, but had to continue *sitting* in an arm-chair during the whole service. The chair-foot was tied to the table-foot, but notwithstanding that precaution, the captain had to catch hold both of the chair and of me, once or twice, to prevent a tumble. . . .

On arriving here I felt it a great advantage to find Miss Edgerley here. Her father and brother, both ordained missionaries, and also her stepmother, slumber in the cemetery of Old Calabar. Miss E. and I board at the Sailors' Institute, an institution founded by a worthy gentleman, E. W. Searle, Esq., for the benefit of the seamen who visit this port. Mr. S. acts as missionary at the Institute, visits the shipping, preaches on board ships, preaches and holds meetings at the Institute, etc. etc. He toils hard, and is ably supported by his excellent wife. She reminds me in some things of my own Louisa, so energetic and so self-denying. I am glad to be able to assist them somewhat in their evangelistic work. I generally deliver one address on a week-day and preach twice on Sabbath. . . .

The population of the island is chiefly Spanish and Popish. . . . Learned men tell us that the islands, when first visited by Europeans, abounded in large *dogs*, and that the islands took their name from the Latin word "canis," a dog! . . . Teneriffe is about fifty miles distant, and we can see its peak to-day glittering white with snow.

On Jan. 22, Mr. Anderson wrote to Mrs. Douglas, Edinburgh:—

I was greatly astonished last Thursday evening on sitting down at our tea-table. I had just come in from a long walk. When I sat down, Miss Edgerley said to me, "Miss Hogg and Mrs. Rae [of Calabar] send you their compliments." "How were they conveyed?" (I meant the compliments). "Both ladies are in the port. I have just seen them." I was astonished. Miss Edgerley then explained that Miss Hogg had been very ill—at death's door—and that the doctors had hurried her off, but protested against her voyaging alone, so Mrs. Rae had to accompany her thus far. . . . As Miss Hogg had improved greatly during the voyage hither, it was not considered necessary for Mrs. Rae to accompany her to L'pool, so Mrs. Rae remains at one of the Las Palmas hotels, and she and Miss Edgerley have arranged to return to Old Calabar by the first out-going steamer. . . .

I continue to enjoy the place, the climate, and the people connected with the Institute very much. . . . Last evening—Sabbath—we had the largest congregation I have yet seen at the Institute. A Wesleyan brother, Mr. Faulding, took the devotional part of the service. His sister is wife of J. Hudson Taylor, head of the China Inland Mission. Mr. Faulding's wife is pining away in consumption. My text was 1 Pet. iv. 18.

Writing to Mrs. M'Gregor, Edinburgh, on Feb. 9, Mr. Anderson refers to visits to the Institute of Samuel Plimsoll, Esq., and others:—

I think you will remember an M.P. who made himself famous some years ago as the Champion of Seamen, and whose mark is, I believe, on all British trading vessels up to this day. He and Mrs. P. attend one of the Sabbath services and also the Bible class. . . . At our last Bible reading ex-M.P. Plimsoll and his wife were present. He gave us a fine address on his own Christian experience. Among other things, he said: "When I was travelling in India long ago, I felt very anxious one Sabbath to worship in some Christian church. After a weary journey, I reached a mission station, and joined the audience. The missionary gave out for his text, 1 Kings xix. 13: 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' and began to put some searching questions, as I thought, direct to me. I began to feel somewhat uncomfortable, and to wonder whether I did right in going there. I was somewhat startled, sir, when I came to your place of worship and heard you give out the same text," etc. etc.

Miss Edgerley and Mrs. Rae set off for O. C. in the *Matadi* on Jan. 24. My present purpose is to leave this place for L'pool in the steamer advertised to leave this port on April 9. . . . Should you fall in with an elderly lady with whom I was for some time a lodger—her name is, or was, Mrs. M'Gregor—be so kind as to say to her that if she has changed, or is about to change her name, or to flit, or if she would rather live a retired life, and not be bothered any more with those troublesome people called lodgers, that should I be spared to reach

Edinburgh, I can stay a week or two at Robinson's till Providence makes my way clear for the future. . . . In regard to lodgings, I would not think any the less of you, or feel less grateful for all your past kindness, were you to say . . . that you would be more comfortable were you relieved of all lodger responsibility.

Writing again to Mrs. Douglas on March 7, Mr. Anderson said:—

I am not altogether destitute of testimony that my services have been beneficial to some. A number would like me to remain among them. Some would like me to promise that, D.V., I will return. I avoid all engagements on the ground that the future is not ours—that we know not what a day may bring forth. I do not like to say to them that I should like to go elsewhere [Calabar]. . . .

To oblige friends here, I have got my photo taken at Las Palmas. It seems to me to be the best likeness that has ever been taken of me. But this may be owing to my increasing blindness. . . .

The original inhabitants of the island, or the original Spanish settlers, must have been splendid engineers. The roads and the water conduits are splendid in the interior of the island. The scenery and the farms are enchanting. No wonder that the ancients styled the islands, Elysian. . . .

I see from papers that old friend Mrs. Waddell has got *home*. "Be ye also ready."

To Mrs. M'Gregor and Mrs. Douglas, Mr. Anderson wrote on April 7:—

DEAR LADIES,—Only time for a few words. *Matadi* here two days before her advertised time, and overcrowded. Friends, and even Mr. Jones, chief of the Shipping Company, and his captain advise me not to go in her. Now arranged and guaranteed to me that I go by *Accra*, due here on 21st. Two members of the Mission on board, sick—or rather on sick list—Mr. Manson, who is spending

the day at the Institute, and Miss Johnstone, who can't leave ship.

Mr. Anderson arrived in Liverpool by *Accra* on April 24, and, after spending a few days with Dr. and Miss Adam, went to Edinburgh on May 2, in time to be present at the meetings of the United Presbyterian Synod. After the meetings were over, Mr. Anderson lived a somewhat solitary life, as the following note to Miss Duncan, dated June 8, shows:—

Laziness and love of solitude increasing rather than diminishing. Have my solitary walks daily—very pleasant. Walked on Tuesday evening from 33 to summit of Calton Hill to hear the music. Had I had company, I could not have stopped at pleasure to look at shop windows, at placards on walls, passing vehicles, etc. etc. I would have required to watch lest my companion should be speaking to me, and it would have been necessary for him or her to scraugh out to make me hear. *Alone*—"I am monarch of all I survey."

Had an invitation to tea last evening from one of the most respected families in Rosehall Church. My reply was substantially—"Thanks. Tea at 4, prayer meeting at 8. That means—leave lodgings at 3.30, return at 9.30. Six hours! Formidable. Remain where I am, I can read half an hour, write half an hour, lie down and rest half an hour, or take a nap if so disposed. Enjoy my solitary cup. Renew the process at pleasure. 7.30, off to meeting. Back at 9.30. No feeling of exhaustion. *N.B.* Go to tea. Keep eye on strain six hours to see things clearly—ear on stretch to try to catch what is said to me. Speakers have to yell out when addressing me. The weary hours go round. Get to bedroom worn out. Better not expect me." I did not go. Becoming quite recluse, hermit, anchorite—what more?

Had once some thought of going for a day or two to your Convention [Bridge of Allan], but blind, deaf, dumb, —what good could I either receive or communicate? I

trust that the meeting will be profitable to all who shall attend it. . . .

My engagements are not many nowadays—Edenshead morning and evening, Sabbath, June 17. Sabbath, July 15, the old day of "Ford Summer Sacrament" (these words set my heart aglow), Ford, forenoon, and Cranston Parish Kirk, evening. First Sabbath, Sept., St. Mary's Free, evening. I have sometimes had more continuous work.

In a post-card of June 13, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

Jamaica Presbyterian for May contained a fine notice of my worthy old friend George Millar, Principal of Montego Bay Academy. Miss Edgerley was for some years a boarder in his house. . . . Had a letter from Miss E. last evening, of date May 8. . . . Wonderful changes, she says,—post office, barracks, botanic garden, etc. etc.

On Sept. 19, Mr. Anderson wrote to Miss Duncan:—

Mind not yet made up as to where I should winter. Three places of refuge—(1) Old Calabar, (2) Grand Canary, (3) Fir Cottage Convalescent Home, near Southampton.

On Sept. 28, Mr. Anderson wrote to me:—

DEAR FRIEND MARWICK,—I was delighted on the 18th inst. by receipt of your communication of 22nd ult. Received at same time a note from Mr. Weir, of Aug. 6. Is Creek Town favoured above Duke Town in postal accommodation? I think that yours is the only letter that I have ever received from Old Calabar within a month of date. . . .

I should have liked well had the way been clear for my revisiting Calabar during the coming winter. . . .

Glad to see from your note that the [Mission] Press is at work on important business—[Mr. Goldie's] *Memoir of King Eyo VII.*, and Ukpabio's Translation [of Dr. J. H. Wilson's *The Gospel and its Fruits*]. Kindly let me have a copy of each, and let me know price of copies and

postages. . . . I have posted *Scotsman* of 22nd to Mr. Paton. Ask a sight of it. Leader on printers' blunders will amuse you. I post for you last *Evening News*. I enclose advertisement of *The New Age*.

To Miss Duncan, Mr. Anderson wrote on Nov. 15:—

Had rich treat on Sabbath evening in Augustine Church, by seeing and hearing Rev. James Chalmers from New Guinea. He is a man and a missionary of a right royal stamp. I never heard two more thrilling missionary addresses. I introduced myself to him as from Old Guinea. He and I fraternised very cordially.

Letters from Old Calabar to-day. My path thither not made any plainer. I think it may be considered settled that, D.V., I leave Liverpool for Grand Canary on Saturday, Dec. 1. . . .

I was among the crowd last evening at Literary Institute, hearing (or rather *seeing*) Rev. S. R. Crockett.

Mr. Anderson left Edinburgh for Grand Canary on Nov. 28, and spent a few days with Dr. and Miss Adam in Liverpool. On Dec. 13, Mr. Anderson wrote to Miss Duncan from the Sailors' Institute:—

We had the quickest and the quietest voyage I have ever experienced. Dropped anchor in Port Luz about 6 P.M., Saturday evening, Dec. 8. Voyage seven days six hours. Hardly a ripple on the ocean during the whole way. And the good steamer *Bonny* never gave an uncomfortable plunge or jerk or roll. Captain Windham is an exceptionally pleasant man, and evidently did not need to be instructed by my good friend Dempster to deal kindly with his old missionary passenger.

Not yet entered on regular work. In so far as I can see, my visit number two will be very much a second edition of number one.

Mr. Anderson records in letters to various friends my brief visit to him on the afternoon of Sabbath, Dec. 16,

when on my way home with my wife and infant son, on account of the very serious illness of the former:—

A few of us were holding our usual prayer meeting in the reading-room in the afternoon, when a stranger entered. Mr. Searle rose and spoke to him, and showed him a seat. When service was concluded, Mr. Searle asked me if I recognised the stranger. I felt obliged to reply, "No, I do not." I was confounded when Mr. Searle announced his name.

Although Mr. Anderson was still suffering from the effects of a cold he had contracted in Liverpool, and the afternoon was a bleak one, he insisted on accompanying me part of the way to the landing-place.

Mr. Anderson took part in a Watch Night Service on Dec. 31, and at 12.30 A.M. on Jan. 1, 1895, wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Edinburgh:—

You have my first writing for the present year. Six of us have just finished our little "Watch Night Service," and wished each other all seasonable blessings.

On Jan. 9, Mr. Anderson wrote to Mrs. and Miss Duncan:—

I continue to aid Mr. Searle in his work, but there does not seem the same life and energy in the locality as there were last year.

People sometimes murmur when missionaries—even missionary ladies—are not able to stay for a prolonged period in the field. What would they say if some of them should not be able to reach the field? We have a case of that kind here just now. . . . [Mr. V. and his wife] left Liverpool in Nov., but sea life told so much on her highly-strung nervous system, that the ship doctor—glad to have got her so far alive—would on no account allow her to proceed a single mile farther on her voyage. Her husband went on to his station and his work, and she remains

rusticating here in a state of great perplexity and uncertainty. She is a splendid musician and a high-class painter. Her Christmas present to me was a beautiful view of the scene of my daily walks—the Bay of Confitel. She seems glad to have me to talk to and to sympathise with her in what she feels to be "a fiery trial." . . .

Have been reperusing—for the first time for fifty years—the life of my valiant townsman, "*Mansie Waugh*, Tailor in Dalkeith, written by himself." I never read the volume with more interest or amusement. You must not think that I have given up all serious reading! The Bible I got from you, Isobel, is my daily—my hourly companion.

To Mrs. M'Gregor, Mr. Anderson wrote on Feb. 6:—

I preach sometimes on board the ships—especially on those which have Scotch captains and crews.

The weather is not so invariably mild as when I was last here. On the morning of Jan. 14, the sea, on both sides of the Institute, rose higher than it had done for twenty-two years, and flowed into and damaged a good many of the houses. During the night of Tuesday last there blew quite a tornado, such as has never been seen or felt by the present generation.

Mr. Anderson returned from Grand Canary in time for the meeting of the Synod in the beginning of May. He had pleasant intercourse on the voyage with Bishop Ingham of Sierra Leone, who afterwards sent him a copy of his interesting volume, *Sierra Leone: A Hundred Years Ago and Now*, and spoke of Mr. Anderson at Exeter Hall.[1] He was present at most of the meetings, sitting as a "silent" member, seeing rather than hearing what was going on. At the great missionary meeting

[1] On hearing that I was engaged on the Memoir, Bishop Ingham kindly sent me a brief note of reminiscence, and a card of Mr. Anderson's, expressing approval of the Bishop's scheme of employing West Indians in mission work in West Africa.

on the Wednesday evening, he sat in the front seat in the body of the hall, facing the platform and the speakers.

During the summer his public engagements were comparatively few. On the evening of July 21 he preached in Rosehall U.P. Church, Edinburgh, from John xvii. 1. On July 28 he was at Edenshead taking the Communion services for Mr. Lawson, formerly of Calabar. On Aug. 4 and 11 he preached in St. Leonard's Parish Church, Edinburgh. On Sept. 1 he dispensed the Communion for the last time in Rosehall Church, and addressed the communicants from Matt. xvii. 4.

With reference to Mr. Anderson's connection with Rosehall congregation, the Rev. W. Morison, M.A., writes:—

Mr. Anderson joined the membership of Rosehall on his return to Scotland after his retirement from the mission field in 1889. While at home on furlough, five or six years before his retirement, he was as good as a member. He was never absent either from the Sabbath services or the weekly prayer meeting without sending a note to his minister mentioning the cause of absence. He was always most ready to render service to the congregation and the minister, whether to preach or give missionary addresses, or visit the sick.

He often took part in the monthly Communion service and at the Thursday evening meeting, and always with evident pleasure to himself as well as to the people. His devotional language was exceedingly rich. His prayers for those in sorrow, and especially for the bereaved, were very tender, and moved all who heard him. They were tenderest of all when he was remembering the relatives and colleagues of those who had died in the mission field.

It will be convenient to give the rest of Mr. Morison's sketch in this place:—

In Mr. Anderson's intercourse with us at our fireside he was always bright and cheery. He had much of the spirit of the boy up to the last. On leaving our gate, after saying farewell before his final return to Old Calabar, he buttoned his coat tight like a boy about to run a race, set off at a brisk pace—ran rather than walked for a short distance, and called back, "This is how I mean to do at Old Calabar."

He took great interest in the young people, liked their society, and often asked them to read or sing to him. He liked well a good Scotch song. He often brought gifts to the children—usually some good book.

He was one of the best Radicals I ever met. He sent to the papers many letters [signed "Octogenarian"], in which he stated very strongly the views he held on such questions as Disestablishment, Home Rule, etc.

On the evening of Sept. 8, Mr. Anderson was the principal speaker at a missionary service in North Richmond Street Church. I spoke briefly on the changes which Mr. Anderson would find, when he returned to Calabar, had taken place since his departure in 1889, and then Mr. Anderson spoke of darkness and dawn in Calabar. The following evening he was present at an exhibition of articles for a Calabar Mission Box, when the Rev. George M'Donald gave an account of his work at Ungwana. The ladies of the congregation presented Mr. Anderson with a dressing-gown, which he donned, and then recited, by request, "The Missionary Hymn," which he had found in a newspaper, and which was a favourite recitation of his. I accompanied him home, and he insisted on walking back to the Surgeons' Hall, a car station, to save the horses stopping specially for him, and he got off at Hope Park for a similar reason.

A few days after, I was at tea at his lodgings to help him to pack up his books. He expected the Rev. James

Robertson also, and when the bell rang, hastily donned the dressing-gown that he might in the capacity of an African chief in full dress receive his visitor! It was that evening, after the books had been packed, and while he sat talking of the past and the future, that he asked me to write his Memoir, as he had little expectation of returning from his visit to Old Calabar.

On Sept. 15 he paid his last visit to his friends in Dalkeith, and preached in Buccleuch Street U.P. Church in the forenoon from Isa. xxi. 11, and in the afternoon addressed the young.

On Saturday, Sept. 21, on the eve of Mr. Anderson's departure for Calabar, the news arrived of the death of the Rev. Hugh Goldie at Creek Town on Aug. 18. On receipt of Mr. Beedie's letter I hurried to 33 Sciennes Road. Mr. Anderson came to the door himself, and I knew whenever I saw him that he had received the news. Mrs. Miller of Rose Hill, Jamaica, was with him. He declared that half the pleasure of his coming visit to Calabar had been taken away. In an interesting little "In Memoriam" article which Mr. Anderson pencilled while on the voyage, and which appeared in *The Children's Magazine*, Nov. 1895, he wrote:—

> By his departure Calabar has become to me deprived of a great portion of its attractions. I had looked forward with great delight to a revival of our youthful intercourse, expecting in his fellowship to become young once more, and "to fight our battles o'er again." I might enlarge on his geniality, his plodding perseverance, his conscientiousness, and what I may call his stubborn adherence to the right. But I shall content myself with saying that it will be well for myself and for all the brethren in the Mission if we follow him as he followed Christ.

The following day Mr. Anderson was present at the forenoon service at Rosehall, and at the afternoon service at Bristo U.P. Church, and in the evening addressed a crowded meeting in Newington U.P. Church Hall. He spoke of his friendship with Mr. Goldie, and then of the work they and Mr. Waddell had done in Old Calabar.

The two following days were devoted to leave-taking, most of his friends calling on him to say good-bye. One of the few visits he paid was one in company with Mr. John Cochrane to a blind lady, Miss Cameron, his old friend and near neighbour. On Wednesday morning, Sept. 25, he left the Caledonian Station for Liverpool. A large company of friends gathered to see him off. A few hymns were sung with faltering lips. "A Bristo Poet" wrote:—

"A touching scene, that parting day,
Let scores the story tell,
Who met with tear-dimmed eyes to say,
Brave Anderson, farewell!
Again, with heart so strong and true,
Though on life's journey far,
Our friend has bid his home adieu,
And gone to Calabar."

Mr. Anderson was very fond of my little boy, who had been born in Calabar, and we took him to the station. Mr. Anderson kissed the child tenderly, and wrote afterwards that the faces of my wife and my child were the last he caught a glimpse of as the train steamed out of the station.

He spent a few days in Liverpool with Dr. and Miss Adam, and on Saturday 29th embarked on the S.S. *Benin*, along with the Rev. E. and Mrs. Deas, returning after furlough. The vessel was uncomfortably crowded

as far as Canary. During the rest of the voyage Mr. Anderson suffered a good deal from the heat, partly due to his clothing not being sufficiently light. The *Benin* arrived at Duke Town shortly after noon on Thursday, Oct. 31. "My reception," wrote Mr. Anderson to home friends, "from Europeans and natives was all that my warmest friends could have wished it to be."

Mr. Anderson stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Beedie during the few weeks he was spared after his return to Old Calabar. The narrative of the closing weeks will be best given in the words of Mr. Beedie, as published in the *Record* for April 1896, and supplemented by a letter to me. In the earlier part it describes the same events as Mr. Anderson did in his letters to home friends. The letter will be read by many with mournful interest, as Mr. Beedie himself has since passed away (on Jan. 31, 1897), in the midst of that fruitful ministry of which Mr. Anderson wrote, and to the unspeakable loss of Old Calabar. Mr. Beedie wrote:—

I need not say that we all looked forward with great interest to his return here. We knew that the desire of his heart was to end his days here, and be laid by the side of his "beloved Louisa," and we knew that he had a very strong desire to speak a few more words to his old friends, to whom he had so often spoken before.

When the mail steamer came in, we hastened on board to meet and welcome him, and we were struck with the great change visible on him since we had last seen him—over three years before. He looked hale and strong for a man of eighty-four, but still it was plain that he was not the same man. A very great crowd of the natives were waiting, and the women began to hug him. I had to keep them away by force, fearing that they would take the breath from him altogether. There was a great demonstration; school children marched before singing hymns,

and some hundreds crowded round the house, all anxious to get a shake of his hand. We had in the end to put him into the room, and explain to the people that he was not so strong as to be able to stand so much fatigue.

In the cool of the evening I went along with him to the cemetery, and he said he was glad that the spot he had long ago fixed on as his last resting-place had not been appropriated.

The first Sabbath after his return, it was arranged that he should take the afternoon service; but, as the hour approached, the excitement threatened to unfit him, and I proposed that he should just say a few words to the people, as they were all expectant. He seemed quite pleased; and after the opening exercises I explained to the people that Mr. Anderson did not feel able to take the whole service, but he would say a few words to them. He then stood up and preached with all his old power, and finished the service. He said, afterwards, that the arrangements we had made had taken the nervousness away, and that he had felt quite comfortable.

During the few weeks we had the privilege of having him with us—for privilege it was—he was as full of fun as ever, and was constantly joking, in his old way; but there was a subdued tenderness about him which told of living in the secret of God's presence.

At our November Communion I got him persuaded to preside at the Communion and dispense both tables. He was very unwilling, but finally agreed; and that was the last Communion on earth. He seemed to have a presentiment that it would be his last. He conducted our services every Sabbath day—except the last two; but he was in church at all the three services on both days.

When he had to acknowledge that he did not feel able, he said he was quite aware that the "old machine" was about used up.

It may be interesting to give a note of his texts. On Nov. 10 he preached in the afternoon from Num. x. 29. On Friday 15, at the preparatory service, he preached from John xxi. 15. On Sabbath, 17, his pre-Communion

address in Efik was from John xix. 5, and the post-Communion address in English from Ps. xlviii. 9. At the English service on Nov. 24 he preached from Matt. xxvii. 22. On Dec. 1 he preached at Henshaw Town in the forenoon from Isa. xxi. 10, and has noted "as on 14.4.89." On Tuesday the 3rd he addressed the prayer meeting from Luke xiv. 22, and on the forenoon of Sabbath the 8th preached from the same text at Henshaw Town.

In a private letter to me, of date Dec. 30, 1895, Mr. Beedie told of Mr. Anderson's illness and death:—

He took ill on Saturday morning the 21st. We all thought he was dying—breathless and restless and pained. He thought himself dying. However, he was up early on Sabbath morning and out at church at all the three services. Of course he should not have been out, but he told me of some man who said that he would go to the house of God as long as he could walk, and when not able to walk he would crawl. On Sabbath night the illness returned, and at 2 A.M. I tried his temperature and found it at 102°4'. I wakened Dr. Porter, and we got him soothed, and he fell asleep.

Mr. Beedie said nothing of his own and Mrs. Beedie's devoted attendance on Mr. Anderson; but Miss Slessor, who was at Duke Town at the time recruiting after severe fever, wrote a touching account of the last days:—

I do not feel as if I could convey any idea of the experience of that week of suffering and helplessness, fenced round by devotion and prayer and service touching to see. Mr. and Mrs. Beedie have tended him as if he had indeed been their very own father. Mrs. Beedie sang to him, and comforted him with thoughts and words of Jesus, and day and night ministered to him with all the gentle persistence which characterises her. He repeatedly called for the "Bishop"—his name for Mr. Beedie; and he never called but the response was ready. It was only when there was

no more hope of recovery that Mr. Beedie permitted the service to be shared by those of his native children who were capable, and who hungered for the permission to help. It mattered not that Mr. Anderson was unconscious of all their efforts, sometimes of their very presence; that only seemed to double their anxiety to nurse and comfort and help him, and every sentence which fell from his lips was watched for and treasured and passed round to the waiting groups outside with affectionate eagerness. He wished to be spared till the Jubilee, but said, "Only if it be His will." He was tried sadly by doubts for a few days. Satan seemed to bring all his sins to his remembrance, and tried to take away his assurance of hope; but I think that during the last two days that frame of mind had passed away, and he repeatedly said when asked how he felt, "Fine and comfortable," or "quiet," or "resting." He was able to speak but little for three days, and when asked if he had anything to say, he replied always "No!" Once he began, "There is a fountain filled with blood." I was close by his back, and picked it up, repeating line after line and verse after verse slowly; and on being asked again and again whether that were it, he answered, "Ay! ay! that's it." His breathing was so laboured that I always lay down and spoke over his shoulder, and one day I called "Daddy, daddy, O!" as we speak here. He answered, "Ay! the poor old man is here." I said, "The *poor* old man? Why, *all* things are yours: for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." "Ay," he replied, "that's your charitable opinion." When Miss Slessor remonstrated with him for mistrusting his Saviour's grace, and reminded him that he must take his place as Christ's own in spite of all that Satan might insinuate, he replied, "Ay, there's at least the fact even for *me*, Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and, Come unto Me all ye that labour," etc. But, as I have said, he began to be very quiet and to lose consciousness at times. On Friday night, after a restless day, the Government doctor came over, and Messrs. Barclay and Simmers stayed all night. About half-past seven in the morning he passed quietly away, after exactly one week's illness.

Mr. Anderson died on Saturday, Dec. 28, and was buried the same afternoon. Mr. Beedie wrote:—

We have all a feeling of satisfaction that he has got his desire—to be laid beside his wife and where he spent the best of his days.

Miss Slessor described the funeral:—

We laid him beside his wife, amid the tears and sobs of a crowd of his children and children's children; but after we had reached the house we heard strains of thanksgiving too, from the spot where they laid him, and "The home over there" and the "Sweet by and by" alternated with the songs of Zion in the language of the country. Many thanksgivings and many prayers were offered yesterday, beside the bed on which his body lay, by a group of loving and mourning women, and fresh consecrations were made there to Him who had lent so long to us such fathers and mothers as the Waddells, the Goldies, and the Andersons.

The Government staff paid their tribute of affectionate respect by attending the funeral, notwithstanding it was a day advertised as a public holiday, at which they should have presided publicly.

The record of Mr. Anderson's life and work may be completed by the mention of two facts which came out after his death. "Seldom did any Mission Board receive a letter like that which came from William Anderson, complaining that his retiring allowance of £120 was much too large, and asking that half of it might be divided between the Aged Ministers' Fund and Foreign Missions. Of course the Board declined to withdraw from himself the means and the pleasure of exercising what liberality he thought fit."[1] The *Record* for March 1893 contained the following paragraph:—"'A Friend' has made a generous offer of £600 to form the nucleus of a Capital

[1] *Record*, March 1896.

Fund for providing annuities to Zenana missionaries who may become incapacitated by old age or sickness. The offer has been gratefully accepted by the Board." The "Friend" was none other than the old missionary. "That fund, which other donations have now raised to about £1200, will remain as a beneficent monument of the rare offering which originated it."[1]

In his letter to Dr. Robson of Nov. 26, 1895, Mr. Anderson wrote:—

I have been quite delighted by the many marks of progress which I have witnessed in the work of the Mission. Crowded Sabbath congregations, a crowded Sabbath school well supplied with teachers, well attended prayer meetings and classes for instruction, numerous admissions to Church fellowship, numerous applications for admission, and increased liberality in contributions for sacred purposes, are substantial indications that our worthy brother Beedie and his excellent helpmeet have not been labouring in vain during these by-past years. There is one thing in particular which forces itself on the attention of every kindly spectator, viz. the desirableness, indeed the necessity, for a new and larger place of assembly. Sabbath after Sabbath large crowds surround the church, being unable to obtain admission. Within, every inch is occupied,—seats, passages, and pulpit steps all crowded. . . . The present sanctuary has served its purpose well. I should well like to see another monument of progress at Duke Town—a capacious temple consecrated to the service of the One True God.

The new church to be built at Duke Town is to be called the Anderson Memorial Church. But Mr. Beedie, whose ministry has done so much under God to create the need for the new church,[2] and who to the last was engaged

[1] *Record*, April 1896.

[2] At my request, Mr. Beedie furnished me with the following statistics, which show how the congregation had recovered from the split in 1882, and

in raising funds for it, has not been spared to see it erected to the memory of one to whom he proved himself a devoted colleague and a worthy successor. It would only be fitting to associate Mr. Beedie's name with that of Mr. Anderson in the new church, for the names of Anderson and Beedie will be linked together for many days to come in the memories of European and native in Old Calabar and in the minds of not a few at home.

had entered on an era of prosperity:—"When Mr. Anderson left in April 1889, there were 86 on the roll. There are now on the revised roll for 1897, 290 native names. There are 20 European names on the roll, making in all 310. Mr. Anderson's name was put on the roll at the end of 1895, but is now removed."

MR. BEEDIE.

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In Efik words the vowels have the same sound as in Italian. i=ĭ in bid; ŏ=ŏ in nor. Every syllable is sounded. n=footnote.

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